238 d 32

THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

WITH PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, J. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS, J. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON, J. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.

THE

SEVENTY-FIRST VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

ARMSTRONG AND LANGHORNE.

G.R. III.
BR. MUS.

THE POEMS OF JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

G.R. III.
B.M.

THE ART

OF

PRESERVING HEALTH, 1744

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*; whoſe indulgent ſmile ſuſtains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal eſſences beſtows
Immortal youth; auſpicious, O deſcend!
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'ſt on the weſtern gale,
Or ſhak'ſt the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffuſeſt life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue ſerenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the waſteful hoſt
Of Pain and Sickneſs, ſqualid and deform'd,
Confounded ſink into the loathſome gloom,

* Hygeia, the goddeſs of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æſculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Pæon.

Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever ſhapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the ſhudd'ring air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with ſlow wings
Riſe from the putrid watry element,
The damp waſte foreſt, motionleſs and rank,
That ſmothers earth and all the breathleſs winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field:
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten ſouth;
Whatever ills th' extremes or ſudden change
Of cold and hot, or moiſt and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The ſecret poiſons of avenging heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedleſs Pleaſure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning ſky,
Mournful eclipſe, or planets ill-combin'd
Portend diſaſtrous to the vital world;
Thy ſalutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would ſicken, nature ſoon would die.
Without thy chearful active energy
No rapture ſwells the breaſt, no Poet ſings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddeſs heavenly gay!
Begin the ſong; and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſome laws:
" How beſt the fickle fabrick to ſupport
" Of mortal man; in healthful body how

" A healthful

" A healthful mind the longeſt to maintain."
'Tis hard, in ſuch a ſtrife of rules, to chuſe
The beſt, and thoſe of moſt extenſive uſe;
Harder in clear and animated ſong
Dry philoſophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Through paths the muſes never trod before.
Nor ſhould I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that ſagacious mind
Which taught to check the peſtilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O MEAD! a well-deſign'd eſſay,
Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country ſhare,
Till you the rich Aſclepian ſtores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
YE who amid this feveriſh world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, ſhun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal ſmoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead.
The dying, ſickning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to ſully heaven's tranſparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thouſand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The ſpoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw

Of nature; when from ſhape and texture ſhe
Relapſes into fighting elements:
It is not Air, but floats a nauſeous maſs
Of all obſcene, corrupt, offenſive things.
Much moiſture hurts; but here a ſordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The ſolid frame than ſimple moiſture can.
Beſides, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze.
This ſlumbring Deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt: and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thundring chimneys, tame
The putrid ſteams that overſwarm the ſky;
This cauſtic venom would perhaps corrode
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious ſkin
Imbib'd, would poiſon the balſamic blood,
And rouſe the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the ſtreams, and each ambroſial breeze
That fans the ever undulating ſky;
A kindly ſky! whoſe foſt'ring power regales
Man, beaſt, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then ſome Woodland ſcene where nature ſmiles
Benign, where all her honeſt children thrive,

To us there wants not many a happy Seat!
Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice,
See where enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windſor ſits;
There chuſe thy ſeat, in ſome aſpiring grove
Faſt by the ſlowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader ſhe laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that ſees an hundred villas riſe
Rural or gay). O! from the ſummer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But, if the buſy Town
Attract thee ſtill to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayſt thy vacant hours poſſeſs
In Hampſtead, courted by the weſtern wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or loſe the world amid the ſylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unſpoil'd.
Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in chearful air;
But on the marſhy plains that Lincoln ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a ruſtic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there preſides: a meagre Fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful Naiad of the Fens.
From ſuch a mixture ſprung, this fitful peſt
With fev'riſh blaſts ſubdues the ſickning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude, and pains

That ſting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat ſucceeds, till copious ſweats
O'erflow: a ſhort relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine;
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away;
The chearful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with ſqualid atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad.
And oft the Sorcereſs, in her fated wrath,
Reſigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.
  In queſt of Sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where oſiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main,
For from the humid ſoil and watry reign
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a ſounding deluge down,
Skies ſuch as theſe let every mortal ſhun
Who dreads the dropſy, palſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh:
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-ſpun fibres idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill-perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet

Yet not alone from humid ſkies we pine;
For Air may be too dry. The ſubtle heaven,
That winnows into duſt the blaſted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a ſtream,
Too faſt imbibes th' attenuated lymph
Which, by the ſurface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eſſay
Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving ſtructure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That ſlow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins:
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The ſecret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſic), hence the ruſt-complexion'd man
Purſues, whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain
Too ſtretch'd a tone: and hence in climes aduſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.
Fly, if you can, theſe violent extremes
Of Air: the wholeſome is nor moiſt nor dry.
But as the power of chuſing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further taſk enſues;
How beſt to mitigate theſe fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmoſphere: Though Cuſtom moulds
To ev'ry clime the ſoft Promethean clay;
And he who firſt the fogs of Eſſex breath'd

So

(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Eſſex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:
Correct the ſoil, and dry the ſources up
Of watery exhalation: wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;
Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the ſtream;
And weed the foreſt, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie;
Or through the thickets ſend the crackling flames.
Mean time at home with chearful fires diſpel
The humid air: And let your table ſmoke
With ſolid roaſt or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed ſupply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilſome pleaſures of the chaſe.
Generous your wine, the boaſt of rip'ning years;
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame
Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.
But neither theſe nor all Apollo's arts,
Diſarm the dangers of the dropping ſky,
Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and ſpur the lagging blood.
The fat'ning clime let all the ſons of eaſe
Avoid; if indolence would wiſh to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer ſkies. If droughty regions parch
The ſkin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;

Deep

Deep in the waving foreſt chuſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty air;
And wake the fountains from their ſecret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid ſtream.
Here ſpread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moiſt relaxing vegetable ſtore
Prevail in each repaſt: Your food ſupplied
By bleeding life, be gently waſted down,
By ſoft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the ſolid maſs
You chuſe, tormented in the boiling wave;
That through the thirſty channels of the blood
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool receſs
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirſt; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taſte relieve.
For with the viſcous blood the ſimple ſtream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft diſſipate more moiſture than they give.
Yet when pale ſeaſons riſe, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'ſt indulge
In feaſts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow caſk. Then too the ſcourging air
Provokes to keener toils than ſultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we ſuch ſkies blaſpheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop; incumbent ſtill
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul.
Lab'ring with ſtorms in heapy mountains riſe

Th' im-

Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhowerleſs day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful Eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main!
Indulgent Nature! O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: Give the genial Weſt
To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly North:
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year; not mix in every monſtrous day.
Mean time, the moiſt malignity to ſhun
Of burthen'd ſkies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the * Cynorrhodon with the roſe,
For fragrance vies; for in the thirſty ſoil
Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the baſking ſteep

* The wild roſe, or that which grows on the common briar.

Aſcend,

Aſcend, there light thy hoſpitable fires.
And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe,
The ſummer evening bluſhing in the weſt;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the bluſt'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peeviſh eaſt.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The ſounding foreſt fluctuates in the ſtorm;
To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
Howl o'er the ſteady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarſer ſtrain
Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt.
To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is ſtudied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the juſt
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Beſides, the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
Of pureſt element, refreſhing ſtill
Your airy ſeat, and uninfected Gods.
Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
Th' etherial deep with endleſs billows chafes.
His purer manſion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereſoe'er you build;

Whether

Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee; in Chelſea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds aſſail'd;
Dry be your houſe: but airy more than warm.
Elſe every breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body through with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarſeneſs bind your voice,
Or moiſt Gravedo load your aching brows.
Theſe to defy and all the fates that dwell
In cloiſter'd air tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome,
At every window drink the liquid ſky.
Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
And theatres open to the ſouth, commend?
Here, where the morning's miſty breath infeſts
More than the torrid noon? How ſickly grow,
How pale, the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the ſun!
While on the neighbouring hill the roſe inflames
The verdant ſpring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languiſhingly ſweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.
Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
The foſt'ring ſun: whoſe energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whoſe gen'rous heat

Glows

Glows through the maſs of groſſer elements,
And kindles into life the pondrous ſpheres.
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majeſty of day!
If not the ſoul, the regent of this world,
Firſt-born of heaven, and only leſs than God!

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II.

DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A deſart ſubject now,
Rougher and wilder, riſes to my ſight.
A barren waſte, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muſe's brow; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous ſolitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouſe a noble horror in the ſoul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endleſs labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my ſong. Elyſian gales adieu!
The blood, the fountain whence the ſpirits flow,
The generous ſtream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded;

Refunded; ſcourg'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thouſand gates
Are open to its flight, it would deſtroy
The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before.
Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildeſt moſt nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the ſtream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plaſtic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, thoſe plaſtic particles
Rebuild: So mutable the ſtate of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with freſh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This neceſſary waſte of fleſh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which through finer arteries
To different parts their winding courſe purſue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or ſome private uſe.
  Nothing ſo foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too eaſily ſubdu'd,
Too ſoon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the moſt rebellious maſs

That ſalt can harden, or the ſmoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luſcious bacon rue,
Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte
Of ſolid milk. But ye of ſofter clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waſte
With pale and bloated ſloth the tedious day!
Avoid the ſtubborn aliment, avoid
The full repaſt; and let ſagacious age
Grow wiſer, leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.
Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating powers;
And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents; and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread
The ſtedfaſt earth, or cleave the green abyſs,
Or pathleſs ſky. And if the Steer muſt fall,
In youth and ſanguine vigour let him die;
Nor ſtay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Abſolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant eaſe,
Indulge the veteran Ox; but wiſer thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exerciſe
Refin'd and ſcanty fare: For, old or young,
The ſtall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholeſome food, the abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte
Rejects like bane ſuch loathſome luſciouſneſs.
The languid ſtomach curſes even the pure

Delicious

Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and ſhun with ſlippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence,
What horrors riſe, were nauſeous to relate.
Chooſe leaner viands, ye whoſe jovial make
Too faſt the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Chooſe ſober meals; and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,
Irreſolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whoſe bones are thinly clad,
With chearful eaſe and ſucculent repaſt
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect ſanity.
I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Beſides there often lurks ſome nameleſs, ſtrange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the ſkin diſplay'd,
Felt in the pulſe, nor in the habit ſeen;
Which finds a poiſon in the food that moſt
The temp'rature affects. There are, whoſe blood
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moiſt Melon, or pale Cucumber.

Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with ſlaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder, ſuſtenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment deteſt
Which, in the ſhell, the ſleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy ſtill, repent the gifts
Of Pales; ſoft, delicious and benign:
The balmy quinteſſence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the ſpring;
The foſt'ring dew of tender ſprouting life;
The beſt refection of declining age;
The kind reſtorative of thoſe who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful ſtrife
Of nature ſtruggling in the graſp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not ſuch a ſalutary food
As ſuits with every ſtomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled maſs of fiſh and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you heſitate by which
You ſunk oppreſs'd, or whether not by all;)
Taught by experience ſoon you may diſcern
What pleaſes, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the ſicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with fev'riſh fluſhings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;
Or much diminiſh or too much increaſe
Th' expence, which nature's wiſe œconomy,
Without or waſte or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger looſe,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;

They ſcarce can err amid the various ſtores
That burſt the teeming entrails of the world.
Led by ſagacious taſte, the ruthleſs king
Of beaſts on blood and ſlaughter only lives;
The Tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger ſtarve: Of milder ſeeds
The generous horſe to herbage and to grain
Confines his wiſh; though fabling Greece reſound
The Thracian ſteeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by inſtinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous Man
Is by ſuperior faculties miſled;
Miſled from pleaſure even in queſt of joy.
Sated with Nature's boons, what thouſands ſeek,
With diſhes tortur'd from their native taſte,
And mad variety, to ſpur beyond
Its wiſer will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleaſure? Learn a juſter taſte;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Purſue ſome nobler aim.
Diſmiſs your paraſites, who praiſe for hire;
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame. Form'd of ſuch clay as yours,
The ſick, the needy, ſhiver at your gates.
Even modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
Though huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home.

Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whoſe neglected bloom
Unfoſter'd ſickens in the barren ſhade;
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Conſtrain'd to leave his happy natal ſeat,
And ſigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miſeries abound,
A thouſand ways to waſte ſuperfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of ſickneſs or diſguſt.
  But other ills th' ambiguous feaſt purſue,
Beſides provoking the laſcivious taſte.
Such various foods, though harmleſs each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we ſee
What ſtrife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taſte I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needleſly ſevere.
But would you long the ſweets of health enjoy,
Or huſband pleaſure; at one impious meal
Exhauſt not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not mean while
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, beſides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But ſtay the curious appetite, and taſte
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of uſe the kindeſt aliment

Sometimes

Sometimes offends; while cuſtom tames the rage
Of poiſon to mild amity with life.
So heav'n has form'd us to the general taſte
Of all its gifts; ſo cuſtom has improv'd
This bent of nature; that few ſimple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by exceſs offend. Beyond the ſenſe
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feaſt
To dull ſatiety; till ſoft and ſlow
A drowzy death creeps on, th' expanſive ſoul
Oppreſs'd, and ſmother'd the celeſtial fire.
The ſtomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle ſubdues
The ſofteſt food: unfiniſh'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer ſtreams
So to be clear'd, but foulneſs will remain,
To ſparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic ſkill
From the crude ore can ſpin the ductile gold?
Groſs riot treaſures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For phyſic knows
How to diſburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and ſhrunk with long inanity,
And with balſamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid

Old age grow green, and wear a ſecond ſpring;
Or the tall aſh, long raviſh'd from the ſoil,
Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger ſharpen to corroſive pain:
For the keen appetite will feaſt beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverſe.
Too greedily th' exhauſted veins abſorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-ſet ſiege
And famine humbled, may this verſe be borne;
And hear, ye hardieſt ſons that Albion breeds
Long toſs'd and famiſh'd on the wintry main;
The war ſhook off, or hoſpitable ſhore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the ſhock of joy;
Nor crown with feſtive rites th' auſpicious day:
Such feaſt might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering ſpark
With what the ſooneſt feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At firſt; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nouriſhing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.
But though the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow

From

From this to that: So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of woe, which rooted once
Might coſt you labour. But the day return'd
Of feſtal luxury, the wiſe indulge
Moſt in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the ſummer beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius ſheds
A feveriſh taint through the ſtill gulf of air.
The moiſt cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the freſh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will ſave your head from harm, tho' round the world
The dreaded * Cauſos roll his waſteful fires.
Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to chear
His quaking heart. The ſeaſons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impoſe. Through autumn's languiſhing domain
Deſcending, nature by degrees invites

* The burning fever.

To

To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius fluſh'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze deſcends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, ſhepherds, then begin to ſpare your flocks;
And learn, with wiſe humanity, to check
The luſt of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent ſky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with laviſh hand
The prone creation; yields what once ſuffic'd
Their dainty ſovereign, when the world was young;
Ere yet the barbarous thirſt of blood had ſeiz'd
The human breaſt.—Each rolling month matures
The food that ſuits it moſt; ſo does each clime.
  Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' eſtabliſh'd ocean heaps a monſtrous waſte
Of ſhining rocks and mountains to the pole:
There lives a hardy race, whoſe plaineſt wants
Relentleſs earth, their cruel ſtep-mother,
Regards not. On the waſte of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harveſts wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clowniſh God
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with eaſe; for here the fruitful ſpawn
Of Ocean ſwarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuſe.
Theſe are their bread, the only bread they know;
Theſe, and their willing ſlave the deer that crops

The ſhrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
Her ſwarthy ſons in either Ind, maintains:
Or thirſty Libya; from whoſe fervid loins
The lion burſts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd,
Aduſt and dry, no ſweet repaſt affords;
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews feveriſh frays; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe;
Kind nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the Grape:
Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,
Through the green ſhade the golden Orange glows;
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
A generous pulp: the Coco ſwells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The criſp Ananas wraps its poignant ſweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air
Too coy to flouriſh, even too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's ſmile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,
Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine

Or acid fruit, bedews their thirſty ſouls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air:
While the cool Palm, the Plaintain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Here from the deſart down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile; here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the Eaſt;
And there, in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd,
The chearleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What ſolemn twilight! What ſtupendous ſhades
Enwrap theſe infant floods! Through every nerve
A ſacred horror thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round;
And more gigantic ſtill th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are theſe the confines of ſome fairy world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what ſtrange regions, or of bliſs or pain,

That ſubterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful ſteps I tread
This trembling ground. The taſk remains to ſing
Your gifts (ſo Pæon, ſo the powers of health
Command) to praiſe your cryſtal element:
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the ſource, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable ſtreams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you; freſh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer ſought the fires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feveriſh mirth,
And ſick dejection. Still ſerene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul
With pleaſure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of Gods
Return to viſit their degenerate ſons,
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe.

Learn

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without diſdain
The choice of water. Thus the * Coan ſage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School.
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt: The lighteſt then; what bears the touch
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;
The moſt inſipid; the moſt void of ſmell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid ſides
Pours down; ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The cryſtal ſtream,
Through rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholeſome, pure
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirſt were e'er ſo reſolute, avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals;
(With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monſters;) till the power of fire
Has from prophane embraces diſengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin ſtream
In boiling waſtes its finer ſoul in air.
Nothing like ſimple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow.
But where the ſtomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' inſipid ſtream: Though golden Ceres yields

* Hippocrates.

A more

A more voluptuous, a more ſprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring; with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd
Th' embodied maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Embalm'd in fiery quinteſcence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.
We curſe not wine: The vile exceſs we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and miſery. For the ſubtle draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide;
And with more active poiſon, than the floods
Of groſſer crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of ſober vows!—But the Parnaſſian Maids
*Another time perhaps ſhall ſing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.
Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every treſpaſs ſhun. The feveriſh ſtrife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, ſubdues, expells
The loitering crudities that burden life;

* See Book iv.

And,

And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is eaſier than to ſhun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or ſacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moiſten well the thirſty ſuffrages;
Say how, unſeaſon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd:
Then learn to revel; but by ſlow degrees:
By ſlow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth
The brows of care, indulge your feſtive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The leaſt your bane: and only with your friends.
There are ſweet follies; frailties to be ſeen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.
  Oh! ſeldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taſte,
Except when life declines, even ſober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, ſmooth and ſlow with balm,
The ſapleſs habit daily to bedew,
And give the heſitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wiſe when youth with pleaſure flows,
To ſquander the reliefs of age and pain!
  What dextrous thouſands juſt within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courſe!

Perhaps

Perhaps no ſickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions ſhock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable diſeaſe old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime:
Except kind nature by ſome haſty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The ſanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil
Protracted; ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life,
And ſows the temples with untimely ſnow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increaſing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,
Condens'd to ſolid chords) a firmer tone,
Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood.
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure, ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall;

* In the human body, as well as in thoſe of other animals, the larger blood veſſels are compoſed of ſmaller ones; which, by the violent motion and preſſure of the fluids in the large veſſels, loſe their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as theſe ſmall veſſels become ſolid, the larger muſt of courſe grow leſs extenſile, more rigid, and make a ſtronger reſiſtance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condenſation of the ſmaller veſſels, and conſequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progreſs of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong.
Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
Of viſcous fluids and elaſtic tubes;
Its various functions vigorouſly are plied
By ſtrong machinery; and in ſolid health
The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe.
But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life muſt downward tend.
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill
To the weak throbs of th' ill-ſupported heart.
This languiſhing, theſe ſtrength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelaſtic bone,
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters ſtill: And now it ſtirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus (ſo heav'n ordain'd it) life
Deſtroys itſelf; and could theſe laws have chang'd,
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his ſong.
What does not fade? The tower that long had ſtood
The cruſh of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the ſlow but ſure deſtroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs,
Deſcend: the Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires ruſh by their own weight.

This

This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun,
The ſun himſelf, ſhall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs:
Till the great FATHER through the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various ſyſtems, fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep;
The old deſcending, in their turns to riſe.

THE ART

OF

PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muſe has paſt;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain ſuch labours have we tried,
If aught theſe lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares,
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needleſly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal ſtrength;
Is all the leſſon that in wholeſome years
Concerns the ſtrong. His care were ill beſtow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe

The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the wintry heav'n.
Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry ſkies;
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.
He knows no laws by Eſculapius given;
He ſtudies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt, nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To every caſualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peeviſh Eaſtern blaſt,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.
Such the reward of rude and ſober life;
Of labour ſuch. By health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid; if exerciſe were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like theſe
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.
Toil, and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil ſubdu'd,
Mellow'd, and ſubtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year: come, let us ſtray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:

Come, while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And ſhed a charming languor o'er the ſoul.
Nor when bright Winter ſows with prickly froſt
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blaſts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, ſave when the ſkies in rain
Or fogs relent, no ſeaſon ſhould confine
Or to the cloiſter'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal ſource
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting ſteed.
Already, ſee, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager ſport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chaſe the deſperate deer;
And through its deepeſt ſolitudes awake
The vocal foreſt with the jovial horn.
But if the breathleſs chaſe o'er hill and dale
Exceed your ſtrength; a ſport of leſs fatigue,
Not leſs delightful, the prolific ſtream
Affords. The cryſtal rivulet, that o'er
A ſtony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the ſilver fry. Such, through the bounds
Of paſtoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, ſprung from Cumbrian mountains; ſuch
The Eſk, o'erhung with woods; and ſuch the ſtream
On whoſe Arcadian banks I firſt drew air,
Liddal;

Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-ſick ſwains,
Unknown in ſong: Though not a purer ſtream,
Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves.
Rolls toward the weſtern main. Hail, ſacred flood!
May ſtill thy hoſpitable ſwains be bleſt
In rural innocence; thy mountains ſtill
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flouriſh; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming ſons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy tranſparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient ſteps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the ſlender line
And yielding rod ſollicite to the ſhore
The ſtruggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obſcur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton ſwarms.
  Form'd on the Samian ſchool, or thoſe of Ind,
There are who think theſe paſtimes ſcarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentleſs I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler ſtains.
But if through genuine tenderneſs of heart,
Or ſecret want of reliſh for the game,
You ſhun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled ſtream; the garden yields
A ſoft amuſement, an humane delight.
To raiſe th' inſipid nature of the ground;

Or tame its ſavage genius to the grace
Of careleſs ſweet ruſticity, that ſeems
The amiable reſult of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou diſdain
To check the lawleſs riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wiſe and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this ſtormy world,
Receive to reſt; of all ungrateful cares
Abſolv'd, and ſacred from the ſelfiſh crowd.
Happieſt of men! if the ſame ſoil invites
A choſen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in eaſy commerce to purſue
Nature's free charms, and vie for ſylvan fame:
A fair ambition; void of ſtrife or guile,
Or jealouſy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The viſto beſt, and beſt conducts the ſtream;
Whoſe groves the faſteſt thicken and aſcend;
Whom firſt the welcome ſpring ſalutes; who ſhews
The earlieſt bloom, the ſweeteſt proudeſt charms
Of Flora; who beſt gives Pomona's juice
To match the ſprightly genius of champain.
Thrice happy days! in rural buſineſs paſt:

Bleſt winter nights! when as the genial fire
Chears the wide hall, his cordial family
With ſoft domeſtic arts the hours beguile,
And pleaſing talk that ſtarts no timorous fame,
With witleſs wantonneſs to hunt it down:
Or through the fairy land of tale or ſong
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that ſtrikes humanity:
Till loſt in fable, they the ſtealing hour
Of timely reſt forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bleſs unbid
His feſtal roof; while, o'er the light repaſt,
And ſprightly cups, they mix in ſocial joy;
And, through the maze of converſation, trace
Whate'er amuſes or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taſte
The native zeſt and flavour of the fruit,
Where ſenſe grows wild and takes of no manure)
The decent, honeſt, chearful huſbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himſelf at home.
Whate'er you ſtudy, in whate'er you ſweat,
Indulge your taſte. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis ſome; and ſome the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked ſtubble; where from field to field
The ſounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the riſing cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are

Whom ſtill the * meed of the green archer charms.
He chuſes beſt, whoſe labour entertains
His vacant fancy moſt: The toil you hate
Fatigues you ſoon, and ſcarce improves your limbs.
As beauty ſtill has blemiſh; and the mind
The moſt accompliſh'd its imperfect ſide;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But ſome one part is weaker than the reſt:
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuſe their load,
Or the cheſt labours. Theſe aſſiduouſly,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and ſpringy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent diſcipline,
Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At firſt but ſaunter; and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the goal the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins: as yet the ſkilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil

* This word is much uſed by ſome of the old Engliſh poets, and ſignifies *Reward* or *Prize*.

You

You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compreſs'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins,
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the ſource
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma and feller * Peripneumony,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.
Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of ſoul is well compenſated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainleſs frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And ſcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Purſu'd prolixly, even the gentleſt toil
Is waſte of health: repoſe by ſmall fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firſt moiſture of the brows.
The fine and ſubtle ſpirits coſt too much
To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the duſty chace,
Or the warm deeds of ſome important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wiſh'd repoſe; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taſte the ſpring. O! by the ſacred tears

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Of

Of widows, orphans, mothers, ſiſters, ſires,
Forbear! No other peſtilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this ſo fatal, the ſagacious Muſe
Through nature's cunning labyrinth's could trace:
But there are ſecrets which who knows not now,
Muſt, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of ſcience; and devote ſeven years to toil.
Beſides, I would not ſtun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the ſhelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What ſigns portend the ſtorm: To ſubtler minds
He leaves to ſcan, from what myſterious cauſe
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence thoſe impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor ſail can ſtem; and why
The roughening deep expects the ſtorm, as ſure
As red Orion mounts the ſhrouded heaven.
  In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For poliſh'd luxury and uſeful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic ſtrife,
And warm Peleſtra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of Nard and Caſſia fraught, to ſooth and heal
The cheriſh'd nerves. Our leſs voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to ſuch arts as theſe.
'Tis not for thoſe, whom gelid ſkies embrace,'
And chilling fogs; whoſe perſpiration feels

Such

Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
'Tis not for thoſe to cultivate a ſkin
Too ſoft; or teach the recremental fume
Too faſt to crowd through ſuch precarious ways,
For through the ſmall arterial mouths, that pierce
In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven ſkin,
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and viewleſs melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this moſt copious, waſte
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move: But this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel
The functions labour: From this fatal ſource
What woes deſcend is never to be ſung.
To take their numbers were to count the ſands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the bluſtering North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German ſhore.
Subject not then, by ſoft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the ſky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: For from the blood
Leaſt fickle riſe the recremental ſteams,
And leaſt obnoxious to the ſtyptic air,
Which breathe thro' ſtraiter and more callous pores,
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundleſs ſnows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;
And hence our painted anceſtors defied

The Eaſt: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle ſky.
The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean froſt:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwiſe you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the firſt, the winter ſhocks you leſs
By long acquaintance: ſtudy then your ſky,
Form to its manners your obſequious frame,
And learn to ſuffer what you cannot ſhun,
Againſt the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, ſome frequent
The gelid ciſtern; and, where nought forbids,
I praiſe their dauntleſs heart: A frame ſo ſteel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor thoſe ungenial blaſts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatiſm;
The nerves ſo temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt ſuch hardy breaſts.
But all things have their bounds: and he who makes
By daily uſe the kindeſt regimen
Eſſential to his health, ſhould never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade purſue.
He not the ſafe viciſſitudes of life
Without ſome ſhock endures; ill fitted he
To want the known, or bear unuſual things
Beſides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in ſpite of all our care will come)
Should never with your proſperous days of health
Grow too familiar: For by frequent uſe
The ſtrongeſt medicines loſe their healing power,
And even the ſureſt poiſons theirs to kill.

Let thoſe who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the ſultry Weſt,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indoſtan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwiſt their ſtubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation through the ſoften'd ſkin
May bear proportion to the ſwelling blood.
So may they 'ſcape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution juſt enough to clear
The ſluices of the ſkin, enough to keep
The body ſacred from indecent ſoil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worſt woe;
With this external virtue Age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms
Are loathſome. This the venal Graces know;
So doubtleſs do your wives: For married fires,
As well as lovers, ſtill pretend to taſte;
Nor is it leſs (all prudent wives can tell)
To loſe a huſband's than a lover's heart.
But now the hours and ſeaſons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wandering ſong.
Some labour faſting, or but ſlightly fed
To lull the grinding ſtomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wiſely done: For while the thirſty veins.

Impatient

Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treaſur'd oil, then is the happieſt time
To ſhake the lazy balſam from its cells.
Now while the ſtomach from the full repaſt
Subſides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppreſſes yet, or threatens to oppreſs.
But from the recent meal no labours pleaſe,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering ſpirits to a work
Of ſtrong and ſubtle toil, and great event:
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exerciſe,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elaſtic leſs.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By thoſe you 'ſcape
The ſlow diſeaſes of the torpid year;
Endleſs to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of ſlaves
Is pleaſure; Oh! from ſuch inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the ſun
Pours down his ſultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the ſkin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool caſcade
Reclin'd, or ſauntring in the lofty grove,

No

No needleſs ſlight occaſion ſhould engage
To pant and ſweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the freſh morn alone and mellow eve
To ſhady walks and active rural ſports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews deſcend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid ſkies; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the ſolemn wood
While the ſoft evening ſaddens into night,
Though the ſweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in ſtrains of am'rous woe.
The ſhades deſcend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her ſable wings. Great Nature droops
Through all her works. Now happy he whoſe toil
Has o'er his languid powerleſs limbs diffus'd
A pleaſing laſſitude: He not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His powers the moſt voluptuouſly diſſolve
In ſoft repoſe: On him the balmy dews
Of ſleep with double nutriment deſcend.
But would you ſweetly waſte the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
Viſit the paradiſe of happy Dreams,
And waken chearful as the lively morn;
Oppreſs not Nature ſinking down to reſt
With feaſts too late, too ſolid, or too full:
But be the firſt concoction half-matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence reſign
Your paſſive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil

Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The buſy dæmons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury ſtruggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoiſe of that moſt wretched man,
Whoſe nights are ſhaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Oreſtes; whoſe delirious brain
Stung by the Furies, works with poiſon'd thought:
While pale and monſtrous painting ſhocks the ſoul;
And mangled conſciouſneſs bemoans itſelf
For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
What dreams preſage, what dangers theſe or thoſe
Portend to ſanity, though prudent ſeers
Reveal'd of old and men of deathleſs fame,
We would not to the ſuperſtitious mind
Suggeſt new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To baniſh omens and all reſtleſs woes.
In ſtudy ſome protract the ſilent hours,
Which others conſecrate to mirth and wine;
And ſleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But ſurely this redeems not from the ſhades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What ſeaſon you to drowſy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, freſh and vigorous from repoſe,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils

Of

Of wakeful day, exhauſted and unſtrung,
Weakly reſiſts the night's unwholeſome breath.
The grand diſcharge, th' effuſion of the ſkin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and through the ſickning functions ſteal.
As, when the chilling Eaſt invades the ſpring,
The delicate Narciſſus pines away
In hectic languor; and a ſlow diſeaſe
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, ſhould beauty cheriſh its own bane?
O ſhame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!
By toil ſubdued, the Warrior and the Hind
Sleep faſt and deep: their active functions ſoon
With generous ſtreams the ſubtle tubes ſupply;
And ſoon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the freſh impulſe and awake the ſoul.
The ſons of indolence with long repoſe,
Grow torpid; and with ſloweſt Lethe drunk,
Feebly and lingringly return to life,
Blunt every ſenſe and powerleſs every limb.
Ye, prone to ſleep (whom ſleeping moſt annoys)
On the hard mattreſs or elaſtic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourſelves from ſloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And ſpringy nerves, the blandiſhments of down:
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his ſurfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feaſt
Of life, the wants of nature has ſupply'd
Who riſes, cool, ſerene, and full of ſoul.
But pliant nature more or leſs demands,
As cuſtom forms her; and all ſudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ſtage by ſtage;
Slow as the ſhadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the ſtealing progreſs of the year.
Obſerve the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her ſeaſons change! Behold! by ſlow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
Departing Summer ſheds Pomona's ſtore;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-ſtorm.
Slow as they come, theſe changes come not void
Of mortal ſhocks: The cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their firſt approaches ſeldom ſafe:
Funereal Autumn all the ſickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well adviſ'd who taught our wiſer ſires
Early to borrow Muſcovy's warm ſpoils,
Ere the firſt froſt has touch'd the tender blade;
And late reſign them, though the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her ſiſter's rays.
For while the effluence of the ſkin maintains
Its native meaſure, the pleuritic Spring

Glides harmleſs by; and Autumn, ſick to death
With ſallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.
I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what ſeaſons teem
With what diſeaſes; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Demon of the Eaſt:
But you perhaps refuſe the tedious ſong.
Beſides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moiſture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the ſky,
And taught already how to each extream
To bend your life. But ſhould the public bane
Infect you; or ſome treſpaſs of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleaſing horror glides
Along the ſpine, through all your torpid limbs;
When firſt the head throbs, or the ſtomach feels
A ſickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celſus call'd: The Fates come ruſhing on;
The rapid Fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally ſecure,
Expect to-morrow's more auſpicious ſun,
The growing peſt, whoſe infancy was weak
And eaſy vanquiſh'd, with triumphant ſway
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.
Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What ſlight neglects, what trivial faults deſtroy
The hardieſt frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of ſuperfluity:

The all-ſurrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, though the putrid South
Be ſhut; though no convulſive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' impriſoned plagues; a ſecret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has ſad Byzantium ſeen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept oe'er her ſlaughter'd ſons and lonely ſtreets!
Even Albion, girt with leſs malignant ſkies,
Albion the poiſon of the Gods has drank,
And felt the ſting of monſters all her own.
  Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had ſpent
Their ancient rage, at Boſworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England ſhould receive,
Her legions in inceſtuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Aroſe, a monſter never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head,
This rapid Fury not, like other peſts,
Purſu'd a gradual courſe, but in a day
Ruſh'd as a ſtorm o'er half th' aſtoniſhed iſle,
And ſtrew'd with ſudden carcaſes the land.
  Firſt through the ſhoulders or whatever part
Was ſeiz'd the firſt, a fervid vapour ſprung,
With raſh combuſtion thence, the quivering ſpark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And ſoon the ſurface caught the ſpreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood

Guſh'd

Guſh'd out in ſmoaky ſweats; but nought aſſuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The ſtomach's anguiſh. With inceſſant toil,
Deſperate of eaſe, impatient of their pain,
They toſs'd from ſide to ſide. In vain the ſtream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirſted ſtill.
The reſtleſs arteries with rapid blood
Beat ſtrong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
At laſt a heavy pain oppreſs'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were ſtrangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harraſs'd with toil on toil, the ſinking powers
Lay proſtrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous ſleep
Wrapt all the ſenſes up: they ſlept and died.
In ſome a gentle horror crept at firſt
O'er all the limbs; the ſluices of the ſkin
Withheld their moiſture, till by art provok'd
The ſweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now reſtrain'd and ſlow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid ſteams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes; (though little hope remain'd)
With full effuſion of perpetual ſweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who ſurviv'd the ſun's diurnal race
Roſe from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the ſixth hour oppreſs'd, and ſome the third.

Of many thouſands few untainted 'ſcap'd;
Of thoſe infected fewer 'ſcap'd alive;
Of thoſe who liv'd ſome felt a ſecond blow;
And whom the ſecond ſpar'd a third deſtroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they ſought by flight to ſhun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying ſwarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her ſeats around,
Th' infected country ruſh'd into the town.
Some, ſad at home, and in the deſart ſome,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates purſu'd.
Others, with hopes more ſpecious, croſs'd the main,
To ſeek protection in far diſtant ſkies;
But none they found. It ſeem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the Eaſt,
Was then at enmity with Engliſh blood.
For, but the race of England, all were ſafe
In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taſte
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where ſhould they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them ſtill; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The ſalutary art
Was mute; and ſtartled at the new diſeaſe,
In fearful whiſpers hopeleſs omens gave.
To Heaven with ſuppliant rites they ſent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigu'd with vain reſources; and ſubdued,
With woes reſiſtleſs and enfeebling fear;
Paſſive they ſunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable ſounds was heard,

Nor

Nor aught was ſeen but ghaſtly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale deſpair. 'Twas all the buſineſs then
To tend the ſick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they ſay,
The ſickening, dying, and the dead contained.
Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal Fires
That lead through heaven the wandering year! ye powers
That o'er th' incircling elements preſide!
May nothing worſe than what this age has ſeen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a diſtemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities; from thoſe lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the Weſt, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her braveſt ſons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from theſe views the weeping Muſes turn,
And other themes invite my wandering ſong.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
The uſe of Toil and all external things,
Already ſung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourſelves proceeds:
And how the ſubtle Principle within
Inſpires with health, or mines with ſtrange decay
The paſſive Body. Ye poetic Shades,
Who know the ſecrets of the world unſeen,
Aſſiſt my ſong! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander through myſterious ways.
There is, they ſay (and I believe there is)
A ſpark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the groſſer frame;
And when the body ſinks eſcapes to heaven,
Its native ſeat, and mixes with the Gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve

It thrills with pleaſure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its ſecret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.
By its own toil the groſs corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or deſtroys itſelf.
Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode
The ſolid fabric: for by ſubtle parts
And viewleſs atoms, ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world.
By ſubtle fluids pour'd through ſubtle tubes
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;
Theſe the ſtill-crumbling frame rebuild; and theſe
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air.
But 'tis not Thought (for ſtill the ſoul's employ'd)
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microſcopic arts its vigour fails.
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor akes itſelf, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Diſcontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtle miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;

The Lover's paleneſs; and the ſallow hue
Of Envy, Jealouſy; the meagre ſtare
Of ſore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The ſtrong-built pedant; who both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time.
With uſeful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe
Employ your mind, amuſe but not fatigue.
Peace to each drouſy metaphyſic ſage!
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt!
Yet ſome there are, even of elaſtic parts,
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reliſh what their generous taſte
Would elſe refuſe. But may nor thirſt of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With conſtant drudgery the liberal ſoul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from Philoſophy
To Fable ſhift; from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong.

While reading pleaſes, but no longer, read;
And read aloud reſounding Homer's ſtrain,
And wield the thunder of Demoſthenes.
The cheſt ſo exercis'd improves its ſtrength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days

Would

Would loiter elſe through unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What poſture ſuits: To ſtand and ſit by turns,
As nature prompts, is beſt. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind. For ever on purſuit
Of knowledge bent, it ſtarves the groſſer powers:
Quite unemploy'd, againſt its own repoſe
It turns its fatal edge, and ſharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, ſad nurſe of Care,
To ſickly muſing gives the penſive mind.
There Madneſs enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The ſun grows pale;
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads
The chearful face of nature: earth becomes
A dreary deſart, and heaven frowns above.
Then various ſhapes of curs'd illuſion riſe:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monſters teems
Unknown in hell. The proſtrate ſoul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltleſs breaſt.
Such phantoms Pride in ſolitary ſcenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares abſolv'd, the buſy mind

Finds

Finds in yourſelf a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miſerable, or makes you ſo.
For while yourſelf you anxiouſly explore,
Timorous Self-love, with ſickning Fancy's aid,
Preſents the danger that you dread the moſt,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
  Hence ſome for love, and ſome for jealouſy,
For grim religion ſome, and ſome for pride,
Have loſt their reaſon: ſome for fear of want
Want all their lives; and others every day
For fear of dying ſuffer worſe than death.
Ah! from your boſoms baniſh, if you can,
Thoſe fatal gueſts: and firſt the Dæmon Fear;
That trembles at impoſſible events,
Leſt aged Atlas ſhould reſign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements ruſh down.
Is there an evil worſe than Fear itſelf?
And what avails it, that indulgent heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourſelves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the preſent; nor with needleſs cares,
Of what may ſpring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appall the ſureſt hour that life beſtows.
Serene, and maſter of yourſelf, prepare
For what may come; and leave the reſt to Heaven.
  Oft from the Body, by long ails miſtun'd,
Theſe evils ſprung the moſt important health,
That of the Mind, deſtroy: and when the mind
They firſt invade, the conſcious body ſoon

In ſympathetic languiſhment declines.
Theſe chronic Paſſions, while from real woes
They riſe, and yet without the body's fault
Infeſt the ſoul, admit one only cure;
Diverſion, hurry, and a reſtleſs life.
Vain are the conſolations of the wiſe;
In vain your friends would reaſon down your pain.
O ye, whoſe ſouls relentleſs love has tam'd
To ſoft diſtreſs, or friends untimely fall'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget thoſe pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt! quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go, ſeek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling crowd;
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan in queſt of ſcenes
New to your eyes, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or more advent'rous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging through the ſky,
The lofty trumpet ſwells the madd'ning ſoul:
And in the hardy camp and toilſome march
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.
But moſt too paſſive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to ſtrive with pain,
And bravely by reſiſting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl

Of

Of poiſon'd Nectar ſweet oblivion ſwill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom diſſolves
In empty air; Elyſium opens round,
A pleaſing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd ſoul,
And ſanguine hopes diſpel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your proweſs and ſuperior ſtars:
The happieſt you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or ſhall be, could this folly laſt.
But ſoon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring ſtream,
Swoln o'er its banks with ſudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumnlt to a ſilent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breaſt
Subſide, you languiſh into mortal man;
You ſleep, and waking find yourſelf undone.
For prodigal of life in one raſh night
You laviſh'd more than might ſupport three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious ſtomach well
May be endur'd; ſo may the throbbing-head:
But ſuch a dim delirium, ſuch a dream,
Involves you; ſuch a daſtardly deſpair
Unmans your ſoul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel ſides,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes aſcend.
You curſe the ſluggiſh Port; you curſe the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture firſt
Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.
Or on the fugitive Champain you pour

A thouſand

A thouſand curſes; for to heav'n it rapt
Your ſoul, to plunge you deeper in deſpair.
Perhaps you rue even that divineſt gift,
The gay, ſerene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the freſh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And wiſh that heaven from mortals had with-held
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Beſides, it wounds you ſore to recollect
What follies in your looſe unguarded hour
Eſcap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you loſe a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your haſty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutiſhly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wiſh you well, he wiſhes you in heaven.
Deſpis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A ſacred, cheriſh'd, ſadly-pleaſing name;
A name ſtill to be utter'd with a ſigh.
Your laſt ungraceful ſcene has quite effac'd
All ſenſe and memory of your former worth.
How to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ;
The Precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;

His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the diſſolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen; he ſtudied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
  Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied Man: and much he pitied thoſe
Whom falſely-ſmiling Fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.
Our aim is happineſs; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He ſaid, 'tis the purſuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the wideſt wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy Goddeſs; that from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.
For, not to name the pains that pleaſure brings
To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds,
Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would ſoon grow ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, Nature would grow ſick,
And, cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt: be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend; be buſy even in vain
Rather than teize her fated appetites.
Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.

Let

Let nature reſt: and when the taſte of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but ſhun ſatiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt.
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts,
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one: and, truſt me, ſtill
A faithleſs Heart betrays the Head unſound.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is Senſe and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping time.
The gaudy gloſs of fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Senſe alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of heaven: a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth

That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupply'd.)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light;
To make Humanity the Miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.
  Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Paſſions, how to check their ſway
He knew, as far as Reaſon can control
The lawleſs Powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the ſchool of Pæon, I relate
What Paſſions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.
  Know then, whatever chearful and ſerene
Supports the mind, ſupports the body too.
Hence, the moſt vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the ſoul.
It pleaſes, and it laſts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind deluſion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.

Our

Our greateſt good, and what we leaſt can ſpare,
Is Hope: the laſt of all our evils, Fear.
But there are Paſſions grateful to the breaſt,
And yet no friends to Life: perhaps they pleaſe
Or to exceſs, and diſſipate the ſoul;
Or while they pleaſe, torment. The ſtubborn Clown,
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Uſurer,
(If Love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in ſuch boſoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleaſes. But, ye finer Souls,
Form'd to ſoft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reſerve
Indulge the ſweet deſtroyer of repoſe,
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
For, while the cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt
Ferments and maddens; ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or even with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and powers of life
Diſſolve in languor. The coy ſtomach loaths
The genial board: Your chearful days are gone;
The generous bloom that fluſh'd your cheeks is fled.
To ſighs devoted and to tender pains,
Penſive you ſit, or ſolitary ſtray,
And waſte your youth in muſing. Muſing firſt
Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart:
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,
And that fomented into ſerious love;

Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Through all the heights of fondneſs and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body waſtes away; th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet heaven from ſuch intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breaſts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be ſhun'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,
Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue ſheds
A gay, humane, a ſweet, and generous grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too ſerious, or too languiſhingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the ſoul.
And ſome have died for love; and ſome run mad;
And ſome with deſperate hands themſelves have ſlain.
Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to diſſipate
The cares of Love amongſt an hundred Brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick.
For while from feveriſh and tumultuous joys

The nerves grow languid and the ſoul ſubſides,
The tender fancy ſmarts with every ſting,
And what was Love before is Madneſs now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate ſtill: When Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient ſallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or looſe Imagination, ſpurs you on
To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To Nature: Nature all compulſion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might ſleep without;
To make what ſhould be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious taſk; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of ſoft joys
How chang'd you riſe! the ghoſt of what you was!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhauſted, and your nerves unſtrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and ſprightly zeſt, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each ſlight impulſe tremblingly awake)
A ſubtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
Rapid and reſtleſs ſprings from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diſeaſes haunt you; and untimely Age
Creeps on; unſocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waſte
The ſtores of pleaſure, chearfulneſs, and health!

Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour purſue.
Who pines with Love, or in laſcivious flames
Conſumes, is with his own conſent undone:
He chooſes to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a Paſſion, whoſe tempeſtuous ſway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breaſt,
And ſhakes to ruins proud Philoſophy.
For pale and trembling Anger ruſhes in,
With fault'ring ſpeech, and eyes that wildly ſtare;
Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the ſeas,
Deſperate, and arm'd with more than human ſtrength.
How ſoon the calm, humane, and poliſh'd man
Forgets compunction, and ſtarts up a fiend!
Who pines in Love, or waſtes with ſilent Cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly deſcends, and ling'ring, to the ſhades.
But he whom Anger ſtings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and ruſhes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the Body through unnumber'd ſtrings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul;
As is the Paſſion, ſuch is ſtill the Pain
The Body feels: or chronic, or acute.
And oft a ſudden ſtorm at once o'erpowers
The Life, or gives your Reaſon to the winds.
Such fates attend the raſh alarm of Fear,
And ſudden Grief, and Rage, and ſudden Joy.

There

There are, mean time, to whom the boiſt'rous fit
Is Health, and only fills the ſails of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous ſally ſpurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breaſt, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably ſtrung,
Wave all diſpute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever; and forſwear the Bowl.
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades,
Or ſhatters ev'ry hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
That ruins, tortures, or diſtracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes ſo horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more ſudden blows.
While Choler works, good Friend, you may be wrong;
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice againſt a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in Proſe or Song,
To tame the Fiend that ſleeps a gentle Lamb,
And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reaſon well; ſee as you ought to ſee,

And wonder at the madneſs of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you ſoon forget
The ſpeculations of your wiſer hours.
Beſet with Furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow:
With all that urge or lure us on to Fate:
What refuge ſhall we ſeek? what arms prepare?
Where Reaſon proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with ſubtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new Paſſions to your aid:
With Indignation would extinguiſh Fear,
With Fear or generous Pity vanquiſh Rage,
And Love with Pride; and force to force oppoſe.
  There is a Charm, a Power, that ſways the breaſt;
Bids every Paſſion revel or be ſtill;
Inſpires with Rage, or all your Cares diſſolves;
Can ſooth Diſtraction, and almoſt Deſpair.
That power is Muſic: Far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage;
Thoſe clumſy Heroes, thoſe fat-headed Gods,
Who move no paſſion juſtly but Contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts;
Good Heaven! we praiſe them: we, with loudeſt peals,
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels;
And, with inſipid ſhew of rapture, die
Of ideot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muſe's laurel juſtly ſhares,
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;

Who, with bold rage or ſolemn pomp of ſounds,
Inflames, exalts, and raviſhes the ſoul;
Now tender, plaintive, ſweet almoſt to pain,
In Love diſſolves you; now in ſprightly ſtrains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breaſt;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely ſad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous ſtrings.
Such was the Bard, whoſe heavenly ſtrains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame ſay true,
The man who bade the Theban domes aſcend,
And tam'd the ſavage nations with his ſong;
And ſuch the Thracian, whoſe melodious lyre,
Tun'd to ſoft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his loſt Eurydice.
Muſic exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expels Diſeaſes, ſoftens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poiſon, and the Plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Phyſic, Melody, and Song.

OF BENEVOLENCE:

AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES*. 1751.

KIND to my frailties ſtill, Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.
Not oft I ſing: the happier for the town,
So ſtun'd already they're quite ſtupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.
Happy for them, I ſeldom court the Nine;
Another art, a ſerious art is mine.
Of nauſeous verſes offer'd once a week,
You cannot ſay I did it, if you're ſick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to ſhine by flaſhy fits
Amongſt the daily, weekly, monthly wits.
Content if ſome few friends indulge my name,
So ſlightly am I ſtung with love of fame,
I would not ſcrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praiſe of all the Magazines.

* This little piece was addreſſed to a worthy Gentleman, as an expreſſion of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the Author a great piece of ſervice.

Yet

Yet once a moon, perhaps, I ſteal a night;
And, if our ſire Apollo pleaſes, write.
You ſmile; but all the train the Muſe that follow,
Chriſtians and dunces, ſtill we quote Apollo.
Unhappy ſtill our poets will rehearſe
To Goths, that ſtare aſtoniſh'd at their verſe;
To the rank tribes ſubmit their virgin lays:
So groſs, ſo beſtial, is the luſt of praiſe!
I to ſound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to thoſe who moſt my ſubject feel.
Eumenes, theſe dry moral lines I truſt
With you, whom nought that's moral can diſguſt.
With you I venture, in plain home-ſpun ſenſe,
What I imagine of Benevolence.
Of all the monſters of the human kind,
What ſtrikes you moſt is the low ſelfiſh mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The ſteady miſer can his years employ;
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Deſpis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honeſt warmth of heart, with ſome degree
Of pity that ſuch wretched things ſhould be,
You ſcorn the ſordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himſelf the wiſer of the two.—
'Tis all but taſte, howe'er we ſift the caſe;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boaſt an angel's ſhare,
Yet has what happineſs his organs bear.
Thou likewiſe mad'ſt the high ſeraphic ſoul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl.

Heav'n

Heav'n form'd *him* too, and doubtleſs for ſome uſe:
But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.
'Tis chiefly taſte, or blunt, or groſs, or fine,
Makes life inſipid, beſtial, or divine.
Better be born with taſte to little rent,
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty which the Gods beſtow,
Can fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
As well might fortune in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an Oyſter ſovereign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and boſom juſtly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majeſtic Wren expands the dome;
Blank as pale ſtucco Rubens lines the room:
Loſt are the raptures of bold Handel's ſtrain;
Great Tully ſtorms, ſweet Virgil ſings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;
Tempe's ſoft charms, the raging watry waſte,
Each greatly-wild, each ſweet romantic ſcene
Unheeded riſes, and almoſt unſeen.
Yet theſe are joys, with ſome of better clay,
To ſooth the toils of life's embarraſs'd way.
Theſe the fine frame with charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all Taſte the nobleſt and the beſt,
The firſt enjoyment of the generous breaſt,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious ſtate
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.
Fair views of nature, ſhining works of art,
Amuſe the fancy: but *thoſe* touch the heart.

Chiefly

Chiefly for this proud epic ſong delights,
For this ſome riot on th' Arabian Nights.
Each caſe is ours: and for the human mind
'Tis monſtrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy, who could taſte
Elyſium? or be ſolitarily bleſt?
Shock'd with ſurrounding ſhapes of human woe,
All that or ſenſe or fancy could beſtow,
You would reject with ſick and coy diſdain,
And pant to ſee one chearful face again.
But if life's better proſpects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould;
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleaſing view!
This is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed!
Dame fortune has ſo many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles where nature ſmil'd before.
To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to ſurprize a friend;
To chear the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate;
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;
Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a ſolid fame:
Theſe are ſuch joys as heaven's firſt favourites ſeize;
Theſe pleaſe you now, and will for ever pleaſe.
Too ſeldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, th' occaſion muſt conſpire.

Yet few there are ſo impotent and low,
But can ſome ſmall good offices beſtow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add ſtill ſomething to the general ſum:
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits; and heaven demands no more.
  Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can beſtow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind eſſay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;
Who, ſcornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
And with a diſtant lover's ſilent pain
Muſt the beſt movements of his ſoul reſtrain.
But men ſagacious to explore mankind
Trace even the coyeſt paſſions of the mind.
  Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad diſtreſs demands it ſtill.
This with the generous lays diſtinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that reſentment never ought to riſe;
For even exceſs of virtue ranks with vice:
And there are villainies no bench can awe,
That ſport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blaſts a helpleſs virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjuſt nor mean
To ſeize the proper time for honeſt ſpleen.

An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even inſult the baſe in humbled ſtate;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis ſomewhat late to be ſo primitive.
But I detain you with theſe tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praiſe.
No matter: could I pleaſe the poliſh'd few
Who taſte the ſerious or the gay like you,
The ſqueamiſh mob may find my verſes bare
Of every grace—but curſe Me if I care.
Beſides, I little court Parnaſſian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it ſaid
That I with you the paths of honour tread,
Than that amongſt the proud poetic train
No modern boaſted a more claſſic vein;
Or that in numbers I let looſe my ſong,
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn ſtrong.

TASTE:

AN

EPISTLE

TO

A YOUNG CRITIC. 1753.

" *Proferre quæ ſentiat cur quiſquam liber dubitet?—Malim, me-*
" *hercule, ſolus inſanire, quam ſobrius aut plebis aut patrum*
" *delirationibus ignaviter aſſentari.*"——

Autor anonym. Fragm.

RANGE from Tower-hill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple, t' utmoſt Groſvenor-ſtreet:
Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn;
Miſs not, be ſure, my Lords and Gentlemen;
You'll hardly raiſe, as I with * *Petty* gueſs,
Above twelve thouſand men of taſte; unleſs
In deſperate times a *Connoiſſeur* may paſs.
" A Connoiſſeur! What's that?" 'Tis hard to ſay:
But you muſt oft amidſt the fair and gay
Have ſeen a wou'd-be rake, a fluttering fool,
Who ſwears he loves the ſex with all his ſoul.

* Sir William Petty, author of the *Political Arithmetic.*

Alas,

Alas, vain youth! doſt thou admire ſweet Jones?
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!
You'd ſplit to hear th' inſipid coxcomb cry
Ah, charming Nanny! 'tis too much! I die!—
Die and be d—n'd, ſays one; but let me tell ye
I'll pay the loſs if ever rapture kill ye.
'Tis eaſy learnt the art to talk by rote:
At Nando's 'twill but coſt you half a groat;
The Bedford ſchool at three-pence is not dear, Sir;
At White's—*the ſtars inſtruct you* for a teſter.
But he, whom nature never meant to ſhare
One ſpark of taſte, will never catch it there:—
Nor no where elſe; howe'er the booby beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.
Good native Taſte, though rude, is ſeldom wrong,
Be it in muſic, painting, or in ſong.
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
I know, my dear, 'tis needleſs to deny 't,
You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright:
But ſeven years hence, your reliſh more matur'd,
What now delights will hardly be endur'd.
The boy may live to taſte Racine's fine charms,
Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:
But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care,
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair;
Or with Eraſmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squab-hall *of merry memory*;

Will die a Goth: and nod at * Woden's feaſt,
Th' eternal winter long, on † Gregory's breaſt.
Long may he ſwill, this patriarch of the dull,
The drowſy Mum—But touch not Maro's ſkull!
His holy barbarous dotage ſought to doom,
Good heaven! th' immortal claſſics to the tomb!—
Thoſe ſacred lights ſhall bid new genius riſe
When all Rome's ſaints have rotted from the ſkies.
Be theſe your guides, if at the ivy crown
You aim; each country's claſſics, and your own.
But chiefly with the ancients paſs your prime,
And drink Caſtalia at the fountain's brim.
The man to genuine Burgundy bred up,
Soon ſtarts the daſh of Methuen in his cup.
Thoſe ſovereign maſters of the Muſes ſkill
Are the true patterns of good writing ſtill.
Their ore was rich and ſeven times purg'd of lead;
Their art ſeem'd nature, 'twas ſo finely hid.
Though born with all the powers of writing well,
What pains it coſt they did not bluſh to tell.
Their eaſe (my Lords!) ne'er loung'd for want of fire,
Nor did their rage through affectation tire,

* Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's hall; where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors out of the ſkulls of thoſe whom they had ſlain in battle.

† Pope Gregory the VIth, diſtinguiſhed by the name of St. Gregory; whoſe pious zeal, in the cauſe of barbarous ignorance and prieſtly tyranny, exerted itſelf in demoliſhing, to the utmoſt of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.

Free

Free from all tawdry and impoſing glare
They truſted to their native grace of air.
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling ſoul they ſeize
Or ſly coy beauties ſteal it by degrees;
The more you view them ſtill the more they pleaſe.
Yet there are thouſands of ſcholaſtic merit
Who worm their ſenſe out but ne'er taſte their ſpirit.
Witneſs each pedant under Bentley bred;
Each commentator that e'er commented.
(You ſcarce can ſeize a ſpot of claſſic ground,
With leagues of Dutch moraſs ſo floated round.)
Witneſs—but, Sir, I hold a cautious pen,
Leſt I ſhould *wrong* ſome *honourable men.*
They grow enthuſiaſts too—*'Tis true! 'tis pity!*
But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.
Some have run Maro—and ſome Milton—mad,
Aſhley once turn'd a ſolid barber's head:
Hear all that's ſaid or printed if you can,
Aſhley has turn'd more ſolid heads than one.
Let ſuch admire each great or ſpecious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the ſame.
"Right!" Yes a thouſand times.—Each fool has heard
That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Deſpiſe them civilly with all my heart—
But to convince them is a deſperate part.
Why ſhould you teize one for what ſecret cauſe
One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras?
'Tis cruel, Sir, 'tis needleſs, to endeavour
To teach a ſot of Taſte he knows no flavour.

To diſunite I neither wiſh nor hope
A ſtubborn blockhead from his fav'rite ſop.
Yes—ſop I ſay, were Maro's ſelf before 'em:
For Maro's ſelf grows dull as they pore o'er him.
But hear their raptures o'er ſome ſpecious rhyme
Dubb'd by the muſk'd and greaſy mob ſublime.
For ſpleen's dear ſake hear how a coxcomb prates
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats;
" *Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,*
" *To ſoften rocks, and oaks,*"—and all the reſt:
" *I've heard*"—Bleſs theſe long ears!—" Heav'ns what a ſtrain!
" Good God! What thunders burſt in this *Campaign!*
" Hark Waller warbles! Ah! how ſweetly killing!
" Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!
" Rowe breathes all Shakeſpeare here!—That ode of
" Prior
" Is Spencer quite! egad his very fire!—
" As like"—Yes faith! as gum-flowers to the roſe,
Or as to Claret flat Minorca's doſe;
As like as (if I am not groſsly wrong)
Erle Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer ſung.
Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruſe
Each fav'rite modern, ev'n each ancient muſe.
With all the comic ſalt and tragic rage
The great ſtupendous genius of our ſtage,
Boaſt of our iſland, pride of human-kind,
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.
His frailties are to ev'ry goſſip known:
Yet Milton's pedantries not ſhock the town.

Ne'er be the dupe of Names, however high;
For ſome outlive good parts, ſome miſapply.
Each elegant Spectator you admire;
But muſt you therefore ſwear by Cato's fire?
Maſques for the court, and oft a clumſey jeſt,
Diſgrac'd the muſe that wrought the Alchemiſt.
" But to the ancients."—Faith! I am not clear,
For all the ſmooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which laſts in proſe or ſong,
Two thouſand years, deſerves to laſt ſo long.
For not to mention ſome eternal blades
Known only now in th' academic ſhades,
(Thoſe ſacred groves where raptur'd ſpirits ſtray,
And in word-hunting waſte the live-long day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics ſcan,
Do, read * Meſſala's praiſes if you can.
Ah! who but feels the ſweet contagious ſmart
While ſoft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the Loves and Muſes melt in tears;
But not a word of ſome hexameters.
" You grow ſo ſqueamiſh and ſo dev'liſh dry,
" You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I.
Some find him tedious, others think him lame:
But if he lags his ſubject is to blame.
Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,
Yet ſtill he marches with true Roman pride:
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
He ſtreams athwart the philoſophic night.

* A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verſe; as yawning and inſipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

Find you in Horace no inſipid Odes?—
He dar'd to tell us Homer ſometimes nods;
And but for ſuch a critic's hardy ſkill
Homer might ſlumber unſuſpected ſtill.
  Taſteleſs, implicit, indolent, and tame,
At ſecond-hand we chiefly praiſe or blame.
Hence 'tis, for elſe one knows not why nor how,
Some authors flouriſh for a year or two:
For many ſome, more wond'rous ſtill to tell;
Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell.
Of ſolid merit others pine unknown;
At firſt, though * Carlos ſwimmingly went down,
Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town.
Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay
'Till Sommer's hand produc'd him to the day.
But, thanks to heav'n and Addiſon's good grace,
Now ev'ry fop is charm'd with Chevy Chace.
  Specious and ſage, the ſovereign of the flock
Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock
Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train
Or crop the downs, or headlong ſeek the main.
As blindly we our ſolemn leaders follow,
And good, and bad, and execrable ſwallow.
  Pray, on the firſt throng'd evening of a play
That wears the † *facies hippocratica*,

* Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and juſtly forgotten, went off with great applauſe; while his Orphan, a ſomewhat better performance, and what is yet more ſtrange, his Venice Preſerved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of thoſe times, met with a very cold reception.

† The appearance of the face in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, as it is deſcribed by Hippocrates.

Strong

Strong lines of death, ſigns dire of reprobation;
Have you not ſeen the angel of ſalvation
Appear ſublime; with wiſe and ſolemn rap
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap?—
The rabble knows not where our dramas ſhine;
But where the cane goes pat—*by G— that's fine!*
Judge for yourſelf; nor wait with timid phlegm
'Till ſome illuſtrious pedant hum or hem.
The lords who ſtarv'd old Ben were learn'dly fond
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd.
Their ſons, whoſe ears hold Milton could not ſeize,
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and ſnuff and ſneeze,
And ſwear, and ſeem as tickled as you pleaſe.
Their ſpawn, the pride of this ſublimer age,
Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage.
Though liv'd he now he might appeal with ſcorn
To Lords, Knights, 'Squires, and Doctors, yet unborn;
Or juſtly mad to Moloch's burning fane
Devote the choiceſt children of his brain.
Judge for yourſelf; and as you find report
Of wit as freely as of beef or port.
Zounds! ſhall a pert or bluff important wight,
Whoſe brain is fancileſs, whoſe blood is white;
A mumbling ape of taſte; preſcribe us laws
To try the poets, for no better cauſe
Than that he boaſts *per ann.* ten thouſand clear,
Yelps in the Houſe, or barely ſits a Peer?
For ſhame! for ſhame! the liberal Britiſh ſoul
To ſtoop to any ſtale dictator's rule!

I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
But right or wrong with friends with foes 'twill out.
Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain
Of trite invention and a flimsy vein,
Tame characters, unintereſting, jejune,
And paſſions drily copied from * Le Brun.
For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men, generous Fenelon.
But in the name of goodneſs, muſt I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could ſee?
And then to flatter where there's no reward—
Better be any patron-hunting bard,
Who half our Lords with filthy praiſe beſmears,
And ſing an Anthem to ALL MINISTERS:
Taſte th' Attic ſalt in ev'ry Peer's poor rebus,
And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.

* Firſt painter to Lewis XIV. who, to ſpeak in faſhionable French Engliſh, *called himſelf* LEWIS THE GREAT. Our ſovereign lords the paſſions, Love, Rage, Deſpair, &c. were graciouſly pleaſed to ſit to him in their turns for their portraits: which he was generous enough to communicate to the public; to the great improvement, no doubt, of hiſtory-painting. It was he who they ſay poiſoned Le Sueur; who, without half his advantages in many other reſpects, was ſo unreaſonable and provoking as to diſplay a genius with which his own could ſtand no compariſon. It was he and his Gothic diſciples, who, with ſly ſcratches, defaced the moſt maſterly of this Le Sueur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could ſnugly reach them. Yet after all theſe atchievements he died in his bed! A cataſtrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the *fine arts* are as zealouſly and judiciouſly patroniſed as they are well underſtood.

Alas!

Alas! ſo far from free, ſo far from brave,
We dare not ſhew the little Taſte we have.
With us you'll ſee ev'n vanity controul
The moſt refin'd ſenſations of the ſoul.
Sad Otway's ſcenes, great Shakeſpear's we defy:
" Lard, Madam! 'tis ſo unpolite to cry!—
" For ſhame, my dear! d'ye credit all this ſtuff?—
" I vow—well, this is innocent enough?"
At Athens long ago, the Ladies—(married)
Dreamt not they miſbehav'd though they miſcarried,
When a wild poet with licentious rage
Turn'd fifty furies looſe upon the ſtage.
They were ſo tender and ſo eaſy mov'd,
Heav'ns! how the Grecian ladies muſt have lov'd!
For all the fine ſenſations ſtill have dwelt,
Perhaps, where one was exquiſitely felt.
Thus he who heavenly Maro truly feels
Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
The groſſer ſenſes too, the taſte, the ſmell,
Are likely trueſt where the fine prevail:
Who doubts that Horace muſt have cater'd well?
Friend, I'm a ſhrewd obſerver, and will gueſs
What books you doat on from your fav'rite meſs.
Brown and L'Eſtrange will ſurely charm whome'er
The frothy pertneſs ſtrikes of weak ſmall-beer.
Who ſteeps the calf's fat loin in greaſy ſauce
Will hardly loathe the praiſe that baſtes an aſs.
Who riots on Scotcht Collops ſcorns not any
Inſipid, fulſome, traſhy miſcellany;

And who devours whate'er the cook can diſh up,
Will for a claſſic conſecrate each * biſhop.
But I am ſick of pen and ink; and you
Will find this letter long enough. Adieu!

* See Felton's Claſſics.

IMITATIONS

IMITATION

OF

SHAKESPEARE AND SPENSER.

Advertiſement from the Publiſher.

THE following Imitation of Shakeſpeare was one of our Author's firſt attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It helped to amuſe the ſolitude of a winter paſſed in a wild romantic country; and, what is rather particular, was juſt finiſhed when Mr. Thomſon's celebrated poem upon the ſame ſubject appeared. Mr. Thomſon, ſoon hearing of it, had the curioſity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He ſhewed it to his poetical friends, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who, it ſeems, did great honour to it; and the firſt-mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, deſiring the author's leave to publiſh it; a requeſt too flatttering to youthful vanity to be reſiſted. But Mr. Mallet altered his mind; and this little piece has hitherto remained unpubliſhed.

The other Imitations of Shakeſpeare happen to have been ſaved out of the ruins of an unfiniſhed tragedy on the ſtory of *Tereus* and *Philomela*; attempted upon an irregular

irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for ſuch atchievements. However, they are here exhibited for the ſake of ſuch gueſts as may like a little repaſt of ſcraps.

NOW Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the ſouth ſide of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the live-long day.
While Winter riſing pale from northern ſeas
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum.
A blaſt ſo ſhrewd makes the tall-bodied pines
Unfinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their ſavage tenements.
Now blows the ſurly north, and chills throughout
The ſtiffening regions; while, by ſtronger charms
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd,
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks
Lies all beſtill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the wither'd reeds: and the raſh flood
That from the mountains held its headſtrong courſe,
Buried in livid ſheets of vaulting ice,
Seen through the ſhameful breaches, idly creeps
To pay a ſcanty tribute to the ocean.
What wonder? when the floating wilderneſs
That ſcorns our miles, and calls Geography
A ſhallow pryer; from whoſe unſteady mirrour
The high-hung pole ſurveys his dancing locks;
When this ſtill-raving deep lies mute and dead,
Nor heaves its ſwelling boſom to the winds.
The ſurges, baited by the fierce north-eaſt
Toſſing

Toſſing with fretful ſpleen their angry heads
To roar and ruſh together,
Even in the foam of all their madneſs ſtruck
To monumental ice, ſtand all aſtride
The rocks they waſhed ſo late. Such execution,
So ſtern, ſo ſudden, wrought the griſly aſpect
Of terrible Meduſa, ere young Perſeus
With his keen ſabre cropt her horrid head,
And laid her ſerpents rowling on the duſt;
When wandering thro' the woods ſhe frown'd to ſtone
Their ſavage tenants: juſt as the foaming lion
Sprung furious on his prey, her ſpeedier power
Outrun his haſte; no time to languiſh in,
But fix'd in that fierce attitude he ſtands
Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argoſies
Lie wedg'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abyſm
Has chang'd our ſhips to horſes; the ſwift bark
Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart,
That now from iſle to iſle maintain the trade;
And where the ſurface-haunting Dolphin led
Her ſportive young, is now an area fit
For the wild ſchool-boy's paſtime.
Meantime the evening ſkies, cruſted with ice,
Shifting from red to black their weighty ſkirts,
Hang mournful o'er the hills; and ſtealing night
Rides the bleak puffing winds, that ſeem to ſpit
Their foam ſparſe thro' the welkin, which is nothing
If not beheld. Anon the burden'd heaven
Shakes from its ample ſieve the boulted ſnow;
That fluttering down beſprinkles the ſad trees

In mockery of leaves; piles up the hills
To monſtrous altitude, and choaks to the lips
The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
As to the centre, Nature's vaſty breaches.
While all the pride of men and mortal things
Lies whelm'd in heaven's white ruins.—

The ſhivering clown digs his obſtructed way
Through the ſnow-barricadoed cottage door;
And muffled in his home-ſpun plaid encounters
With livid cheeks and rheum-diſtilling noſe
The morning's ſharp and ſcourging breath; to count
His ſtarving flock whoſe number's all too ſhort
To make the goodly ſum of yeſter-night:
Part deep ingurgitated, part yet ſtruggling
With their laſt pantings melt themſelves a grave
In Winter's boſom; which yields not to the touch
Of the pale languid creſcet of this world,
That now with lean and churliſh huſbandry
Yields heartleſly the remnants of his prime;
And like moſt ſpendthrifts ſtarves his latter days
For former rankneſs. He with bleary eye
Blazons his own diſgrace; the harneſs'd waſte
Rebellious to his blunt defeated ſhafts;
And idly ſtrikes the chalky mountains tops
That riſe to kiſs the Welkin's ruddy lips;
Where all the raſh young bullies of the air
Mount their quick ſlender penetrating wings,
Whipping the froſt-burnt villagers to the bones;
And growing with their motion mad and furious,
'Till ſwoln to tempeſts they out-rage the thunder;

Winnow

Winnow the chaffy ſnow, and mock the ſkies
Even with their own artillery retorted;
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills
Into the vallies. And as rude hurricanes,
Diſcharg'd from the wind-ſwoln cheeks of heaven,
Buoy up the ſwilling ſkirts of Araby's
Inhoſpitable wilds,
And roll the duſty deſart through the ſkies,
Choaking the liberal air, and ſmothering
Whole caravans at once; ſuch havock ſpreads
This war of heaven and earth, ſuch ſudden ruin
Viſits their houſeleſs citizens, that ſhrink
In the falſe ſhelter of the hills together,
And hear the tempeſt howling o'er their heads
That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,
Thoſe few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe
Of amorous Summer quit their ruffian element;
And with domeſtic tameneſs hop and flutter
Within the roofs of perſecuting man,
(Grown hoſpitable by like ſenſe of ſufferance;)
Whither the hinds, the debt o' the day diſcharg'd,
From kiln or barn repairing, ſhut the door
On ſurly Winter; crowd the clean-ſwept hearth
And chearful ſhining fire; and doff the time,
The whilſt the maids their twirling ſpindles ply,
With muſty legends and ear-pathing tales;
Of giants, and black necromantic bards,
Of air-built caſtles, feats of madcap knights,
And every hollow fiction of romance.
And, as their rambling humour leads them, talk

Of prodigies, and things of dreadful utterance;
That ſet them all agape, rouſe up their hair,
And make the ideot drops ſtart from their eyes;
Of church-yards belching flames at dead of night,
Of walking ſtatues, ghoſts unaffable,
Haunting the dark waſte tower or airleſs dungeon;
Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
Drinking the ſummer's moonlight from the flowers;
And all the toys that phantaſy pranks up
T' amuſe her fools withal.—Thus they laſh on
The ſnail-pac'd Hyperborean nights, till heaven
Hangs with a juſter poize: when the murk clouds
Roll'd up in heavy wreathes low-bellying, ſeem
To kiſs the ground, and all the waſte of ſnow
Looks blue beneath 'em; till plump'd with bloating dropſy,
Beyond the bounds and ſtretch of continence,
They burſt at once; down pours the hoarded rain,
Waſhing the ſlippery winter from the hills,
And floating all the vallies. The fading ſcene
Melts like a loſt enchantment or vain phantaſm
That can no more abuſe. Nature reſumes
Her old ſubſtantial ſhape; while from the waſte
Of undiſtinguiſhing calamity,
Foreſt, and by their ſides wide-ſkirted plains,
Houſes and trees ariſe; and waters flow,
That from their dark confinements burſting, ſpurn
Their brittle chains; huge ſheets of looſen'd ice
Float on their boſoms to the deep, and jarr
And clatter as they paſs; th' o'erjutting banks,

As

As long unpractis'd to ſo ſteep a view,
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.
Now ev'ry petty brook that crawl'd along,
Railing its pebbles, mocks the river's rage,
Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge *Danube*,
While melting mountains ruſh into its tide,
Rolls with ſuch headſtrong and unreined courſe,
As it would choak the *Euxine's* gulphy maw,
Burſting his cryſtal cerements. The breathing time
Of peace expir'd, that huſh'd the deafning ſcenes
Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian War
Rebels, and Nature ſtands at odds again:
When the rous'd Furies of the fighting winds
Torment the main; that ſwells its angry ſides,
And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws;
While through the ſavage dungeon of the night
The horrid thunder growls. Th' ambitious waves
Aſſault the ſkies, and from the burſting clouds
Drink the glib lightening; as if the ſeas
Would quench the ever-burning fires of heaven.
Straight from their ſlipp'ry pomp they madly plunge
And kiſs the loweſt pebbles. Wretched they
That 'midſt ſuch rude vexation of the deep
Guide a frail veſſel! Better ice-bound ſtill,
Than mock'd with liberty thus be reſign'd
To the rough fortune of the froward time;
When Navigation all a-tiptoe ſtands
On ſuch unſteady footing. Now they mount
On the tall billow's top, and ſeem to jowl
Againſt the ſtars; whence (dreadful eminence!)

They ſee with ſwimming eyes (enough to hurry round
In endleſs vertigo the dizzy brain)
A gulph that ſwallows viſion, with wide mouth
Steep-yawning to receive them; down they duck
To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
The adamantine gates of vaulted hell:
Thence toſs'd to light again; till borne adrift
Againſt ſome icy mountains bulging ſides
They reel, and are no more.—Nor leſs by land
Ravage the winds, that in their wayward rage
Howl through the wide unhoſpitable glens;
That rock the ſtable-planted towers, and ſhake
The hoary monuments of ancient time
Down to their flinty baſes; that engage
As they would tear the mountains from their roots,
And bruſh the high heavens with their woody heads;
Making the ſtout oaks bow.—But I forget
That ſprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heel:
Ceaſe we theſe notes too tragic for the time,
Nor jar againſt great Nature's ſymphony;
When even the bluſtrous elements grow tuneful,
Or liſten to the concert. Hark! how loud
The cuckoo wakes the ſolitary wood!
Soft ſigh the winds as o'er the greens they ſtray,
And murmuring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE'S DREAM:

Darkly expreſſive of ſome paſt Events that were ſoon to be revealed to her.

— — — LAST night I dreamt,
Whate'er it may forebode it moves me ſtrangely,
That I was rapt into the raving deep;
An old and reverend ſire conducted me:
He plung'd into the boſom of the main,
And bade me not to fear but follow him.
I followed; with impetuous ſpeed we div'd,
And heard the daſhing thunder o'er our heads.
Many a ſlippery fathom down we ſunk,
Beneath all plummets' found, and reach'd the bottom.
When there, I aſk'd my venerable guide
If he could tell me where my ſiſter was;
He told me that ſhe lay not far from thence
Within the boſom of a flinty rock,
Where Neptune kept her for his paramour
Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's ſight;
And ſaid he could conduct me to the place.
I beg'd he would. Through dreadful ways we paſt,
'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either ſide,
Whence here and there the branching coral ſprung;
O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold and gems,
Into a hideous kind of wilderneſs,
Where ſtood a ſtern and priſon-looking rock,

Daub'd with a moſſy verdure all around,
The mockery of paint. As we drew near
Out ſprung a hydra from a den below,
A ſpeckl'd fury; fearfully it hiſs'd,
And roll'd its ſea-green eyes ſo angrily
As it would kill with looking. My old guide
Againſt its ſharp head hurl'd a rugged ſtone—
The curling monſter rais'd a brazen ſhriek,
Wallow'd and died in fitful agonies.
We gain'd the cave. Through woven adamant
I look'd, and ſaw my ſiſter all alone.
Employ'd ſhe ſeem'd in writing ſomething ſad,
So ſad ſhe look'd: Her cheek was wond'rous wan,
Her mournful locks like weary ſedges hung.
I call'd—ſhe turning, ſtarted when ſhe ſaw me,
And threw her head aſide as if aſham'd;
She wept, but would not ſpeak—I call'd again;
Still ſhe was mute.—Then madly I addreſt,
With all the lion-ſinews of deſpair,
To break the flinty ribs that held me out;
And with the ſtruggling wak'd.—

A STORM;

A STORM;

Raiſed to account for the late Return of a Meſſenger.

— — — THE ſun went down in wrath;
The ſkies foam'd braſs, and ſoon th' unchained winds
Burſt from the howling dungeon of the north:
And rais'd ſuch high delirium on the main,
Such angry clamour; while ſuch boiling waves
Flaſh'd on the peeviſh eye of moody night,
It look'd as if the ſeas would ſcald the heavens.
Still louder chid the winds, th' enchafed ſurge
Still anſwer'd louder; and when the ſickly morn
Peep'd ruefully through the blotted thick-brow'd eaſt
To view the ruinous havock of the dark,
The ſtately towers of Athens ſeem'd to ſtand
On hollow foam tide-whipt; the ſhips that lay
Scorning the blaſt within the marble arms
Of the ſea-chid Portumnus, danc'd like corks
Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other;
And ſome were daſh'd to fragments in this fray
Againſt the harbour's rocky cheſt. The ſea
So roar'd, ſo madly rag'd, ſo proudly ſwell'd,
As it would thunder full into the ſtreets,
And ſteep the tall Cecropian battlements
In foaming brine. The airy citadel,
Perch'd like an eagle on a high-brow'd rock,

Shook the ſalt water from its ſtubborn ſides
With eager quaking; the Cyclades appear'd
Like ducking Cormorants—Such a mutiny
Out-clamour'd all tradition, and gain'd belief
To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
Seven days it ſtorm'd, &c.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Written at Mr. THOMSON'S *deſire, to be inſerted into* THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

I.

FULL many a fiend did haunt this houſe of reſt,
And made of paſſive wights an eaſy prey.
Here Lethargy with deadly ſleep oppreſt
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his ſides; and ſnored night and day.
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraightway:
He led I ween the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain or ſtrife to yield the breath.

II.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſie;
Unwieldy man, with belly monſtrous round
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.

And

And here a moping Myſtery did ſit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye:
She call'd herſelf the Hypochondriack Fit,
And frantick ſeem'd to ſome, to others ſeem'd a wit.

III.

A lady was ſhe whimſical and proud,
Yet oft thro' fear her pride would crouchen low.
She felt or fancied in her fluttering mood
All the diſeaſes that the Spitals know,
And ſought all phyſick that the ſhops beſtow;
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try.
'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh and ſometimes cry,
Sometimes would waxen wroth; and all ſhe knew not why.

IV.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs virgin pin'd,
With aching head and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
But lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhook his chilling wings;
And here the Gout, half tyger half a ſnake,
Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred ſtings;
Theſe and a thouſand furies more did ſhake
Thoſe weary realms, and kept eaſe-loving men awake.

A DAY:

An Epiſtle to JOHN WILKES, *of Ayleſbury, Eſq.*

ESCAP'D from London now four moons, and more,
I greet gay Wilkes from Fulda's waſted ſhore,
Where cloth'd with woods a hundred hills aſcend,
Where nature many a paradiſe has plan'd:
A land that, e'en amid contending arms,
Late ſmil'd with culture, and luxuriant charms;
But now the hoſtile ſcythe has bar'd her ſoil,
And her ſad peaſants ſtarve for all their toil.
What news to-day?—I aſk you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue;
What forward blundering fool was laſt preferr'd,
By mere pretence diſtinguiſh'd from the herd;
With what new cheat the gaping town is ſmit;
What crazy ſcribbler reigns the preſent wit;
What ſtuff for winter the two booths have mixt;
What bouncing mimick grows a Roſcius next.
Wave all ſuch news: I've ſeen too much, my friend,
To ſtare at any wonders of that kind.
News, none have I: you know I never had;
I never long'd the day's dull lye to ſpread;
I left to goſſips that ſweet luxury,
More in the ſecrets of the great than I,
To nurſes, midwives, all the ſlippery train,
That ſwallow all, and bring up all again:

Or

Or did I e'er a brief event relate,
You found it ſoon at length in the Gazette.
Now for the weather—This is England ſtill
For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill.
Even now the pond'rous rain perpetual falls,
Drowns every camp, and crowds our hoſpitals.
This ſoaking deluge all unſtrings my frame,
Dilutes my ſenſe, and ſuffocates my flame—
'Tis that which makes theſe preſent lines ſo tame.
The parching eaſt wind ſtill purſues me too—
Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew?—
By heaven, it flays Japan, perhaps Peru!
It blaſts all earth with its envenom'd breath,
That ſcatters diſcord, rage, diſeaſes, death.
'Twas the firſt plague that burſt Pandora's cheſt,
And with a livid ſmile ſow'd all around the reſt.
Heaven guard my friend from every plague that flies,
Still grant him health, whence all the pleaſures riſe.
But oft diſeaſes from ſlow cauſes creep,
And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Mean time excuſe me that I ſlily ſnatch
The only theme in which I ſhine your match.
You ſtudy early: ſome indulge at night,
Their prudiſh muſe ſteals in by candle-light,
Shy as th' Athenian Bird, ſhe ſhuns the day,
And finds December genial more than May,

But happier you who court the early ſun,
For morning viſits no debauch draw on;
Nor ſo the ſpirits, health, or ſight impair,
As thoſe that paſs in the raw midnight air.
The taſk of breakfaſt o'er; that peeviſh, pale,
That lounging, yawning, moſt ungenial meal;
Ruſh out, before thoſe fools ruſh in to worry ye,
Whoſe buſineſs is to be idle in a hurry,
Who kill your time as frankly as their own,
And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone.
Theſe flies all fairly flung, whene'er the houſe,
Your country's buſineſs, or your friend's, allows,
Ruſh out, enjoy the fields and the freſh air;
Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.
Yet in the torrid months I would reverſe
This method, leave behind both proſe and verſe;
With the grey dawn the hills and foreſt roam,
And wait the ſultry noon embower'd at home,
While every rural ſound improves the breeze,
The railing ſtream, the buſy rooks, and murmur of the bees.
You'll hardly chooſe theſe chearful jaunts alone—
Except when ſome deep ſcheme is carrying on.
With you at *Chelſea* oft may I behold
The hopeful bud of ſenſe her bloom unfold,
With you I'd walk to * * * * * * *
To rich, inſipid Hackney, if you will;
With you no matter where, while we're together,
I ſcorn no ſpot on earth, and curſe no weather:

When

When dinner comes, amid the various feaſt,
That crowns your genial board, where every gueſt,
Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,
And none e'er ſigh'd for the mind's elbow-room;
I warn you ſtill to make your chief repaſt
On one plain diſh, and trifle with the reſt.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Beef, in a fever, if your ſtomach crave it,
Ox-cheek, or mawkiſh cod, be ſure you have it,
For ſtill the conſtitution, even the caſe,
Directs the ſtomach; this informs the taſte;
And what the taſte in her capricious fits
Coyly, or even indifferently admits,
The peeviſh ſtomach, or diſdains to toil,
Or indolently works to vapid chyle.
This inſtinct of the taſte ſo ſeldom errs,
That if you love, yet ſmart for cucumbers,
Or plumbs of bad repute, you'll likely find
'Twas for you ſeparated what nature join'd,
The ſpicey kernel here, and there the rind.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

'Tis ſtrange how blindly we from Nature ſtray!
The only creatures we that miſs their way!
To err is human, Man's prerogative,
Who's too much ſenſe by Nature's laws to live:
Wiſer than Nature he muſt thwart her plan,
And ever will be ſpoiling, where he can.

'Tis

'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream,
Nor earth to a gilded cake; not e'en could tame
Niagara's ſteep abyſs to crawl down ſtairs *,
Or dreſs in roſes the dire *Cordelliers* † :
But what he can he does: well can he trim
A charming ſpot into a childiſh whim;
Can every generous gift of Nature ſpoil,
And rates their merits by his coſt and toil.
Whate'er the land, whate'er the ſea's produce,
Of perfect texture, and exalted juice,
He pampers, or to fulſome fat, or drains,
Refines and bleaches, till no taſte remains.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Enough to fatten fools, or drive the dray,
But plagues and death to thoſe of finer clay.
No corner elſe, 'tis not to be denied,
Of all our iſle ſo rankly is ſupplied
With groſs productions, and adulterate fare,
As one renown'd abode, whoſe name I ſpare.
They cram all poultry, that the hungry fox
Would loath to touch them; e'en their boaſted ox
Sometimes is glutted ſo with unctuous ſpoil,
That what ſeems beef is rather rape-ſeed oil.
D'ye know what brawn is?—O th' unhappy beaſt!
He ſtands eternal, and is doom'd to feaſt,

* Vide Chatſworth, 1753.

† Les Cordalleira's des Andee are a chain of hills, which run through South-America.

Till

Till—but the nauceous proceſs I forbear—
Only, beware of brawn—beſure, beware!
Yet brawn has taſte—it has: their veal has none,
Save what the butcher's breath inſpires alone;
Juſt heaven one day may ſend them hail for wheat,
Who ſpoil all veal becauſe it ſhould be white.
'Tis hard to ſay of what compounded paſte
Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no taſte,
Whether 'tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour
Shell'd and refin'd, till it has taſte no more;
But if the lump be white, and white enough,
No matter how inſipid, dry, or tough.
In ſalt itſelf the ſapid ſavour fails,
Burnt alum for the love of white prevails:
While taſteleſs cole-ſeed we for muſtard ſwallow,
'Tis void of zeſt indeed—but ſtill 'tis yellow.
Parſnip, or parſley root, the rogues will ſoon
Scrape for horſe-radiſh, and 'twill paſs unknown,
For by the colour, not the taſte, we prove all,
As hens will ſit on chalk, if 'tis but oval.
I muſt with caution the cook's reign invade,
Hot as the fire, and haſty from his trade,

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

A cook of genius, bid him roaſt a hare,
By all that's hot and horrible would ſwear,

Parch

Parch native dryneſs! zounds, that's not the thing—
But ſtew him, and he might half dine a king.
His gen'rous broth I ſhould almoſt prefer
To Turtle Soup, though Turtle travels far.
You think me nice perhaps: yet I could dine
On roaſted rabbit; or fat turky and chine;
Or fulſome hailet; or moſt drily cram
My throat with taſteleſs fillet and wet ham:
But let me ne'er of mutton-ſaddle eat,
That ſolid phantom, that moſt ſpecious cheat;
Yet loin is paſſable, he was no fool
Who ſaid the half is better than the whole:

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,
We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er,
I would all claret, even Champaign forbear,
Give me freſh water—bleſs me with ſmall-beer.
But ſtill whate'er you drink with cautious lip
Approach, ſurvey, and e'er you ſwallow, ſip;
For often, O defend all honeſt throats!
The reeling waſp on the drench'd borage floats.
I've known a dame, ſage elſe as a divine,
For brandy whip off *Ipecacuan* wine;
And I'm as ſure amid your careleſs glee,
You'll ſwallow *Port* one time for *Cote-rotie*.

But you aware of that *Lethean* flood,
Will ſcarce repeat the doſe—forbid you ſhould!
'Tis ſuch a deadly foe to all that's bright,
'Twould ſoon encumber e'en your fancy's flight:
And if 'tis true what ſome wiſe preacher ſays,
That we our gen'rous anceſtors diſgrace,
The fault from this pernicious fountain flows,
Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes;
And ere our maudlin genius mounts again,
'Twill cauſe a ſea of claret and champain
Of this retarding glue to rinſe the nation's brain.
The mud-fed carp refines amid the ſprings,
And time and *Burgundy* might do great things;
But health and pleaſure we for trade deſpiſe,
For *Portugal's* grudg'd gold our genius dies.
O hapleſs race! O land to be bewail'd!
With murders, treaſons, horrid deaths appal'd;
Where dark-red ſkies with livid thunders frown,
While earth convulſive ſhakes her cities down;
Where Hell in Heaven's name holds her impious court,
And the grape bleeds out that black poiſon, port;
Sad poiſon to themſelves, to us ſtill worſe,
Brew'd and rebrew'd, a doubled, trebled curſe.
Toſs'd in the crowd of various rules I find,
Still ſome material buſineſs left behind:

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

The fig, the gooſeberry, beyond all grapes,
Mellower to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.
But pleaſures of this kind are beſt enjoy'd,
Beneath the tree, or by the fountain ſide,

Ere

Ere the quick ſoul, and dewy bloom exhale,
And vainly melt into the thankleſs gale.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Who from the full meal yield to natural reſt,
A ſhort repoſe; 'tis ſtrange how ſoon you'll find
A ſecond morn riſe chearful on your mind:
Beſides it ſoftly, kindly, ſooths away
The ſaddeſt hour to ſome that damps the day.
But if you're coy to ſleep, before you ſpread
Some eaſy-trotting poet's lines—you're dead
At once: even theſe may haſten your repoſe,
Now rapid verſe, now halting nearer proſe;
There ſmooth, here rough, what I ſuppoſe you'd chuſe,
As men of taſte hate ſameneſs in the muſe:
Yes, I'd adjourn all drinking till 'tis late,
And then indulge, but at a moderate rate.
By heaven not * * * with all his genial wit,
Should ever tempt me after twelve to fit—
You laugh—at noon you ſay: I mean at night.
I long to read your name once more again,
But while at *Caſſel*, all ſuch longing's vain.
Yet *Caſſel* elſe no ſad retreat I find,
While good and amiable * *Gayot* 's my friend,
Generous and plain, the friend of human-kind;

* Monſ. de Gayot, Fils, conſeiller d'eſtat, et intendant de l'armée Françoiſe en Allemagne.

Who ſcorns the little-minded's partial view;
One you would love, one that would reliſh you.
With him ſometimes I ſup, and often dine,
And find his preſence cordial more than wine.
There lively, genial, friendly, *Goy* and I,
Touch glaſſes oft to one, whoſe company
Would—but what's this?——Farewell—within two hours
We march for *Hexter*—ever, ever yours.

CONTENTS

OF

ARMSTRONG'S POEMS.

THE ART of preſerving HEALTH. In Four Books. - - Page 1

Of BENEVOLENCE: An Epiſtle. - 96

Of TASTE: An Epiſtle to a young Critic. 82

IMITATIONS of SHAKESPEAR and SPENSER. 93

DAY: An Epiſtle. - - 107

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN LANGHORNE,

" Et vos, O Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima Myrte!
" Sic poſitæ, quoniam ſuaves miſcetis odores." VIRG.

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES YORKE.

A Muſe that lov'd in Nature's walks to ſtray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,
To Nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amuſements of Life's vacant ſpring;
Nor ſhalt thou, Yorke, her humble offering blame,
If pure her incenſe, and unmixt her flame.
She pours no flattery into Folly's ear,
No ſhameleſs hireling of a ſhameleſs Peer,
The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,
And GLOUCESTER joins with LYTTELTON to praiſe.
Each judge of art her ſtrain, though artleſs loves;
And SHENSTONE ſmil'd, and poliſh'd HURD approves.
O may ſuch ſpirits long protect my page,
Surviving lights of Wit's departed age!
Long may I in their kind opinion live!
All meaner praiſe, all envy I forgive——
Yet fairly be my future laurels won!
Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's ſon!
Should his free ſuffrage own the favour'd ſtrain,
Though vain the toil, the glory were not vain——

SONNET

SONNET

TO MR. LANGHORNE.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ;

LANGHORNE, unknown to me (ſequeſter'd ſwain!)
Save by the MUSE's ſoul-enchanting lay,
To kindred ſpirits never ſung in vain,
Accept the Tribute of this light eſſay;
Due for thy ſweet ſongs that amus'd my day!
Where fancy held her viſionary reign,
Or SCOTLAND's honours claim'd the paſtoral ſtrain,
Or MUSIC came o'er HANDEL tears to pay:
For all thy Irwan's flow'ry banks diſplay,
Thy Perſian Lover and his Indian Fair;
All THEODOSIUS' mournful lines convey,
Where Pride and Av'rice part a matchleſs pair;
Receive juſt praiſe and wreaths that ne'er decay,
By FAME and VIRTUE twin'd for thee to wear.

AMWELL, near *Ware*,
16 *March*, 1766.

PROEMIUM

PROEMIUM, WRITTEN IN 1766.

IN *Eden's* * vale, where early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought.
Where *Pembroke's* † grottos, ſtrew'd with *Sidney's* bays,
Recall'd the dreams of viſionary days,
Thus the fond Muſe, that ſooth'd my vacant youth,
Prophetic ſung, and what ſhe ſung was truth.
"Boy, break thy lyre, and caſt thy reed away;
Vain are the honours of the fruitleſs bay.
Tho' with each charm thy poliſh'd lay ſhould pleaſe,
Glow into ſtrength, yet ſoften into eaſe;
Should *Attic* fancy brighten every line,
And all *Aonia's* harmony be thine;
Say would thy cares a grateful age repay?
Fame wreathe thy brows, or Fortune gild thy way?
Ev'n her own fools, if Fortune ſmile, ſhall blame;
And Envy lurks beneath the flowers of Fame.
Yet, if reſolv'd, ſecure of future praiſe,
To tune ſweet ſongs, and live melodious days,
Let not the hand, that decks my holy ſhrine,
Round Folly's head the blaſted laurel twine.
Juſt to thyſelf, diſhoneſt grandeur ſcorn;
Nor gild the buſt of meanneſs nobly born.
Let truth, let freedom ſtill thy lays approve!
Reſpect my precepts, and retain my love!

* The river Eden, in Weſtmorland.

† The Counteſs of Pembroke, to whom Sir Philip Sydney dedicated his Arcadia, reſided at Appleby, a ſmall but beautiful town in Weſtmorland ſituated upon the Eden.

HYMN

HYMN TO HOPE, 1761.

Μουνη δ' αυτοθι 'ΕΛΠΙΣ εν ἀρρηκτοισι δομοισιν
Ενδον ἐμιμνε——— Hes.

I.

SUN of the ſoul! whoſe chearful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a ſmile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary ſteps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp diſſolve in endleſs day.

II.

O come with ſuch an eye and mien,
As when by amorous ſhepherd ſeen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
Repose, Belief, and Fancy vain;
That towering on her wing ſublime,
Outſtrips the lazy flight of time,
Riots on diſtant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.

III.

O come! and to my penſive eye
Thy far-foreſeeing tube apply,
Whoſe kind deception ſteals us o'er
The gloomy waſte that lies before;

Still

Still opening to the diſtant ſight
The ſunſhine of the mountain's height;
Where ſcenes of fairer aſpect riſe,
Elyſian groves, and azure ſkies.

IV.

Nor, gentle HOPE, forget to bring
The Family of YOUTH and SPRING;
The HOURS that glide in ſprightly round,
The MOUNTAIN-NYMPHS with wild thyme crown'd;
DELIGHT that dwells with raptur'd eye
On ſtream, or flower, or field or ſky:
And foremoſt in thy train advance
The LOVES and JOYS in jovial dance;
Nor laſt be EXPECTATION ſeen,
That wears a wreath of ever-green.

V.

Attended thus by BELEAU's ſtreams,
Oft haſt thou ſooth'd my waking dreams,
When, prone beneath an oſier ſhade,
At large my vacant limbs were laid;
To thee and FANCY all reſign'd,
What viſions wander'd o'er my mind!
Illuſions dear, adieu! no more
Shall I your fairy haunts explore;
For HOPE withholds her golden ray,
And FANCY's colours faint away.
To EDEN's ſhores, to ENON's groves,
Reſounding once with DELIA's loves,
Adieu! that name ſhall ſound no more
O'er ENON's groves or EDEN's ſhore:

For HOPE withholds her golden ray,
And FANCY's colours faint away.

VI.

Life's ocean ſlept,—the liquid gale
Gently mov'd the waving ſail.
Fallacious HOPE! with flattering eye
You ſmil'd to ſee the ſtreamers fly.
The Thunder burſts, the mad wind raves,
From Slumber wake the 'frighted waves:
You ſaw me, fled me thus diſtreſt.
And tore your anchor from my breaſt.

VII.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again!
I love thee ſtill, though falſe and vain,
Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.
To ſoothe AMBITION's wild deſires;
To feed the lover's eager fires;
To ſwell the miſer's mouldy ſtore;
To gild the dreaming chymiſt's ore;
Are theſe thy cares? or more humane?
To looſe the war-worn captive's chain,
And bring before his languid ſight
The charms of liberty and light;
The tears of drooping GRIEF to dry;
And hold thy glaſs to SORROW's eye?

VIII.

Or do'ſt thou more delight to dwell
With SILENCE in the hermit's cell?

To

To teach DEVOTION's flame to riſe,
And wing her veſpers to the ſkies;
To urge, with ſtill returning care,
The holy violence of prayer;
In rapt'rous viſions to diſplay
The realms of everlaſting day,
And ſnatch from TIME the golden key,
That opens all Eternity?

IX.

Perchance, on ſome unpeopled ſtrand,
Whoſe rocks the raging tide withſtand,
Thy ſoothing ſmile, in deſarts drear,
A lonely mariner may chear,
Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by FAMINE, PAIN and DEATH.
With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to ſtray:
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes ſtrain
O'er the blue boſom of the main;
And meet, where diſtant ſurges rave,
A white ſail in each foaming wave.

X.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connection of the heart,
You the poor exile's ſteps attend,
The only undeſerting friend.
You wing the ſlow-declining year;
You dry the ſolitary tear;
And oft, with pious guile, reſtore
Thoſe ſcenes he muſt behold no more.

XI. O moſt

XI.

O moſt ador'd of earth or ſkies!
To thee ten thouſand temples riſe;
By age retain'd, by youth careſt,
The ſame dear idol of the breaſt.
Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor,
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore:
With thee the ſimple hind is gay,
Whoſe toil ſupports the paſſing day.

XII.

The roſe-lip'd Loves that, round their queen,
Dance o'er CYTHERA's ſmiling green,
Thy aid implore, thy power diſplay
In many a ſweetly-warbled lay.
For ever in thy ſacred ſhrine,
Their unextinguiſh'd torches ſhine;
Idalian flowers their ſweets diffuſe,
And myrtles ſhed their balmy dews.
Ah; ſtill propitious, may'ſt thou deign
To ſoothe an anxious lover's pain!
By thee deſerted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.
His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And ſtop the frequent-falling tear.

XIII.

For me, fair HOPE, if once again
Perchance, to ſmile on me you deign,
Be ſuch your ſweetly-rural air,
And ſuch a graceful viſage wear,

As

As when, with TRUTH and young DESIRE,
You wak'd the lord of HAGLEY's lyre;
And painted to her Poet's mind,
The charms of LUCY, fair and kind.

XIV.

But ah! too early loſt!——then go,
Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah! no;——that thought diſtracts my heart:
Indulge me, HOPE, we muſt not part
Direct the future as you pleaſe;
But give me, give me preſent eaſe.

XV.

Sun of the ſoul! whoſe chearful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a ſmile;
Sweet HOPE, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary ſteps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp diſſolve in endleſs day.

GENIUS AND VALOUR

A PASTORAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF A SISTER KINGDOM, 1763.

AMYNTOR, CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

WHERE TWEED's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
And FLORA laughs beneath a lucid ſky;
Long winding vales where cryſtal waters lave,
Where blythe birds warble, and where green woods wave,
A bright-hair'd ſhepherd, in young beauty's bloom,
Tun'd his ſweet pipe behind the yellow broom.
Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,
And his blue eyes diffus'd an azure day.
Light o'er his limbs a careleſs robe he flung;
Health rais'd his heart, and ſtrength his firm nerves ſtrung.
His native plains poetic charms inſpir'd,
Wild ſcenes, where ancient *Fancy* oft retir'd!
Oft led her faeries to the Shepherd's lay,
By YARROW's banks, or groves of ENDERMAY.
Nor only his thoſe images that riſe
Fair to the glance of *Fancy's* plaſtic eyes;
His Country's love his patriot ſoul poſſeſs'd,
His Country's honour fir'd his filial breaſt.
Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,
Her valour witneſs'd by the world of old,

Witneſs'd once more by recent heaps of ſlain
On CANADA's wild hills, and MINDEN's plain,
To ſounds ſublimer wak'd his paſtoral reed——
Peace, Mountain-Echoes! while the ſtrains proceed.

AMYNTOR.

No more of TIVIOT, nor the flowery braes,
Where the blythe Shepherd tunes his lightſome lays;
No more of LEADER's faery-haunted ſhore,
Of ATHOL's Lawns, and GLEDSWOOD-Banks no more.
Unheeded ſmile my Country's native charms,
Loſt in the glory of her arts and arms.
Theſe, Shepherds, theſe demand ſublimer ſtrains
Than CLYDE's clear fountains, or than ATHOL's plains.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Shepherd, to thee ſublimer lays belong,
The force divine of Soul-commanding ſong.
Theſe humble Reeds have little learnt to play,
Save the light airs that chear the paſtoral day.
Of the clear fountain, and the fruitful plain
We ſing, as *Fancy* guides the ſimple ſtrain.
If then thy Country's ſacred fame demand
The high-ton'd muſic of a happier hand——
Shepherd, to thee ſublimer lays belong,
The force divine of Soul-commanding ſong.

AMYNTOR.

In ſpite of Faction's blind, unmanner'd rage,
Of various fortune and deſtructive age,
Fair SCOTLAND's honours yet unchang'd are ſeen,
Her palms ſtill blooming, and her laurels green.

Freed from the confines of her *Gothic* grave,
When her firſt light reviving *Science* gave,
Alike o'er BRITAIN ſhone the liberal ray,
From * ENSWITH's mountains to the banks of TAY.
For JAMES † the Muſes tun'd their ſportive lays,
And bound the Monarch's brow with CHAUCER's bays.
Arch Humour ſmil'd to hear his mimic ſtrain,
And plauſive Laughter thrill'd through every vein.
When Taſte and Genius form the Royal Mind,
The favour'd arts a happier era find.
By JAMES belov'd the Muſes tun'd their lyres
To nobler ſtrains, and breath'd diviner fires.
But the dark mantle of involving Time
Has veil'd their beauties, and obſcur'd their rhyme.
Yet ſtill ſome pleaſing monuments remain,
Some marks of genius in each later reign.
In nervous ſtrains DUNBAR's bold muſic flows,
And *Time* yet ſpares *the Thiſtle and the Roſe* ‡.
O, while his courſe the hoary warrior ſteers
Through the long range of life-diſſolving years,
Through all the evils of each changeful age,
Hate, Envy, Faction, Jealouſy, and Rage,
Ne'er may his Scythe theſe ſacred plants divide,
Theſe plants by Heaven in native union tied!

* A chain of mountains near Folkſtone in Kent.

† James the Firſt, King of Scotland, Author of the famous old ſong, entitled *Chriſt's Kirk on the Green.*

‡ A poem ſo called, written in honour of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. on her marriage to James IV. King of Scots. By Mr. William Dunbar.

Still

Still may the flower its ſocial ſweets diſcloſe,
The hardy Thiſtle ſtill defend the Roſe!
Hail happy days! appeas'd by MARGARET's charms,
When rival VALOUR ſheath'd his fatal arms.
When kindred realms unnatural war ſuppreſt,
Nor aim'd their arrows at a ſiſter's breaſt.
Kind to the Muſe is QUIET's genial day;
Her olive loves the foliage of the bay.
With bold DUNBAR aroſe a numerous choir,
Of rival bards that ſtrung the *Dorian* lyre.
In gentle HENRYSON's * unlabour'd ſtrain
Sweet ARETHUSA's ſhepherd breath'd again:
Nor ſhall your tuneful viſions be forgot,
Sage BELLENTYNE †, and fancy-painting SCOTT ‡.
But, O my Country! how ſhall Memory trace
Thy bleeding anguiſh, and thy dire diſgrace?
Weep o'er the ruins of thy blaſted bays,
Thy glories loſt in either CHARLES's days?
When through thy fields deſtructive Rapine ſpread,
Nor ſparing infant's tears, nor hoary head.
In thoſe dread days the unprotected ſwain
Mourn'd on the mountains o'er his waſted plain.
Nor longer vocal with the Shepherd's lay
Were YARROW's banks, or groves of ENDERMAY.

* Mr. Robert Henryſon, an ingenious paſtoral poet.

† Mr. John Bellentyne, Archdean of Murray, Author of a beautiful allegorical poem, entitled, Virtue and Vice.

‡ Mr. Archibald Scott, in the year 1524, tranſlated the Viſion, a poem, ſaid to have been written in the year 1360. He was Author of the Eagle and the Redbreaſt alſo, and ſeveral other pieees written with uncommon elegance for their day.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Amyntor, ceaſe! the painful ſcene forbear
Nor the fond breaſt of filial duty tear.
Yet in our eyes our father's ſorrows flow,
Yet in our boſoms lives their laſting woe.
At eve returning from their ſcanty fold,
When the long ſufferings of their ſires they told.
Oft have we ſigh'd the piteous tale to hear,
And infant wonder dropt the mimic tear.

AMYNTOR.

Shepherds, no longer need your ſorrows flow,
Nor pious duty cheriſh endleſs woe.
Yet ſhould *Remembrance*, led by filial Love,
Through the dark vale of old Afflictions rove,
The mournful ſhades of ſorrows paſt explore,
And think of miſeries that are no more;
Let thoſe ſad ſcenes that aſk the duteous tear,
The kind return of happier days endear.

Hail, ANNA, hail! O may each muſe divine
With wreaths eternal grace thy holy ſhrine!
Grav'd on thy tomb this ſacred verſe remain,
This verſe more ſweet than Conqueſt's ſounding ſtrain.
" She bade the rage of hoſtile nations ceaſe,
" The glorious arbitreſs of Europe's peace.
She, through whoſe boſom roll'd the vital tide
Of BRITAIN's Monarchs in one ſtream allied,
Clos'd the long jealouſies of different ſway,
And ſaw united Siſter-Realms obey.

Auſpicious days! when Tyranny no more
Rais'd his red arm, nor drench'd his darts in gore.

When,

When, long an Exile from his native plain,
Safe to his fold return'd the weary ſwain.
Return'd, and, many a painful ſummer paſt,
Beheld the green bench by his door at laſt.
Auſpicious days! when Scots, no more oppreſt,
On their free mountains bar'd the fearleſs breaſt.
With pleaſure ſaw their flocks unbounded feed,
And tun'd to ſtrains of ancient joy the reed.
Then, Shepherds, did your wondering fires behold
A form divine, whoſe veſture flam'd with gold;
His radiant eyes a ſtarry luſtre ſhed,
And ſolar glories beam'd around his head.
Like that ſtrange power by fabling poets feign'd,
From Eaſt to Weſt his mighty arms he ſtrain'd.
A rooted olive in one hand he bore,
In one a globe, inſcrib'd with ſea and ſhore.
From THAMES's banks to TWEED, to TAY he came,
Wealth in his rear, and COMMERCE was his name.
Glad INDUSTRY the glorious ſtranger hails,
Rears the tall maſts, and ſpreads the ſwelling ſails;
Regions remote with active hope explores,
Wild ZEMBLA's hills, and AFRIC's burning ſhores.
But chief, COLUMBUS, of thy various coaſt,
Child of *the Union*, COMMERCE bears his boaſt.
To ſeek thy new-found worlds, the vent'rous ſwain,
His laſs forſaking, left the lowland plain.
Aſide his crook, his idle pipe he threw,
And bade to Muſic, and to Love adieu.
Hence, GLASGOW fair, thy wealth-diffuſing hand,
Thy groves of veſſels, and thy crowded ſtrand.

Hence, round his folds the moorland Shepherd ſpies
New ſocial towns, and happy hamlets riſe.
But me not ſplendor, nor the hopes of gain
Should ever tempt to quit the peaceful plain.
Shall I, poſſeſt of all that life requires,
With tutor'd hopes, and limited deſires,
Change theſe ſweet fields, theſe native ſcenes of eaſe,
For climes uncertain, and uncertain ſeas?
Nor yet, fair COMMERCE, do I thee diſdain,
Though Guilt and Death and Riot ſwell thy train.
Chear'd by the influence of thy gladdening ray,
The liberal arts ſublimer works eſſay.
Genius for thee relumes his ſacred fires,
And *Science* nearer to her heaven aſpires.
The ſanguine eye of Tyranny long clos'd,
By Commerce foſter'd, and in Peace repos'd,
No more her miſeries when my Country mourn'd,
With brighter flames her glowing genius burn'd.
Soon wandering fearleſs many a muſe was ſeen
O'er the dun mountain, and the wild wood green.
Soon, to the warblings of the paſtoral reed,
Started ſweet ECHO from the ſhores of TWEED.
O favour'd ſtream! where thy fair current flows,
The child of nature, gentle THOMSON roſe.
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery ſide,
With ſimple joy to ſee thy bright waves glide,
Thither, in all their native charms array'd,
From climes remote the ſiſter SEASONS ſtray'd.
Long each in beauty boaſted to excel,
(For jealouſies in ſiſter-boſoms dwell)

But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
Like Heaven's fair rivals in the groves of TROY,
Yield to an humble ſwain their high debate,
And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.
Her naked charms, like VENUS, to diſcloſe,
SPRING from her boſom threw the ſhadowing roſe;
Bar'd the pure ſnow that feeds the lover's fire,
The breaſt that thrills with exquiſite deſire;
Aſſum'd the tender ſmile, the melting eye,
The breath *favonian*, and the yielding ſigh.
One beauteous hand a wilding's bloſſom grac'd,
And one fell careleſs o'er her zoneleſs waiſt.
Majeſtic SUMMER, in gay pride adorn'd,
Her rival ſiſter's ſimple beauty ſcorn'd.
With purple wreaths her lofty brows were bound,
With glowing flowers her riſing boſom crown'd.
In her gay zone, by artful Fancy fram'd,
The bright Roſe bluſh'd, the full Carnation flam'd.
Her cheeks the glow of ſplendid clouds diſplay,
And her eyes flaſh inſufferable day.
With milder air the gentle AUTUMN came,
But ſeem'd to languiſh at her Siſter's flame.
Yet, conſcious of her boundleſs wealth, ſhe bore
On high the emblems of her golden ſtore.
Yet could ſhe boaſt the plenty-pouring hand,
The liberal ſmile, benevolent and bland.
Nor might ſhe fear in beauty to excell,
From whoſe fair head ſuch golden treſſes fell;
Nor might ſhe envy SUMMER's flowery zone,
In whoſe ſweet eye the ſtar of evening ſhone.

Next,

Next, the pale Power, that blots the golden ſky,
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her ſtormy eye;
" Behold," ſhe cried, with voice that ſhook the ground,
(The Bard, the Siſters trembled at the ſound)
" Ye weak admirers of a grape, or roſe,
" Behold my wild magnificence of ſnows!
" See my keen Froſt her glaſſy boſom bare!
" Mock the faint ſun, and bind the fluid air!
" Nature to you may lend a painted hour,
" With you may ſport, when I ſuſpend my power.
" But you and Nature, who that power obey,
" Shall own my beauty, or ſhall dread my ſway."
She ſpoke: the Bard, whoſe gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to ſave,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praiſe.
Mute lies his lyre in death's unchearful gloom,
And *Truth* and *Genius* weep at THOMSON's tomb.
Yet ſtill the muſe's living ſounds pervade
Her ancient ſcenes of *Caledonian* ſhade.
Still nature liſtens to the tuneful lay,
On KILDA's mountains and in ENDERMAY.
Th' ethereal brilliance of poetic fire,
The mighty hand that ſmites the ſounding lyre,
Strains that on fancy's ſtrongeſt pinion riſe,
Conceptions vaſt, and thoughts that graſp the ſkies,
To the rapt youth that mus'd on * SHAKESPEAR's grave,
To OGILVIE the muſe of PINDAR gave.

* See Mr. Ogilvie's Ode to the Genius of Shakeſpear.

* TIME,

*Time, as he ſung, a moment ceas'd to fly,
And lazy † Sleep unfolded half his eye.
O wake, ſweet Bard, the *Theban* lyre again;
With ancient valour ſwell the ſounding ſtrain.
Hail the high trophies by thy country won,
The wreaths that flouriſh for each valiant ſon.
While Hardyknute frowns red with Norway's gore,
Paint her pale matrons weeping on the ſhore.
Hark! the green Clarion pouring floods of breath
Voluminouſly loud; high ſcorn of death
Each gallant ſpirit elates; ſee Rothſay's thane
With arm of mountain oak his firm bow ſtrain!
Hark! the ſtring twangs—the whizzing arrow flies;
The fierce Norse falls—indignant falls—and dies.
O'er the dear urn, where glorious ‡ Wallace ſleeps,
True Valour bleeds, and patriot Virtue weeps.
Son of the Lyre, what high ennobling ſtrain,
What meed from thee ſhall generous Wallace gain?
Who greatly ſcorning an Uſurper's pride,
Bar'd his brave breaſt for liberty, and died.
Boaſt, Scotland, boaſt thy ſons of mighty name,
Thine ancient chiefs of high heroic fame.
Souls that to death their Country's foes oppos'd,
And life in freedom, glorious freedom clos'd.

* Ode to Time. Ibid.

† Ode to Sleep. Ibid.

‡ William Wallace, who after bravely defending his country againſt the arms of Edward I. was executed as a Rebel, though he had taken no oath of allegiance.

Where,

Where, yet bewail'd, ARGYLE's * warm aſhes lie,
Let Muſic breathe her moſt perſuaſive ſigh.
To him, what Heaven to man could give, it gave,
Wiſe, generous, honeſt, eloquent and brave.
Genius and *Valour* for ARGYLE ſhall mourn,
And his own laurels flouriſh round his urn.
O, may they bloom beneath a fav'ring ſky,
And in their ſhade *Reproach* and *Envy* die!

* Archibald, the third Duke of Argyle, died April 15, 1761.

THE

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES, 1762.

La Raiſon ſçait que c'eſt un Songe,
Mais elle en ſaiſit les douceurs :
Elle a beſoin de ces fantômes,
Preſque tous les Plaiſirs des Hommes
Ne ſont que de douces Erreurs. GRESET.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of FANCY, whither are ye fled?
Where have you borne thoſe Hope-enliven'd Hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once beſtrew'd my vernal path with flowers?
In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the ſlow wave thro' the flowery plain,
To theſe fond arms you led the Tyrant, LOVE,
With FEAR and HOPE and FOLLY in his train.
My lyre, that, left at careleſs diſtance, hung
Light on ſome pale branch of the oſier ſhade,
To lays of amorous blandiſhment you ſtrung,
And o'er my ſleep the lulling muſic play'd.
" Reſt, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
" Slides to thine ear this ſoftly breathing ſtrain;
" Sounds that move ſmoother than the ſteps of eaſe,
" And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.
" In this fair vale eternal ſpring ſhall ſmile,
" And TIME unenvious crown each roſeate hour;
" Eternal joy ſhall every care beguile,
" Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

" This

" This ſilver ſtream, that down its cryſtal way
" Frequent has led thy muſing ſteps along,
" Shall, ſtill the ſame, in ſunny mazes play,
" And with it's murmurs melodiſe thy ſong.

" Unfading green ſhall theſe fair groves adorn;
" Thoſe living meads immortal flowers unfold;
" In roſy ſmiles ſhall riſe each bluſhing morn,
" And every evening cloſe in clouds of gold.

" The tender LOVES that watch thy ſlumbering reſt,
" And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles ſtrew,
" Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breaſt,
" With Joys for ever pure, for ever new.

" The genial power that ſpeeds the golden dart,
" Each charm of tender paſſion ſhall inſpire;
" With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
" And feed the flame of ever-young DESIRE.

" Come gentle LOVES! your myrtle garlands bring;
" The ſmiling bower with cluſter'd roſes ſpread;
" Come gentle AIRS! with incenſe-dropping wing
" The breathing ſweets of vernal odour ſhed.

" Hark, as the ſtrains of ſwelling muſic riſe,
" How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
" Auſpicious glories beam along the ſkies,
" And powers unſeen the happy moments hail!

" Extatic hours! ſo every diſtant day
" Like this ſerene on downy wings ſhall move;
" Riſe crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
" The faithful joys of FANCY and of LOVE."

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, thoſe ſoothing lays ye ſung?
Children of FANCY! yes, your ſong was vain;
On each ſoft air though rapt ATTENTION hung,
And SILENCE liſten'd on the ſleeping plain.
The ſtrains yet vibrate on my raviſht ear,
And ſtill to ſmile the mimic beauties ſeem,
Though now the viſionary ſcenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vaniſht dream,
Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
Of all that YOUTH and LOVE and FANCY frame,
When painful ANGUISH ſpeeds the piercing dart,
Or ENVY blaſts the blooming flowers of FAME.
Nurſe of wild wiſhes, and of fond deſires,
The propheteſs of FORTUNE, falſe and vain,
To ſcenes where PEACE in RUIN's arms expires
Fallacious HOPE deludes her hapleſs train.
Go, Syren, go - - - thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the ſhore;
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me periſh, if I truſt thee more.
Come gentle QUIET! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy moſſy cell;
There unregarded in the peaceful ſhade,
With calm REPOSE and SILENCE let me dwell.
Come happier hours of ſweet unanxious reſt,
When all the ſtruggling paſſions ſhall ſubſide;
When PEACE ſhall claſp me to her plumy breaſt,
And ſmoothe my ſilent minutes as they glide.

But

But chief, thou goddeſs of the thoughtleſs eye,
Whom never cares or paſſions diſcompoſe,
O bleſt INSENSIBILITY be nigh,
And with thy ſoothing hand my weary eyelids cloſe.

Then ſhall the cares of love and glory ceaſe,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardleſs in the arms of PEACE,
If theſe extol, or thoſe debaſe a name.

In LYTTELTON though all the muſes praiſe,
His generous praiſe ſhall then delight no more,
Nor the ſweet magick of his tender lays
Shall touch the boſom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though MALICE, with inſidious guiſe
Of friendſhip, ope the unſuſpecting breaſt;
Nor then, though ENVY broach her blackening lies,
Shall theſe deprive me of a moment's reſt.

O ſtate to be deſir'd! when hoſtile rage
Prevails in human more than ſavage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark DESIGN invades the chearful hour,
And draws the heart with ſocial freedom warm,
It's cares, it's wiſhes, and it's thoughts to pour,
Smiling inſidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings ſtill ſevere,
Yet not one foible in himſelf can find;
Another's faults to FOLLY's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en WISDOM's ſelf is blind.

O let

O let me ſtill, from theſe low follies free,
This ſordid malice, and inglorious ſtrife,
Myſelf the ſubject of my cenſure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, PHILOSOPHY, ſtill let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanneſs ſave;
Bring PEACE, bring QUIET to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills roſe the morning ray,
The wood-lark's ſong reſounded on the plain;
Fair NATURE felt the warm embrace of day,
And ſmil'd through all her animated reign.

When young DELIGHT, of HOPE and FANCY born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain deſign'd.

"O born to thoughts, to pleaſures more ſublime
"Than beings of inferior nature prove!
"To triumph in the golden hours of TIME,
"And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
"In orient light this native landſcape ſmiles;
"For him ſweet HOPE diſarms the hand of care,
"Exalts his pleaſures, and his grief beguiles.

" Blows not a bloſſom on the breaſt of SPRING,
" Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
" Trills not a ſongſter of the ſoaring wing,
" But fragrance, health and melody ſucceed.

" O let me ſtill with ſimple NATURE live,
" My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
" Enjoy the bleſſings that ſhe meant to give,
" And calmly waſte my inoffenſive day!

" No titled name, no envy-teaſing dome,
" No glittering wealth my tutor'd wiſhes crave;
" So HEALTH and PEACE be near my humble home,
" A cool ſtream murmur, and a green tree wave.

" So may the ſweet EUTERPE not diſdain
" At Eve's chaſte hour her ſilver lyre to bring;
" The muſe of pity wake her ſoothing ſtrain,
" And tune to ſympathy the trembling ſtring.

" Thus glide the penſive moments, o'er the vale
" While floating ſhades of duſky night deſcend:
" Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
" Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

" To love and friendſhip flow the ſocial bowl!
" To attic wit and elegance of mind;
" To all the native beauties of the ſoul,
" The ſimple charms of truth, and ſenſe refin'd!

" Then to explore whatever ancient ſage
" Studious from nature's early volume drew,
" To chaſe ſweet FICTION through her golden age,
" And mark how fair the ſun-flower, Science, blew!

" Haply

"Haply to catch ſome ſpark of eaſtern fire,
"*Heſperian* fancy, or *Aonian* eaſe;
"Some melting note from SAPPHO's tender lyre,
"Some ſtrain that LOVE and PHOEBUS taught to pleaſe.

"When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
"Then let me meet the morn's firſt beauteous ray;
"Careleſsly wander from my ſylvan ſhed,
"And catch the ſweet breath of the riſing day.

"Nor ſeldom, loitring as I muſe along,
"Mark from what flower the breeze it's ſweetneſs bore;
"Or liſten to the labour-ſoothing ſong
"Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

"Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
"The green height gain'd, in muſeful rapture lie,
"Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
"Or look on NATURE with a lover's eye.

"Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
"Led by fair FANCY round the varied year:
"So ſhall my breaſt with native raptures glow,
"Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

"Firm be my heart to NATURE and to TRUTH,
"Nor vainly wander from their dictates ſage;
"So JOY ſhall triumph on the brows of youth,
"So HOPE ſhall ſmoothe the dreary paths of age.

ELEGY IV.

OH! yet, ye dear, deluding viſions ſtay!
Fond hopes, of INNOCENCE and FANCY born!
For you I'll caſt theſe waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the ſunſhine o'er each object ſpread
By flattering HOPE, the flowers that blew ſo fair;
Like the gay gardens of ARMIDA fled,
And vaniſh'd from the powerful rod of CARE.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to *Loretto*'s ſhrine,
Seems on his way by guardian ſeraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his deſign.

Ambroſial bloſſoms, ſuch of old as blew
By thoſe freſh fonnts on Eden's happy plain,
And *Sharon*'s roſes all his paſſage ſtrew:
So FANCY dreams; but FANCY's dreams are vain.

Waſted and weary on the mountain's ſide,
His way unknown, the hapleſs pilgrim lies,
Or takes ſome ruthleſs robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel ſabre dies.

Life's morning-landſcape gilt with orient light,
Where HOPE and JOY and FANCY hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue ſtream ſparkling bright,
The blythe hours dancing round *Hyperion*'s wain:

In

In radiant colours YOUTH's free hand pourtrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how ſoon the vernal grove decays,
Nor ſees the dark cloud gathering o'er the ſky.

Hence FANCY conquer'd by the dart of PAIN,
And wandering far from her *Platonic* ſhade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her tranſient reign,
Nor unrepining ſees her viſions fade.

Their parent baniſh'd, hence her children fly,
Their fairy race that fill'd her feſtive train;
JOY tears his wreath, and HOPE inverts her eye,
And FOLLY wonders that her dream was vain.

A POEM,

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. HANDEL, 1760 *.

SPIRITS of muſic, and ye powers of ſong!
That wak'd to painful melody the lyre
Of young JESSIDES, when, in Sion's vale
He wept o'er bleeding friendſhip; ye that mourn'd
While freedom drooping o'er EUPHRATES' ſtream,
Her penſive harp on the pale oſier hung,
Begin once more the ſorrow-ſoothing lay.

Ah! where ſhall now the Muſe fit numbers find?
What accents pure to greet thy tuneful ſhade,
Sweet harmoniſt? 'twas thine, the tender fall
Of pity's plaintive lay; for thee the ſtream
Of ſilver-winding muſic ſweeter play'd,
And purer flow'd for thee,—all ſilent now
† Thoſe airs that, breathing o'er the breaſt of THAMES,
Led amorous ECHO down the long, long vale,
Delighted: ſtudious from thy ſweeter ſtrain
To melodiſe her own; when fancy-lorn,
She mourns in Anguiſh o'er the drooping breaſt
Of young NARCISSUS. From their amber urns,
‡ Parting their green locks ſtreaming in the ſun,

* He died 14 April, 1759.
† The Water-Muſic.
‡ Roranteſq; Comas a Fronte removit ad Aures. *Ovid. Met.*

The

The NAIADS roſe and ſmil'd: nor ſince the day,
When firſt by muſic, and by freedom led
From Grecian ACIDALE; nor ſince the day,
When laſt from ARNO's weeping fount they came,
To ſmooth the ringlets of SABRINA's hair,
Heard they like minſtrelſy—fountains and ſhades
Of TWIT'NAM, and of WINDSOR fam'd in ſong!
Ye heights of CLERMONT, and ye bowers of Ham!
That heard the fine ſtrain vibrate through your groves,
Ah! where were then your long-lov'd Muſes fled,
When HANDEL breath'd no more?—and thou, ſweet Queen,
That nightly wrapt thy MILTON's hallow'd ear
In the ſoft ecſtaſies of LYDIAN airs;
* That ſince attun'd to HANDEL's high-wound lyre
The lay by thee ſuggeſted; could'ſt not thou
Soothe with thy ſweet ſong the grim† fury's breaſt?

COLD-HEARTED Death! his wanly-glaring eye
Nor virtue's ſmile attracts, nor fame's loud trump
Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd
To gentle ſounds: the golden voice of ſong,
That charms the gloomy partner of his birth,
That ſoothes Deſpair and Pain, he hears no more,
Than rude winds, bluſt'ring from the CAMBRIAN cliffs,
The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair fame,
To toil with ſlow ſteps up the ſtar-crown'd hill,

* L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo, ſet to Muſic by Mr. HANDEL.
† See MILTON's Lycidas.

Where ſcience, leaning on her ſculptur'd urn,
Looks conſcious on the ſecret-working hand
Of Nature; on the wings of genius borne,
To ſoar above the beaten walks of life,
Is, like the paintings of an evening cloud,
Th' amuſement of an hour. Night, gloomy night
Spreads her black wings, and all the viſion dies.

ERE long, the heart, that heaves this ſigh to thee,
Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond lay
Which mourns at HANDEL's tomb, inſulting TIME
Shall ſtrew his cankering ruſt. Thy ſtrain, perchance,
Thy ſacred ſtrain ſhall the hoar warrior ſpare;
For ſounds like thine, at Nature's early birth,
Arous'd him ſlumbering on the dead profound
Of duſky Chaos; by the golden harps
Of choral angels ſummon'd to his race:
And ſounds like thine, when nature is no more,
Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils
Of twice ten thouſand years.—O would his hand
Yet ſpare ſome portion of this vital flame,
The trembling Muſe that now faint effort makes
On young and artleſs wing, ſhould bear thy praiſe
Sublime, above the mortal bounds of earth,
With heavenly fire relume her feeble ray,
And, taught by Seraphs, frame her ſong for thee.

I FEEL, I feel the ſacred impulſe—hark!
Wak'd from according Lyres the ſweet ſtrains flow
In ſymphony divine; from air to air
The trembling numbers fly: ſwift burſts away

The

The flow of joy—now ſwells the flight of praiſe.
Springs the ſhrill trump aloft; the toiling chords
Melodious labour through the flying maze;
And the deep baſe his ſtrong ſound rolls away,
Majeſtically ſweet.——Yet, HANDEL, raiſe,
Yet wake to higher ſtrains thy ſacred lyre:
The name of ages, the ſupreme of things,
The great MESSIAH aſks it; He whoſe hand
Led into form yon everlaſting Orbs,
The harmony of nature—He whoſe hand
Stretch'd o'er the wilds of ſpace this beauteous ball,
Whoſe ſpirit breathes through all his ſmiling works
Muſic and love——yet HANDEL raiſe the ſtrain.

Hark! what angelic ſounds, what voice divine
Breathes through the raviſht air! my rapt ear feels
The harmony of Heaven: Hail ſacred Choir!
Immortal Spirits, hail! If haply thoſe
That erſt in favour'd PALESTINE proclaim'd
Glory and peace: her angel-haunted groves,
Her piny mountains, and her golden vales
Re-echo'd peace—But, Oh! ſuſpend the ſtrain—
The ſwelling joy's too much for mortal bounds!
'Tis tranſport even to pain.

Yet, hark? what pleaſing ſounds invite mine ear
So venerably ſweet? 'Tis SION's lute.
Behold her * hero! from his valiant brow
Looks JUDAH's lyon, on his thigh the ſword

* Judas Maccabæus.

Of vanquiſh'd APOLLONIUS—The ſhrill trump
Through BETHORON proclaims th' approaching fight.
I ſee the brave youth lead his little band,
With toil and hunger faint; yet from his arm
The rapid Syrian flies. Thus HENRY once,
The Britiſh HENRY, with his way-worn troop,
Subdu'd the pride of France—Now louder blows
The martial clangor; lo NICANOR's hoſt!
With threat'ning turrets crown'd, ſlowly advance
The ponderous elephants———
The blazing ſun, from many a golden ſhield
Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!
How ſhall thy force, thy little force ſuſtain
The dreadful ſhock!
† The hero comes—'Tis boundleſs mirth and ſong
And dance and triumph; every labouring ſtring,
And voice, and breathing ſhell in concert ſtrain
To ſwell the raptures of tumultuous joy.

O maſter of the paſſions and the ſoul,
Seraphic HANDEL! how ſhall words deſcribe
Thy muſic's countleſs graces, nameleſs powers!

When ‡ he of GAZA, blind, and ſunk in chains,
Ou female treachery looks greatly down,
How the breaſt burns indignant! in thy ſtrain,
When ſweet-voic'd piety reſigns to heaven,
Glows not each boſom with the flame of virtue?

† Chorus of youths, in Judas Maccabeus,
‡ See the Oratorio of Samſon.

O'er

O'er JEPHTHA's votive maid when the ſoft lute
Sounds the ſlow ſymphony of funeral grief,
What youthful breaſt but melts with tender pity?
What parent bleeds not with a parent's woe?

O, longer than this worth lay can live!
While fame and muſic ſooth the human ear!
Be this thy praiſe: to lead the poliſh'd mind
To virtue's nobleſt heights; to light the flame
Of Britiſh freedom, rouſe the generous thought,
Refine the paſſions, and exalt the ſoul
To love, to heaven, to harmony and thee.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE I.

TO GENERAL CRAUFURD.

WRITTEN AT BELVIDERE, 1765.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wiſh embraces human kind?
All pride of ſects, all party zeal above,
Whoſe Prieſt is Reaſon, and whoſe God is Love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art——
Where is the man, ſo welcome to my heart?

The ſightleſs herd ſequacious, who purſue
Dull Folly's path, and do as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and ſcorn,
On different ſects, in different nations born,
Let Us, my CRAUFURD, with compaſſion view,
Pity their pride, but ſhun their error too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains green,
Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be ſeen,
Let Us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praiſe,
Th' expanded thought, the boundleſs wiſh retain,
And let not NATURE moralize in vain.

O ſacred Guide! preceptreſs more ſublime
Than ſages boaſting o'er the wrecks of time!

See

See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (bluſh collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.

Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whoſe old walk the ſunbeam ſeldom falls,
Who knows of nature, and of man no more
Than fills ſome page of antiquated lore——
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wiſe,
The better knowledge of the world deſpiſe,
Think Wiſdom center'd in a *falſe degree*,
And ſcorn the ſcholar of Humanity?

Something of men theſe ſapient drones may know,
Of men that liv'd two thouſand years ago.
Such human monſters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verſe, and ancient ſtory drew!

If to one object, ſyſtem, ſcene confin'd,
The ſure effect is narrowneſs of mind.

'Twas thus St. ROBERT, in his lonely wood,
Forſook each ſocial duty—to be good.
Thus HOBBES on one dear ſyſtem fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wiſe.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghoſtly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beſide.

Though form'd with powers to graſp this various ball,
Gods! to what meanneſs may the ſpirit fall?

Powers

Powers that ſhould ſpread in Reaſon's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!

When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the Mountain's purple ſide,
Thy genius, CRAUFURD, Britain's legions led,
And Fear's chill cloud forſook each brightning head,
By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
Say did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breaſt indignant, when you ſaw
The dome of Murder conſecrate by Law?
Where fiends, commiſſion'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.

O change me, powers of Nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,
While GILLMAN loves me, and while CRAUFURD lives.
Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame,
That half her offſpring are their mother's ſhame?
Did ſhe ordain o'er this fair ſcene of things
The cruelty of Prieſts, or pride of Kings?
Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or fame,
Is Nature all-benevolent to blame?

"Yet ſurely once, my friend, ſhe ſeem'd to err;
"For W—ch—t was"—He was not made by her.
Sure, form'd of clay that Nature held in ſcorn,
By fiends conſtructed, and in darkneſs born,
Roſe the low wretch, who, deſpicably vile,
Would ſell his Country for a Courtier's ſmile;

Would

Would give up all to truth or freedom dear,
To dine with **** or ſome ideot peer,
Whoſe mean malevolence, in dark diſguiſe
The man that never injur'd him belies,
Whoſe actions bad and good two motives guide,
The Serpent's malice, and the Coxcomb's pride.
" Is there a wretch ſo mean, ſo baſe, ſo low? "
I know there is—aſk W—ch—t if he know.

O that the world were emptied of it's ſlaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, CRAUFURD, with delight embrace,
In boundleſs love, the reſt of human race.

But let not knaves miſanthropy create,
Nor feed the gall of univerſal hate.
Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,
Poliſh'd in courts, or ſimple in a cell,
All views of country, ſects, and creeds apart,
Theſe, theſe I love, and hold them to my heart.

Vain of our beauteous iſle, and juſtly vain,
For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,
We different lots contemptuouſly compare,
And boaſt, like children, of a Fav'rite's ſhare.

Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields
Than Arno's banks, or Andaluſia's fields,
Though many a tree crown'd mountain teems with ore,
Though flocks innumerous whiten every ſhore,
Why ſhould we, thus with nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?

Look

Look on her works—on every page you'll find
Inſcrib'd the doctrine of the ſocial mind.

See countleſs worlds of inſect being ſhare
Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the ſame grove what muſic void of ſtrife!
Heirs of one ſtream what tribes of ſcaly life!
See Earth, and Air, and Fire, and Flood combine
Of general good to aid the great deſign!

Where ANCON drags o'er LINCOLN's lurid plain,
Like a ſlow ſnake, his dirty-winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the loſt Bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious ſkies,
The blameleſs native with his clime deſpiſe,
As him who ſtill the poorer lot partakes
Of BISCAY's mountains, or BATAVIA's lakes.

Yet look once more on Nature's various plan!
Behold, and love her nobleſt creature man!
She, never partial, on each various zone,
Beſtow'd ſome portion, to the reſt unknown,
By mutual intereſt meaning thence to bind
In one vaſt chain the commerce of mankind.

Behold, ye vain diſturbers of an hour!
Ye Dupes of Faction! and ye Tools of Power!
Poor rioters on Life's contracted ſtage!
Behold, and loſe your littleneſs of rage!
Throw Envy, Folly, Prejudice, behind!
And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.

Im-

Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant ſhrine,
Where Light created firſt eſſay'd to ſhine;
Where cluſt'ring Stars eternal beams diſplay,
And Gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chaſe this moral, clear this ſenſual night,
O ſhed one ray of thy celeſtial light!
Teach us, while wandering through this vale below
We know but little, that we little know.
One beam to mole-ey'd Prejudice convey,
Let Pride perceive one mortifying ray;
Thy glaſs to Fools, to Infidels apply,
And all the dimneſs of the mental eye.

Plac'd on this ſhore of Time's far-ſtretcing bourn,
With leave to look at Nature and return;
While wave on wave impels the human tide,
And ages ſink, forgotten as they glide;
Can Life's ſhort duties better be diſcharg'd,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?

Judg'd not the old Philoſopher aright,
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his ſight?
"It matters not, my friends, how low or high,
Your little walk of tranſient life may lie;
Soon will the reign of Hope and Fear be o'er,
And warring paſſions militate no more:
And truſt me, he who, having once ſurvey'd
The good and fair which Nature's wiſdom made,
The ſooneſt to his former ſtate retires,
And feels the peace of ſatisfied deſires,

(Let others deem more wiſely if they can)
I look on him to be the happieſt man."

So thought the ſacred Sage, in whom I truſt,
Becauſe I feel his ſentiments are juſt.
'Twas not in Luſtrums of long counted years
That ſwell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the ſplendid ſcenes of pain and ſtrife,
That Wiſdom plac'd the dignity of life;
To ſtudy Nature was the taſk deſign'd,
And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind,
Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,
And ſleep in Death with ſatisfied deſires.

THE

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE II.

TO WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M. A.

1760.

LIGHT HEARD HIS VOICE, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burſt away.

At Nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral ſun to ſhine,
Beam'd on the mind all reaſon's influence bright,
And the full day of *intellectual* light,
Then the free ſoul, on Truth's ſtrong pinion born,
Had never languiſh'd in this ſhade forlorn.

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpſe of truth to gain;
Beyond its ſphere ſhall human wiſdom go,
And boldly cenſure what it cannot know?
'Tis our's to cheriſh what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of Being live.

Progreſſive powers, and faculties that riſe
From earth's low vale, to graſp the golden ſkies,
Though diſtant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and aſk the grateful care.

Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear ſource, whom Nature form'd the ſame,

Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother, of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that riſe
At different times, and ſhine in diſtant ſkies,
With mutual eye this mental world ſurvey,
Mark the ſlow riſe of intellectual day,
View reaſon's ſource, if man the ſource may find,
And trace each Science that exalts the mind.

" Thou ſelf-appointed Lord of all below!
" Ambitious man, how little doſt thou know?
" For once let Fancy's towering thoughts ſubſide;
" Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
" A plaintive wretch, ſo blind, ſo helpleſs born,
" The brute ſagacious might behold with ſcorn.
" How ſoon, when Nature gives him to the day,
" In ſtrength exulting, does he bound away!
" By inſtinct led, the foſtering teat he finds,
" Sports in the ray, and ſhuns the ſearching winds.
" No grief he knows, he feels no groundleſs fear,
" Feeds without cries, and ſleeps without a tear.
" Did he but know to reaſon and compare,
" See here the vaſſal, and the maſter there,
" What ſtrange reflections muſt the ſcene afford,
" That ſhew'd the weakneſs of his puling Lord!"

Thus ſophiſtry unfolds her ſpecious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjuſt the cenſure, if unjuſt to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant-ſtate.

" For

For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
By inſtinct wiſer, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect ſtate explore,
And all the vain compariſon's no more.

" But why ſhould life, ſo ſhort by Heav'n ordain'd,
" Be long to thoughtleſs infancy reſtrain'd—
" To thoughtleſs infancy, or vainly ſage,
" Mourn through the languors of declining age?

O blind to truth! to Nature's wiſdom blind!
And all that ſhe directs, or Heav'n deſign'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
All life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being ſtays
In perfect life, it riſes and decays.

Is man long helpleſs? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties freſh diſplay'd,
And ſweets unfolding ſee that love repaid!

Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear inſenſibly away.
While ſage experience, and reflection clear
Beam a gay ſunſhine on life's fading year.

But ſee from age, from infant weakneſs ſee,
That man was deſtin'd for ſociety;
There from thoſe ills a ſafe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquiſh, or afflict him old.

" That, in proportion as each Being ſtays
" In perfect life, it riſes and decays——
" Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
" The laws of matter act not on the MIND.
" Too feebly, ſure, its faculties muſt grow,
" And reaſon brings her borrow'd light too ſlow."

O! *ſtill* cenſorious? art thou then poſſeſs'd
Of Reaſon's power, and does ſhe rule thy breaſt?
Say what the uſe—had Providence aſſign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offſpring, as their father wiſe,
Might ſcorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r deſpiſe?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at ſtrife,
O'er limbs unequal to the taſk of life?
To feel more ſenſibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every ſtate;
And ſlight, ſad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?

Conclude we then the progreſs of the mind
Ordain'd by wiſdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the ſoul impreſt,
No birthright inſtinct acting in the breaſt,
No natal light, no beams from Heav'n diſplay'd,
Dart through the darkneſs of the mental ſhade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The *moral* here, the *intellectual* there;

And

And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conſcious pleaſure of an act our own.

When firſt the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to graſp the glory in its hand!
The cryſtal wave as eager to pervade
Stretch its fond arms to meet the ſmiling ſhade!
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that faulters on its way;
When wiſe Experience her ſlow verdict draws,
The ſure effect exploring in the Cauſe,
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection ſprings, and *Reaſon* is her child:
On her fair ſtock the blooming Scyon grows,
And brighter through revolving ſeaſons blows.

All beauteous flow'r! immortal ſhalt thou ſhine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconſcious of decay,
Shall ſpread, and flouriſh in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wiſdom cultivate a plant ſo fair!
How ſhould her eye the rip'ning mind reviſe,
And blaſt the buds of folly as they riſe!
How ſhould her hand with induſtry reſtrain,
The thriving growth of paſſion's fruitful train,

Aſpiring weeds, whoſe lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal ſhade o'er reaſon's tender flow'r.

From low purſuits the ductile mind to ſave,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enſlave;
O'er life's rough ſeas its doubtful courſe to ſteer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair Science ſpreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eaſtern ſtar.
The liberal power in no ſequeſter'd cells,
No moonſhine-courts of dreaming ſchoolmen dwells;
Diſtinguiſh'd far her lofty temple ſtands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er diſtant lands;
All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boaſt the empire of the eye or ear.

See favour'd firſt, and neareſt to the throne
By the rapt mien of muſing Silence known,
Fled from herſelf, the Pow'r of Numbers plac'd,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taſte.

There (but at diſtance never meant to vie)
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! on her various face,
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, ſhe acts the character ſhe gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.

See Attic eaſe in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half looſe her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, ſhe ſmiling ſeems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Laſt,

Laſt, but not meaneſt, of the glorious choir,
See Muſic, liſt'ning to an angel's lyre.

Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, dreſt
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breaſt.

O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
The ſprings of truth, enlarging truth, and love!
Loſt in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And Taſte and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.

Thus nature deigns to ſympathize with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that ſtrong attraction lies,
Which wakes the ſoul, and bids her graces riſe;
Lives in thoſe powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and ſtretch from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that ſocial kindneſs gave,
Which once—the reſt is ſilence and the grave.

O tears, that warm from wounded friendſhip flow!
O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that ſpeeds its paſſage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power ſuſpend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confeſt I ſee my CRAUFURD ſtand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand,
E'en Death's dim ſhadow ſeeks to hide, in vain,
That lib'ral aſpect, and that ſmile humane;

E'en

E'en Death's dim ſhadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlaſting night.

Till the laſt ſigh of Genius ſhall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
'Till time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blaſt the ſkill'd hand, and ſtop the tuneful breath,
My CRAUFURD ſtill ſhall claim the mournful ſong,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd ſo long.

AN ODE

TO

THE RIVER EDEN*. 1759.

DELIGHTFUL EDEN! parent ſtream,
Yet ſhall the maids of Memory ſay,
(When, led by FANCY's fairy dream,
My young ſteps trac'd thy winding way)
How oft along thy mazy ſhore,
That many a gloomy alder bore,
In penſive thought their Poet ſtray'd;
Or, careleſs thrown thy bank beſide,
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
Bright through the trembling ſhade.

Yet ſhall they paint thoſe ſcenes again,
Where once with infant-joy He play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below ſurvey'd:
Led by the roſy-handed HOURS,
When Time tripp'd o'er that bank of flowers,
Which in thy chryſtal boſom ſmil'd:
Though old the God, yet light and gay,
He flung his glaſs, his ſcythe away,
And ſeem'd himſelf a child.

* In the county of Weſtmoreland.

The

The poplar tall, that waving near
Would whiſper to thy murmurs free;
Yet ruſtling ſeems to ſoothe mine ear,
And trembles when I ſigh for thee.
Yet ſeated on thy ſhelving brim,
Can FANCY ſee the Naiads trim
Burniſh their green locks in the ſun;
Or at the laſt lone hour of day,
To chaſe the lightly glancing fay,
In airy circles run.

But, FANCY, can thy mimic power
Again thoſe happy moments bring?
Can'ſt thou reſtore that golden hour,
When young JOY wav'd his laughing wing?
When firſt in EDEN's roſy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow ſincere, devoid of guile!
While DELIA in her panting breaſt,
With ſighs, the tender thought ſuppreſt,
And look'd as Angels ſmile.

O Goddeſs of the cryſtal bow,
That dwell'ſt the golden meads among;
Whoſe ſtreams ſtill fair in memory flow,
Whoſe murmurs melodiſe my Song!
Oh! yet thoſe gleams of joy diſplay,
Which brightening glow'd in FANCY's ray,

When, near the lucid Urn reclin'd,
The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breaſt,
And left, in naked charms impreſt,
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of MEMORY fair
No more in golden viſions play;
No friendſhip ſmoothes the brow of Care,
No DELIA's ſmile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendſhip loſt to me,
'Tis yet ſome joy to think of Thee,
And in thy breaſt this moral find;
That life, though ſtain'd with ſorrow's ſhowers,
Shall flow ſerene, while VIRTUE pours
Her ſunſhine on the mind.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Would whiſper to thy murmurs free;
Yet ruſtling ſeems to ſoothe mine ear,
And trembles when I ſigh for thee.
Yet ſeated on thy ſhelving brim,
Can FANCY ſee the Naiads trim
Burniſh their green locks in the ſun;
Or at the laſt lone hour of day,
To chaſe the lightly glancing fay,
In airy circles run.

But, FANCY, can thy mimic power
Again thoſe happy moments bring?
Can'ſt thou reſtore that golden hour,
When young JOY wav'd his laughing wing?
When firſt in EDEN's roſy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow ſincere, devoid of guile!
While DELIA in her panting breaſt,
With ſighs, the tender thought ſuppreſt,
And look'd as Angels ſmile.

O Goddeſs of the cryſtal bow,
That dwell'ſt the golden meads among;
Whoſe ſtreams ſtill fair in memory flow,
Whoſe murmurs melodiſe my Song!
Oh! yet thoſe gleams of joy diſplay,
Which brightening glow'd in FANCY's ray,

When,

When, near the lucid Urn reclin'd,
The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breaſt,
And left, in naked charms impreſt,
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of MEMORY fair
No more in golden viſions play;
No friendſhip ſmoothes the brow of Care,
No DELIA's ſmile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendſhip loſt to me,
'Tis yet ſome joy to think of Thee,
And in thy breaſt this moral find;
That life, though ſtain'd with ſorrow's ſhowers,
Shall flow ſerene, while VIRTUE pours
Her ſunſhine on the mind.

AUTUMNAL ELEGY,

TO **** ******** 1763.

WHILE yet my Poplar yields a doubtful ſhade,
It's laſt leaves trembling to the Zephyr's ſigh
On this fair plain ere every verdure fade,
Or the laſt ſmiles of golden Autumn die;

Wilt thou, my *****, at this penſive hour,
O'er Nature's ruin hear thy Friend complain;
While his heart labours with th' inſpiring power,
And from his pen ſpontaneous flows the ſtrain?

Thy gentle breaſt ſhall melt with kindred ſighs,
Yet haply grieving o'er a Parent's bier;
Poets are Nature's children; when ſhe dies,
Affection mourns, and Duty drops a tear.

Why are ye ſilent, Brethren of the Grove,
Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre
So ſweetly tun'd to Tenderneſs and Love,
Shall Love no more, or Tenderneſs inſpire?

O mix once more thy gentle lays with mine;
For well our paſſions, well our notes agree:
An abſent love, ſweet bird, may ſoften thine;
An abſent love demands a tear from me.

Yet,

Yet, ere ye ſlumber, Songſters of the Sky,
Through the long night of Winter wild and drear:
O let us tune, ere Love and Fancy die,
One tender farewell to the fading year.

Farewell ye wild Hills, ſcatter'd o'er with ſpring!
Sweet ſolitude, where Flora ſmil'd unſeen!
Farewell each breeze of balmy-burthen'd wing!
The Violet's blue bank, and the tall Wood green!

Ye tuneful Groves of *Belvidere*, adieu!
Kind Shades that whiſper o'er my CRAUFURD's reſt!
From Courts, from Senates and from Camps to you,
When Fancy leads him, no inglorious gueſt.

Dear Shades adieu! where late the moral Muſe,
Led by the Dryad, *Silence*, oft reclin'd,
Taught *Meanneſs* to extend her little views,
And look on Nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell the walk along the Woodland-vale!
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!
Farewell the ſweet breath of the early gale!
And the dear glories of the cloſing day!

The nameleſs charms of high, poetic thought,
That Spring's green hours to Fancy's children bore;
The words divine, Imagination wrote
On Slumber's light leaf by the murmuring ſhore—

All, all adieu! From Autumn's ſober power
Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful reign;
Gay Summer ſtrips her roſy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waſte the glories of her train,

Yet Autumn yields her joys of humbler kind;
Sad o'er her golden ruins as we ſtray,
Sweet melancholy ſoothes the muſing mind,
And nature charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous power, whom happy worlds adore
With every ſcene ſome grateful change ſhe brings—
In Winter's wild ſnows, Autumn's golden ſtore.
In glowing Summers and in blooming Springs!

O moſt belov'd! the faireſt and the beſt
Of all her works! may ſtill thy lover find
Fair Nature's frankneſs in thy gentle breaſt;
Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then, when the ſpring of ſmiling youth is o'er;
When Summer's glories yield to Autumn's ſway;
When golden Autumn ſinks in Winter hoar,
And life declining yields it's laſt weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age ſhall cloſe,
On thee my fond eye bend it's trembling light:
Rememb'rance ſweet ſhall ſoothe my laſt repoſe,
And my ſoul bleſs thee in eternal night.

TO

TO THE SAME. 1763.

WHEN pale beneath the frowning ſhade of Death,
No ſoothing voice of Love, or Friendſhip nigh,
While ſtrong convulſions ſeiz'd the lab'ring breath,
And Life ſuſpended left each vacant eye;

Where, in that moment, fled th' immortal mind?
To what new region did the ſpirit ſtray?
Found it ſome boſom hoſpitably kind,
Some breaſt that took the wanderer in its way?

To thee, my ***** in that deathful hour,
To thy dear boſom it once more return'd;
And wrapt in **********'s ſolitary bower,
The ruins of it's former manſion mourn'd.

But, did'ſt thou, kind and gentle as thou art,
O'er thy pale lover ſhed the generous tear?
From thoſe ſweet eyes did Pity's ſoftneſs ſtart,
When Fancy laid him on the lowly bier?

Didſt thou to Heaven addreſs the forceful prayer,
Fold thy fair hands, and raiſe the mournful eye,
Implore each power benevolent to ſpare,
And call down pity from the golden ſky?

O born at once to bleſs me and to ſave,
Exalt my life, and dignify my lay!
Thou too ſhalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
And on thy brow ſhall bloom the deathleſs bay.

Dear ſhades of genius! heirs of endleſs fame!
That in your laureate crowns the myrtle wove,
Snatch'd from oblivion Beauty's ſacred name,
And grew immortal in the arms of Love!

O may we meet you in ſome happier clime,
Some ſafer vale beneath a genial ſky;
Whence all the woes that load the wing of time,
Diſeaſe, and death, and fear, and frailty fly!

TO THE SAME.

THE COMPLAINT OF HER RING-DOVE, 1769.

FAR from the ſmiles of blue heſperian ſkies,
Far from thoſe vales, where flowery pleaſures dwell.
(Dear ſcenes of freedom loſt to theſe ſad eyes!)
How hard to languiſh in this lonely cell!

When genial gales relume the fires of love,
When laughing Spring leads round the jocund year;
Ah! view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,
From every heart-felt joy ſecluded here!

To me no more the laughing Spring looks gay;
Nor annual loves relume my languid breaſt;
Time ſlowly drags the long, delightleſs day,
Through one dull ſcene of ſolitary reſt.

Ah! what avails that dreaming fancy roves
Through the wild beauties of her native reign!
Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freſhening groves,
To wake to anguiſh in this hopeleſs chain?

Though fondly ſooth'd with Pity's tendereſt care,
Though ſtill by *****'s gentle hand careſt,
For the free foreſt, and the boundleſs air,
The rebel, Nature, murmurs in my breaſt.

Ah let not Nature, ***** plead in vain!
For kindneſs ſure ſhould grace a form ſo fair:
Reſtore me to my native wilds again,
To the free foreſt, and the boundleſs air.

SONNET

TO THE SAME.

SONNET

IN THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

1765.

ON thy fair morn, O Hope-inſpiring May!
The ſweeteſt twins that ever Nature bore,
Where ********** vale her field-flower-garland wore,
Young *Love* and *Fancy* met the genial Day.
And, all as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
A Nymph of gentleſt mien their train before,
Came with a ſmile; and Swain, ſhe cried, no more
To penſive ſorrow tune thy hopeleſs lay.
Friends of thy Heart, ſee Love and Fancy bring
Each joy that youth's enchanted boſom warms!
Delight that rifles all the fragrant ſpring!
Fair-handed *Hope*, that paints unfading charms!
And Dove-like *Faith*, that waves her ſilver wing.——
Theſe, Swain, are thine; for ***** meets thy arms.

TO THE SAME.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS, 1761.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy! and ſolace of my care!
Whoſe gentle friendſhip ſuch a charm can give,
As makes me wiſh, and tells me how to live.
To thee the Muſe with grateful hand would bring
Theſe firſt fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearleſs of a varying ſky,
Bloom on thy breaſt, and ſmile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue diſplay,
And ſweeter breathe their little lives away!

TO THE SAME.

ON THE MORAL REFLECTIONS CONTAINED IN HER ANSWER TO THE ABOVE VERSES. 1761.

SWEET moraliſt! whoſe moving truths impart
At once delight and anguiſh to my heart!
Though human joys their ſhort-liv'd ſweets exhale
Like the wan beauties of the waſted vale;
Yet truſt the Muſe, fair friendſhip's flower ſhall laſt,
When life's ſhort ſunſhine, like it's ſtorms is paſt;
Bloom in the fields of ſome ambroſial ſhore,
Where Time, and Death, and Sickneſs are no more.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF MAPS. 1765.

REALMS of this globe, that ever-circling run,
And riſe alternate to embrace the ſun;
Shall I with envy at my lot repine,
Becauſe I boaſt ſo ſmall a portion mine?
If e'er in thought of *Andaluſia*'s vines,
Golconda's jewels, or *Potoſi*'s mines;
In theſe, or thoſe, if vanity forgot
The humbler bleſſings of my little lot;
Then may the ſtream that murmurs near my door,
The waving grove that loves it's mazy ſhore,
Withhold each ſoothing pleaſure that they gave,
No longer murmur, and no longer wave!

THEODOSIUS TO CONSTANTIA.

1760.

LET others ſeek the lying aids of art,
And bribe the paſſions to betray the heart;
Truth, ſacred Truth, and Faith unſkill'd to feign,
Fill my fond breaſt, and prompt my artleſs ſtrain.

Say, did thy lover, in ſome happier hour,
Each ardent thought, in wild profuſion pour;
With eager fondneſs on thy beauty gaze,
And talk with all the extaſy of praiſe?
The heart ſincere it's pleaſing tumult prov'd;
All, all declar'd that THEODOSIUS lov'd.

Let raptur'd Fancy on that moment dwell,
When thy dear vows in trembling accents fell;
When Love acknowledg'd wak'd the tender ſigh,
Swell'd thy full breaſt, and fill'd thy melting eye.

O! bleſt for ever be th' auſpicious day,
Dance all it's hours in pleaſure's golden ray!
Pale ſorrow's gloom from every eye depart!
And laughing joy glide lightly through the heart!
Let village-maids their feſtive brows adorn,
And with freſh garlands meet the ſmiling morn;
Each happy Swain, by faithful Love repaid,
Pour his warm vows, and court his village maid.

Yet

Yet ſhall the ſcene to raviſht memory riſe:
Conſtantia preſent yet ſhall meet theſe eyes;
On her fair arm her beauteous head reclin'd,
Her locks flung careleſs to the ſportful wind.
While Love, and Fear, contending in her face,
Fluſh every roſe, and heighten every grace.

O, never, while of Life and Hope poſſeſt,
May this dear Image quit my faithful breaſt!
The painful hours of abſence to beguile,
May thus Conſtantia look, Conſtantia ſmile!

ELEGY

ELEGY. 1760.

THE eye of Nature never reſts from care;
She guards her children with a parent's love;
And not a miſchief reigns in earth or air,
But Time deſtroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill ſhall haunt the walks of life,
No vice in vain the human heart deprave,
The pois'nous flower, the tempeſt's raging ſtrife,
From greater pain, from greater ruin ſave.

LAVINIA, form'd with every powerful grace,
With all that lights the flame of young deſire;
Pure eaſe of wit, and elegance of face,
A ſoul all Fancy, and an eye all fire.

LAVINIA!—Peace, my buſy, fluttering breaſt!
Nor fear to languiſh in thy former pain:
At length ſhe yields—ſhe yields the needful reſt;
And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden ſtar, that leads the radiant morn,
Looks not ſo fair, freſh-riſing from the main;
But her bent eye-brow bears forbidding ſcorn,—
But pride's fell furies every heart-ſtring ſtrain.

LAVINIA. thanks to thy ungentle mind;
I now behold thee with indifferent eyes;
And Reaſon dares, though Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthleſs being to deſpiſe.

Beauty

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,
And fair proportions win the captive heart;
But let rank pride the pleaſing form debaſe,
And love diſguſted breaks his erring dart.

The youth that once the ſculptur'd Nymph admir'd,
Had look'd with ſcornfnl laughter on her charms,
If the vain form, with recent life inſpir'd,
Had turn'd diſdainful from his offer'd arms.

Go, thoughtleſs maid! of tranſient beauty vain,
Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;
Still may'ſt thou dream of ſplendor in thy train,
And ſmile ſuperb, while love and flattery bend.

For me, ſweet peace ſhall ſoothe my troubled mind,
And eaſy ſlumbers cloſe my weary eyes;
Since Reaſon dares, though Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthleſs being to deſpiſe.

INSCRIPTION ON THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that ſhalt preſume to tread
This manſion of the mighty dead,
Come with the free, untainted mind;
The nurſe, the pedant leave behind;
And all that ſuperſtition, fraught
With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—
Each thought that reaſon can't retain,—
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy ſtudious eyes explore,
And range theſe various Volumes o'er,
Truſt blindly to no fav'rite pen,
Remembring Authors are but men.
Has fair PHILOSOPHY thy love?
Away! ſhe lives in yonder grove.
If the ſweet Muſe thy pleaſure gives;
With her, in yonder grove ſhe lives:
And if Religion claims thy care;
Religion, fled from books, is there.
For firſt from Nature's works we drew
Our Knowledge, *and our Virtue too.*

TO LORD GRANBY.

IN ſpite of all the ruſty fools
That clean old nonſenſe in the ſchools;
Nature, a miſtreſs, never coy,
Has wrote on all her works—ENJOY.
Shall we, then, ſtarve, like GIDEON's wife,
And die to ſave a makeweight's life?
No, friend of NATURE, you diſdain,
So fair a hand ſhou'd work in vain.

But, good my Lord, make her your guide,
And err not on the other ſide:
Like her, in all you deign to do,
Be liberal, but be ſparing too.

When ſly SIR TOBY, night by night,
With his dear bags regales his ſight;
And conſcience, reaſon, pity ſleep,
Though virtue pine, though merit weep;
I ſee the keen reproaches fly
Indignant from your honeſt eye;
Each bounteous wiſh glows unconfin'd,
And your breaſt labours to be kind.

At this warm hour, my Lord, beware
The ſervile Flatterer's ſpecious ſnare,
The fawning Sycophant, whoſe art
Marks the kind motions of the heart;

Each

Each idle, each inſidious knave,
That acts the graceful, wiſe, or brave.

With feſtive beard, and ſocial eye,
You've ſeen old HOSPITALITY;
Mounted aſtride the moſs-grown wall,
The genius of the ancient hall.
So reverend, with ſuch courtly glee,
He ſerv'd your noble anceſtry;
And turn'd the hinge of many a gate,
For Ruſſel, Rous, Plantagenet.
No lying porter levied there
His dues on all imported ware;
There, rang'd in rows, no liveried train
E'er begg'd their maſter's beef again;
No flatterer's planetary face
Plied for a bottle, or a place,
Toad-eating France, and fiddling Rome
Kept their lean raſcals ſtarv'd at home.

"Thrice happy days!"
In this, 'tis true,
Old times were better than the new;
Yet ſome egregious faults you'll ſee
In ancient HOSPITALITY.
See motley crowds, his roof beneath,
Put poor *Society* to Death!
Prieſts, knights and 'ſquires debating wild,
On themes unworthy of a child;
'Till the ſtrange compliment commences,
To praiſe their hoſt, and loſe their ſenſes.

Go then, my lord! keep open hall;
Proclaim your table free for all;
Go, ſacrifice your time, your wealth,
Your patience, liberty and health,
To ſuch a thought-renouncing crew,
Such foes to care—ev'n care for you.

" Heav'ns! and are theſe the plagues that wait
" Around the hoſpitable gate—
" Let ten-fold iron bolt my door,
" And the gaunt maſtiff growl before;
" There, not one human creature nigh,
" Save, dear SIR TOBY, you and I,
" In Cynic ſilence let us dwell;
" Ye plagues of ſocial life farewel!"

Diſpleaſes this? The modern way,
Perhaps, may pleaſe—a public day.
" A public day! deteſted name!
" The farce of friendſhip and the ſhame.
" Did ever ſocial freedom come
" Within the pale of drawing-room?
" See pictur'd round the formal crowd!
" How nice, how juſt each attitude!
" My Lord approaches—what ſurpriſe!
" The pictures ſpeak, the pictures riſe!
" Thrice ten times told the ſame ſalute,
" Once more the mimic forms are mute.
" Mean while the envious rows between,
" Diſtruſt and Scandal walk unſeen;

" Their

" Their poiſons ſilently infuſe,
" 'Till theſe ſuſpect, and thoſe abuſe.

" Far, far from theſe, in ſome lone ſhade,
" Let me, in eaſy ſilence laid,
" Where never fools, or ſlaves intrude,
" Enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude!"

What! quit the commerce of mankind!
Leave virtue, fame, and worth behind!
Who fly to ſolitary reſt,
Are Reaſon's ſavages at beſt.

Though human life's extenſive field
Wild weeds, and vexing brambles yield;
Behold her ſmiling vallies bear
Melliſluous fruits, and flowrets fair!
The crowds of folly you deſpiſe—
Aſſociate with the good and wiſe;
For virtue, rightly underſtood,
Is it to be *wiſe*, and to be *good*.

MONODY. 1759.

AH ſcenes belov'd! ah conſcious ſhades,
That wave theſe parent-vales along!
Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my Doric ſong,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In ſighs of ſolemn woe, in broken ſounds of pain,

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtleſs urn—
For her bewail theſe ſtrains of woe,
For her theſe filial ſorrows flow;
Source of my life, that led my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.
Careful, ſhe mark'd each dangerous way,
Where youth's unwary footſteps ſtray:
She taught the ſtruggling paſſions to ſubſide;
Where ſacred truth, and reaſon guide,
In virtue's glorious path to ſeek the realms of day.

Lamented goodneſs! yet I ſee
The fond affections melting in her eye:
She bends it's tearful orb on me,
And heave the tender ſigh;

As thoughtful, ſhe the toils ſurveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O beſt of parents! let me pour
My ſorrows o'er thy ſilent bed:
There early ſtrew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening ſhed—
Alas! are theſe the only weed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
Theſe fruitleſs offerings that embalm the dead?

Then, fairy-feated Hope, forbear—
No more thy fond illuſions ſpread:
Thy ſhadowy ſcenes diſſolv'd in air,
Thy viſionary proſpects fled;
With her they fled, at whoſe lamented ſhrine,
Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to reſign,
Nor hopeful more to ſoothe her long-declining years.

TO MRS. ———

IN TEARS, FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, 1762.

SO feeble Nature weeps o'er friendſhip's grave,
And mourns the rigour of that law ſhe gave:
Yet, why not weep? When in that grave expire
All PEMBROKE's elegance, all WALDEGRAVE's fire,
No more thoſe eyes in ſoft effulgence move,
No more that boſom feels the ſpark of love.
O'er thoſe pale cheeks the drooping graces mourn,
And *Fancy* tears her wild wreath o'er that urn.
There *Hope* at Heaven once caſt a doubtful eye,
Content repin'd, and *Patience* ſtole a ſigh.
Fair Friendſhip griev'd o'er ———'s ſacred bier,
And *Virtue* wept, for **** dropt a tear.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

WITH ſenſe enough for half your ſex beſide,
With juſt no more than neceſſary pride;
With Knowledge caught from Nature's living page,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly ſage—
Alas! how piteous, that in ſuch a mind
So many foibles free reception find!
Can ſuch a mind, ye Gods! admit *diſdain?*
Be *partial*, *envious*, *covetous*, and *vain?*
Unwelcome Truth! to love, to blindneſs clear!
Yet, GILLMAN, hear it;—while you bluſh to hear.

That in your gentle breaſt *Diſdain* can dwell,
Let knavery, meanneſs, pride that feel it, tell!
With *partial* eye a friend's defects you ſee,
And look with kindneſs on my faults and me.
And does no *Envy* that fair mind o'er-ſhade?
Does no ſhort *ſigh for greater wealth* invade;
When ſilent merit wants the foſtering meed,
And the warm wiſh ſuggeſts the virtuous deed?
Fairly the charge of *Vanity* you prove,
Vain of each Virtue of the friends you love.

What charms, what arts of Magic have conſpir'd
Of power to make ſo many faults admir'd?

FRAGMENT OF A POEM,

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL ON THE KING'S ACCESSION. 1760.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

WHILE every gale the voice of triumph brings,
And ſmiling Victory waves her purple wings;
While earth and ocean yield their ſubject powers,
Neptune his waves and *Cybele* her towers;
Yet will you deign the Muſe's voice to hear,
And let her welcome greet a Monarch's ear?
Yes; midſt the toils of glory ill-repaid,
Oft has the Monarch ſought her ſoothing aid.
See *Frederic* court her in the rage of war,
Though rapid vengeance urge his hoſtile car:
With her repos'd in philoſophic reſt,
The Sage's ſunſhine ſmooths the warrior's breaſt.

Whate'er *Arcadian* fancy feign'd of old
Of Halcyon days, and minutes plum'd with gold;
Whate'er adorn'd the wiſeſt, gentleſt reign,
From you ſhe hopes—let not her hopes be vain!
Riſe ancient ſuns! advance *Pierian* days!
Flow *Attic* ſtreams! and ſpring *Aonian* bays!

Cam,

Cam, down thy wave in briſker mazes glide,
And ſee new honours crown thy hoary ſide!
Thy oſiers old ſee myrtle groves ſucceed!
And the green laurel meet the waving reed!

* * * *
* * * *

CÆSAR's DREAM.

BEFORE HIS INVASION OF BRITAIN.

1758.

WHEN rough Helvetia's hardy ſons obey,
And vanquiſh'd Belgia bows to Cæſar's ſway;
When, ſcarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithleſs Gaul:
Tir'd Freedom leads her ſavage ſons no more,
But flies, ſubdued, to Albion's utmoſt ſhore.

'Twas then, while ſtillneſs graſp'd the ſleeping air,
And dewy ſlumbers ſeal'd the eye of care;
Divine AMBITION to her votary came:
Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;
Her right a regal ſceptre ſeem'd to hold,
With gems far-blazing from the burniſh'd gold.
And thus, "My Son," the Queen of Glory ſaid;
"Immortal Cæſar, raiſe thy languid head.
"Shall Night's dull chains the man of counſels bind?
"Or MORPHEUS rule the monarch of mankind?
"See worlds unvanquiſh'd yet await thy ſword!
"Barbaric lands, that ſcorn a Latian lord!
"See yon proud iſle, whoſe mountains meet the ſky,
"Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!
"What, though by Nature's firmeſt bars ſecur'd,
"By ſeas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,
"Shall Cæſar ſhrink the greateſt toils to brave,
"Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave?"

She

She ſpoke—her words the warrior's breaſt inflame
With rage indignant, and with conſcious ſhame;
Already beat, the ſwelling floods give way,
And the fell Genii of the rocks obey.
Already ſhouts of triumph rend the ſkies,
And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions ſtand,
Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand:
The Hero roſe, majeſtically ſlow,
And look'd attention to the crowds below.

'ROMANS and Friends! is there who ſeeks for reſt,
'By labours vanquiſh'd, and with wounds oppreſt?
'That reſpite CÆSAR ſhall with pleaſure yield,
'Due to the toils of many a well-fought field.
'Is there, who ſhrinks at thought of dangers paſt,
'The ragged mountain, or the pathleſs waſte—
'While ſavage hoſts, or ſavage floods oppoſe,
'Or ſhivering fancy pines in Alpine ſnows?
'Let him retire to Latium's peaceful ſhore;
'He once has toil'd, and CÆSAR aſks no more.
'Is there a ROMAN, whoſe unſhaken breaſt
'No pains have conquer'd, and no fears depreſt?
'Who, doom'd through Death's dread miniſters to go,
'Dares to chaſtiſe the inſults of a foe;
'Let him, his Country's glory and her ſtay,
'With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.
'A form divine, in heavenly ſplendor bright,
'Whoſe look threw radiance round the pall of night,

With

" With calm ſeverity approach'd and ſaid,
" Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.
" What! ſhall a *Roman* ſink in ſoft repoſe.
" And tamely ſee the *Britons* aid his foes?
" See them ſecure the rebel *Gaul* ſupply;
" Spurn his vain eagles and his power defy?
" Go! burſt their barriers, obſtinately brave;
" Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave."

Here paus'd the Chief, but waited no reply.
The voice aſſenting ſpoke from every eye;
Nor, as the kindneſs that reproach'd with fear,
Were dangers dreadful, or were toils ſevere.

INCRIP-

INSCRIPTION

IN A

TEMPLE OF SOCIETY.

SACRED riſe theſe walls to thee,
Blithe-eyed nymph, Society!
In whoſe dwelling, free and fair,
Converſe ſmoothes the brow of care.
Who, when waggiſh wit betray'd
To his arms a ſylvan maid,
All beneath a myrtle tree,
In ſome vale of Arcady,
Sprung, I ween, from ſuch embrace,
The lovely contraſt in her face.

Perchance, the muſes as they ſtray'd,
Seeking other ſpring, or ſhade,
On the ſweet child caſt an eye
In ſome vale of Arcady;
And blitheſt of the ſiſters three,
Gave her to Euphroſyne.

The Grace, delighted, taught her care
The cordial ſmile the placid air;
How to chaſe, and how reſtrain
All the fleet, ideal train;

How with apt words well combin'd,
To dreſs each image of the mind——
Taught her how they diſagree,
Aukward fear and modeſty,
And freedom and ruſticity.
True politeneſs how to know
From the ſuperficial ſhew;
From the Coxcomb's ſhallow grace,
And the many-modell'd face:
That Nature's unaffected eaſe
More than ſtudied forms would pleaſe——
When to check the ſportive vein;
When to fancy yield the rein,
On the ſubject when to be
Grave or gay, reſerv'd or free:
The ſpeaking air, th' impaſſion'd eye,
The living ſoul of ſymmetry;
And that ſoft ſympathy which binds
In magic chains congenial minds.

INSCRIPTION

IN A

SEQUESTERED GROTTO. 1763.

SWEET peace, that lov'ſt the ſilent hour,
The ſtill retreat of leiſure free;
Aſſociate of each gentle power,
And eldeſt born of harmony!

O, if thou own'ſt this moſſy cell,
If thine this manſion of repoſe;
Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,
With thee my wakeful eye to cloſe.

And though thoſe glittering ſcenes ſhould fade,
That Pleaſure's roſy train prepares;——
What vot'ry have they not betray'd?
What are they more than ſplendid cares?

But ſmiling days, exempt from care,
But nights, when ſleep, and ſilence reign;
Serenity, with aſpect fair,
And love and joy are in thy train.

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION IN THE SAME GROTTO. 1756.

O Faireſt of the village-born,
CONTENT, inſpire my careleſs lay!
Let no vain wiſh, no thought forlorn
Throw darkneſs o'er the ſmiling day.
Forget'ſt thou, when we wander'd o'er
The ſylvan *Beleau*'s * ſedgy ſhore,
Or rang'd the woodland wilds along;
How oft on *Herclay*'s † mountains high
We've met the morning's purple eye,
Delay'd by many a ſong?
From thee, from thoſe by fortune led;
To all the farce of life confin'd;
At once each native pleaſure fled,
For thou, ſweet nymph, waſt left behind.
Yet could I once, once more ſurvey
Thy comely form in mantle grey,
Thy poliſh'd brow, thy peaceful eye;
Where e'er, forſaken fair, you dwell,
Though in this dim ſequeſter'd cell,
With thee I'd live and die.

* A ſmall river in Weſtmorland.

† A romantic village in the abovementioned county, formerly the ſeat of the *Herclays*, earls of Carliſle.

LEFT

LEFT WITH THE MINISTER OF RIPONDEN,

A ROMANTIC VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE. 1758.

THRICE happy you, whoe'er you are,
From Life's low cares ſecluded far,
In this ſequeſter'd vale—!
Ye rocks on precipices pil'd!
Ye ragged deſarts, waſte and wild!
Delightful horrors hail!

What joy within theſe ſunleſs groves,
Where lonely *Contemplation* roves,
To reſt in fearleſs eaſe!
Save weeping rills, to ſee no tear,
Save dying gales, no ſigh to hear,
No murmur, but the breeze.

Say, would you change that peaceful cell
Where *Sanctity* and *Silence* dwell,
For ſplendor's dazzling blaze?
For all thoſe gilded toys that glare
Round high-born power's imperial chair,
Inviting fools to gaze?

Ah friend! Ambition's proſpects cloſe,
And, ſtudious of your own repoſe,
Be thankful here to live;
For, truſt me, one protecting ſhed
And nightly peace, and daily bread
Is all that life can give.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AMONGST THE RUINS OF

PONTEFRACT CASTLE. 1756.

RIGHT ſung the bard, that all-involving age,
With hand impartial deals the ruthleſs blow;
That war, wide-waſting, with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall ſpire, and ſky-crown'd turret low.

A pile ſtupendous, once of fair renown,
This mould'ring maſs of ſhapeleſs ruin roſe,
Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,
And birds obſcene in ivy-bow'rs repoſe;

Oft the pale matron from the threatning wall,
Suſpicious, bids her heedleſs children fly;
Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
Full ſwiftly ſteps the frighted peaſant by.

But more reſpectful views th' hiſtoric ſage,
Muſing, theſe awful relics of decay,
That once a refuge form'd from hoſtile rage,
In HENRY's and in EDWARD's dubious day.

He penſive oft reviews the mighty dead,
That erſt have trod this deſolated ground;
Reflects how here unhappy SALISBURY bled,
When faction aim'd the death-diſpenſing wound.

Reſt,

Reſt, gentle RIVERS! and ill-fated GRAY!
A flow'r or tear oft ſtrews your humble grave,
Whom Envy ſlew, to pave Ambition's way,
And whom a Monarch wept in vain to ſave.

Ah! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne?
The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd?
Happier! to theſe the humble life unknown,
With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the ſons of bleeding Britain thought,
When hapleſs here inglorious RICHARD lay,
Yet many a prince, whoſe blood full dearly bought
The ſhameful triumph of the long-fought day:

Yet many a hero, whoſe defeated hand
In death reſign'd the well-conteſted field,
Had in his offſpring ſav'd a ſinking land,
The Tyrant's terror, and the Nation's ſhield.

Ill could the Muſe indignant grief forbear,
Should Mem'ry trace her bleeding Country's woes;
Ill could ſhe count, without a burſting tear,
Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd Roſe!

While YORK, with conqueſt and revenge elate,
Inſulting, triumphs on St. Alban's plain,
Who views, nor pities HENRY's hapleſs fate,
Himſelf a captive, and his leaders ſlain?

Ah Prince! unequal to the toils of war,
To ſtem ambition, Faction's rage to quell;
Happier! from theſe had Fortune plac'd thee far,
In ſome lone convent, or ſome peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?
That vanquiſh'd YORK, on Wakefield's purple green,
Proſtrate amidſt the common ſlaughter lay.

In vain fair Vict'ry beam'd the gladd'ning eye,
And, waving oft her golden pinions, ſmil'd;
Full ſoon the flatt'ring goddeſs meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unſteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field——but ceaſe the diſmal tale:
For much it's horrors would the muſe appall,
In ſofter ſtrains ſuffice it to bewail
The Patriot's exile, or the Heroe's fall.

Thus ſilver Wharf *, whoſe cryſtal-ſparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming ſhore,
Still, melancholy-mazing, ſeems to mourn,
But rolls, confus'd, a crimſon wave no more.

* A river near the ſcene of battle, in which were ſlain 35,000 men.

FRAGMENT. 1762.

'TWAS on Time's birth-day, when the voice divine
Wak'd ſleeping Nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, ſtruggled with created light;
The heaven-born Muſe, ſprung from the ſource ſublime
Of HARMONY IMMORTAL, firſt receiv'd
Her ſacred mandate. "Go, ſeraphic maid,
"Companion ſtill to Nature! from her works
"Derive thy lay melodious, great, like thoſe,
"And elegantly ſimple. In thy train,
"Glory, and deathleſs fame and fair renown
"Attendant ever, each immortal name,
"By thee deem'd ſacred, to yon ſtarry vault
"Shall bear, and ſtamp in characters of gold.
"Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
"The firm heart, where the love of human kind
"Inflames the patriot ſpirit, there to ſoothe
"The toils of virtue with melodious praiſe:
"For thoſe, that ſmiling ſeraph bids thee wake
"His golden lyre; for thoſe, the young-ey'd ſun
"Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial ſpring
"Throws many a green wreath, liberal, from his boſom."
So ſpake the voice divine; the raptur'd Muſe
In ſtrains like theſe, but nobler, fram'd her lay.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds auguſt,
Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! Patriot hearts,
That, fearleſs of a tyrant's threatening arm,
Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
Where hiſtory triumphs in your holy names,
O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
Why ſtreams my eye with pleaſure * ? 'Tis the joy
The ſoft delight that through the full breaſt flows,
From ſweet remembrance of departed virtue!

O Britain, parent of illuſtrious names,
While o'er thy annals Memory ſhoots her eye,
How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,
And emulous eſteem! Hail, SYDNEY hail!
Whether Arcadian blythe, by fountain clear.
Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,
In freedom's van diſtinguiſh'd, SYDNEY, hail!
Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unſeen
Fall flowers; oft in thy vale of Penſhurſt fair
The ſhepherd wandering from his nightly fold,
Liſteneth ſtrange muſic, by the tiny breath
Of fairy minſtrels warbled.

On RALEIGH's grave, O ſtrew the faireſt flowers,
That on the boſom of the green vale blow!
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids!

* Exultat Animus Maximorum Virorum Memoriam percurrens.
VAL. MAX.

Ye

Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme bring
To RALEIGH's honour'd grave! There bloom the bay,
The virgin roſe, that, bluſhing to be ſeen,
Folds its fair leaves; for modeſt worth was his:
A mind where truth, philoſophy's firſt born,
Held her harmonious reign: a Briton's breaſt,
That, careful ſtill of freedom's holy pledge,
Diſdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,
Diſdain'd and died! Where was thy ſpirit then,
Queen of ſea-crowning iſles, when RALEIGH bled?
How well he ſerv'd thee, let *Iberia* tell!
Aſk proſtrate *Cales*, yet trembling at his name,
How well he ſerv'd thee; when her vanquiſh'd hand
Held forth the baſe bribe, how he ſpurn'd it from him,
And cried, I FIGHT FOR BRITAIN! Hiſtory riſe,
And blaſt the reigns that redden with the blood
Of thoſe that gave them glory!

TRANSLATIONS.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS,

FROM THE GREEK OF BION*. 1759.

ADONIS dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn;
ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.
The queen of beauty o'er his tomb ſhall ſhed
Her flowing ſorrows for ADONIS dead;
For Earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
ADONIS dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn:
ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.

Stretch'd

* Bion, the paſtoral poet, lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet Σμυρναίος, every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moſchus confirms this, when he ſays to the river Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

——— Νυν παλιν αλλον
Υιεα δακρυεις; ———

It is evident however that he ſpent much of his time in Sicily. Moſchus, as he tells us, was his ſcholar; and by him we are inform'd, that his maſter was not a poor poet. "Thou haſt left to others thy riches, ſays he, but to me thy poetry." It appears from the ſame author, that he died by poiſon. The beſt edition of his works, is that of Paris, by M. de Longue-Pierre, with a French tranſlation.

ADONIS *dead*, &c.] ADONIS, the favourite of Venus, was the ſon of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief employment was hunting, though he is repreſented by Virgil as a ſhepherd.

Oves ad Flumina pavit Adonis,

He

Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies,
Weep, Queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's laſt drops faintly flow,
In ſtreams of purple, o'er thoſe limbs of ſnow!
From the pale cheek the periſh'd roſes fly;
And death dims ſlow the ghaſtly gazing eye.
Kiſs, kiſs thoſe fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With ſoothing fondneſs ſtay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain—ah! give the ſoothing fondneſs o'er!
ADONIS feels the warm ſalute no more.
ADONIS dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn.
ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.
His faithful dogs bewail their maſter ſlain,
And mourning Dryads pour the plaintive ſtrain.

Not

He was killed by a wild boar, if we may believe Propertius, in Cyprus.

—— *Percuſſit Adonim*
Venantem Idalio vertice durus Aper.

The anniverſary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Ariſtophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feaſt of Adonis among the chief feſtivals of the Athenians. The Syrians obſerved it with all the violence of grief, and the greateſt cruelty of ſelf-caſtigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian, the Apoſtate, made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feaſt of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus ſays, that he was the favourite of Bacchus; Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the ſame, and that the Jews abſtain'd from ſwine's fleſh becauſe Adonis was killed by a boar. Auſonius, Epig. 30. affirms that Bacchus, Oſiris, and Adonis are one and the ſame.

His faithful dogs, &c.—*The queen of beauty*, &c.] The lines in the original run thus:

Not the fair youth alone the wound oppreſt,
The queen of beauty bears it in her breaſt.
Her feet unſandal'd, floating wild her hair,
Her aſpect woeful, and her boſom bare,
Diſtreſt, ſhe wanders the wild waſtes forlorn,
Her ſacred limbs by ruthleſs brambles torn,
Loud as ſhe grieves, ſurrounding rocks complain,
And echo thro' the long vales calls her abſent ſwain,
ADONIS hears not: Life's laſt drops fall ſlow,
In ſtreams of purple, down his limbs of ſnow.
The weeping Cupids round their queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Each rival grace, that glow'd with conſcious pride,
Each charm of Venus with ADONIS dy'd.
ADONIS dead, the vocal hills bemoan,
And hollow groves return the ſaddening groan.

Αγριον αγριον ἕλκος ἔχει κατὰ μηρὸν Ἄδωνις,
Μεῖζον δ' ἀ Κυθερεια φερέι ποτικαρδιον ἕλκος,
Κεῖνον μεν περι παῖδα φιλοι κυνες ὠρυσαντο,
Και Νυμφαι κλαιυσιν ορειαδες.

The two firſt of theſe lines contain a kind of witticiſm, which it was better to avoid.——This author had, however, too much true genius to be fond of theſe little affected turns of expreſſion, which Muſæus and others have been induſtrious to ſtrike out.

Theſe four verſes are tranſpoſed in the tranſlation for the ſake of the connection.

Diſtreſt ſhe wanders, &c.] This image of the ſorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this place with great beauty and propriety. Indeed, moſt modern poets ſeem to have obſerved it, and have profited by it in their ſcenes of elegiac woe.

The

The ſwelling floods with ſea-born Venus weep,
And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep:
In melting tears the mountain-ſprings comply;
The flow'rs, low-drooping, bluſh with grief, and die.
Cythera's groves with ſtrains of ſorrow ring;
The dirge funereal her ſad cities ſing.
Hark! pitying echoes Venus' ſighs return;
When Venus ſighs, can aught forbear to mourn?

But when ſhe ſaw her fainting lover lie,
The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh;
But ſtreaming when ſhe ſaw Life's purple tide,
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice ſhe cry'd:

The ſwelling floods, &c.] When the poet makes the rivers mourn for Venus, he very properly calls her Ἀφροδίτα; but this propriety perhaps was merely accidental, as he has given her the ſame appellation when ſhe wanders the deſart.

The flow'rs, low-drooping, bluſh, &c.]

Ἀνθεα δ' ἐξ ὀδυνας ἐρυθραινεται. ———

Paleneſs being the known effect of grief, we do not at firſt ſight accept this expreſſion; but when we conſider that the firſt emotions of it are attended with bluſhes, we are pleaſed with the obſervation.

Cythera's groves, &c.]

α' δε Κυθήρη
Παντας ἀνα κωμους και ἀνα πτολιν οἰκτρον ἀειδει.

This paſſage the ſcholiaſts have entirely miſunderſtood. They make Κυθήη *Venus*, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name ſhe borrows from that iſland being always Κυθερεία, nor the leaſt probability from the connection.

This proves that the iſland Cythera was the place where Adonis periſh'd, notwithſtanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

Yet

Yet ſtay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiſs thee!——hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear ADONIS! ſtay!
And kiſs thy Venus, ere thoſe lips are clay.
Let thoſe dear lips by mine once more be preſt,
'Till thy laſt breath expire into my breaſt;
Then, when life's ebbing pulſe ſcarce ſcarce can move,
I'll catch thy ſoul, and drink thy dying love.
That laſt-left pledge ſhall ſooth my tortur'd breaſt,
When thou art gone ———
When, far from me, thy gentle ghoſt explores
Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming ſhores.

Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life impriſon'd whom the fates confine.
He comes! receive him to thine Iron-arms;
Bleſt queen of death! receive the prince of charms:
For happier thou, to whoſe wide realms repair
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.
The ſmiles of joy, the golden hours are fled:
Grief, only grief, ſurvives ADONIS dead.

The loves around in idle ſorrow ſtand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone! the myrtle's flow'ry pride!
Delight and beauty with ADONIS died.

Why didſt thou, vent'rous, the wild chace explore,
From his dark lair to rouze the tuſky boar?
Far other ſport might thoſe fair limbs eſſay,
Than the rude combat, or the ſavage fray.

Thus

Thus Venus griev'd——the Cupids round deplore;
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in ſilent grief complain,
Mix with the purple ſtreams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain thoſe ſacred drops ſhall flow,
The purple ſtreams in bluſhing roſes glow:
And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
Their azure heads anemonies ſhall rear.

But ceaſe in vain to cheriſh dire deſpair,
Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain-air,
The laſt ſad office let thy hand ſupply,
Stretch the ſtiff limbs, and cloſe the glaring eye.
That form repos'd beneath the bridal veſt,
May cheat thy ſorrows with the feint of reſt.
For lovely ſmile thoſe lips, though void of breath.
And fair thoſe features in the ſhade of death.
Haſte, fill with flow'rs, with roſy wreaths his bed;
Periſh the flow'rs! the Prince of beauty's dead.
Round the pale corſe each breathing eſſence ſtrew,
Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew;
Periſh the balms, unable to reſtore
Thoſe vital ſweets of love that charm no more!

'Tis done——Behold, with purple robes array'd,
In mournful ſtate the clay-cold limbs are laid.
The Loves lament with all the rage of woe,
Stamp on the dart, and break the uſeleſs bow.
Officious theſe the wat'ry urn ſupply,
Unbind the buſkin'd leg, and waſh the bleeding thigh.

O'er

O'er the pale body thoſe their light wings wave,
As yet, though vain, ſolicitous to ſave.

All, wild with grief, their hapleſs Queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Dejected Hymen droops his head forlorn,
His torch extinct, and flow'ry treſſes torn:
For nuptial airs, and ſongs of joy, remain
The ſad, ſlow dirge, the ſorrow-breathing ſtrain,
Who wou'd not, when ADONIS dies, deplore?
Who wou'd not weep when Hymen ſmiles no more?
The graces mourn the prince of beauty ſlain,
Loud as Dione on her native main:
The fates relenting join the general woe,
And call the lover from the realms below.
Vain hopeleſs grief! can living ſounds pervade
The dark, dead regions of eternal ſhade?
Spare, Venus, ſpare that too luxuriant tear
For the long ſorrows of the mournful year.

For the long, &c.] Numa ſeems to have borrow'd the cuſtom he inſtituted of mourning a year for the deceaſed from the Greeks. For though it is ſaid only ten months were ſet apart, yet ten months were the year of Romulus till regulated by his ſucceſſor.

THE HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE AND MODERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET. 1760.

O GODDESS of the golden mean,
Whom ſtill misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each deluſive ſcene;
Thy only ſubjects are the wiſe.
Theſe ſeek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of Fame.

See foſter'd in thy fav'ring ſhade,
Each tender bard of verſe divine!
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd or want confin'd,
Whoſe cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you ſlight the flowery crown,
That Fame wreathes round the favour'd head!
Whilſt laurell'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy ſhades have led;
There form'd, from courtly ſoftneſs free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
FABRICIUS juſt, CAMILLUS wiſe,
Thoſe philoſophic ſons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whoſe calm breaſt
The ſmiles of peaceful wiſdom play,
With all thy ſober charms poſſeſt,
Whoſe wiſhes never learnt to ſtray.
Whom truth, of pleaſures pure but grave,
And penſive thoughts from folly ſave.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted ſtrife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For ſafe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-founding ſtorms the mountain pine o'erwhelm.

Of cenſure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whoſe thought, to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies:
With reaſon's ſuffrage at his ſide,
Whoſe firm heart reſts ſelf-ſatisfied.

And while alternate conqueſt ſways
The northern, or the ſouthern ſhore,
He ſmiles at Fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild ſtorm roar.
Ev'n Nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And burſting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O FRIENDSHIP fair, immortal maid;
The few *caprice* could never move,
The few whom *intereſt* never ſway'd;
Nor ſhed unſeen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft ſleep, that lov'ſt the peaceful cell,
On theſe deſcends thy balmy power;
While no terrific dreams diſpell
The ſlumbers of the ſober hour;
Which oft, array'd in darkneſs drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus SIDON's monarch liv'd unknown,
And ſigh'd to leave his little field,
For the long glories of a throne——
There once more happy and more free,
Than rank'd with DIDO's anceſtry.

With theſe pacific virtues bleſt,
Theſe charms of philoſophic eaſe,
Wrapt in your RICHMOND's tranquil reſt,
You paſs, dear C——, your uſeful days,

Where

Where THAMES your ſilent vallies laves
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public ſcenes engage
  Your time that thus conſiſtent flows,
And following ſtill theſe maxims ſage
  For ever brings the ſame repoſe;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happineſs ſo pure.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS FROM PETRARCH.

SONNET CLXXIX.

1765.

THOUGH nobly born, to humble life reſign'd;
The pureſt heart, the moſt enlighten'd mind;
A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age!
A chearful ſpirit, with an aſpect ſage,—
The power that rules the planetary train
To her has given, nor ſhall his gifts be vain.
But on her worth, her various praiſe to dwell,
The truth, the merits of her life to tell,
The muſe herſelf would own the taſk too hard,
Too great the labour for the happieſt bard.
Dreſs that derives from native beauty grace,
And love that holds with honeſty his place;
Action that ſpeaks—and eyes whoſe piercing ray
Might kindle darkneſs, or obſcure the day!
* * * * * * * * *

SONNET CCLXXIX.

1765.

FALL'N the fair column, blaſted is the bay,
That ſhaded once my ſolitary ſhore!
I've loſt what hope can never give me more,
Though ſought from Indus to the cloſing day.
My twofold treaſure death has ſnatch'd away,
My pride, my pleaſure left me to deplore;
What fields far-cultur'd, nor imperial ſway,
Nor orient gold, nor jewels can reſtore.
O deſtiny ſevere of human kind!
What portion have we unbedew'd with tears?
The downcaſt viſage, and the penſive mind
Through the thin veil of ſmiling life appears;
And in one moment vaniſh into wind
The hard-earn'd fruits of long, laborious years.

SONNET CCLVII.

1765.

WHERE is that face, whoſe ſlighteſt air could move
My trembling heart, and ſtrike the ſprings of love?
That Heaven, where two fair ſtars, with genial ray,
Shed their kind influence on my life's dim way?
Where are that ſcience, ſenſe and worth confeſt,
That ſpeech by virtue, by the graces dreſt?
Where are thoſe beauties, where thoſe charms combin'd,
That caus'd this long captivity of mind?
Where the dear ſhade of all that once was fair,
The ſource, the ſolace of each amorous care;
My heart's ſole ſovereign, nature's only boaſt?
—Loſt to the world, to me for ever loſt!

SONNET CCXXXVIII.

1761.

WAIL'D the ſweet warbler to the lonely ſhade;
Trembled the green leaf to the ſummer gale;
Fell the fair ſtream in murmurs down the dale,
It's banks, it's flowery banks with verdure ſpread,
Where, by the charm of penſive Fancy led,
All as I fram'd the love-lamenting tale,
Came the dear object whom I ſtill bewail,
Came from the regions of the chearleſs dead;
And why, ſhe cried, untimely wilt thou die?
A why, for pity, ſhall thoſe mournful tears,
Start in wild ſorrow from that languid eye?
Cheriſh no more thoſe viſionary fears,
For me, who range yon light-inveſted ſky!
For me, who triumph in eternal years!

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

LESBIA, live to love and pleaſure,
Careleſs what the grave may ſay:
When each moment is a treaſure,
Why ſhould lovers loſe a day?

Setting ſuns ſhall riſe in glory,
But when little life is o'er,
There's an end of all the ſtory:
We ſhall ſleep; and wake no more.

Give me then a thouſand kiſſes,
Twice ten thouſand more beſtow,
Till the ſum of boundleſs bliſſes
Neither we, nor envy know.

MONODY.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

THE gentle pair that in theſe lonely ſhades,
Wandering, at eve or morn, I oft have ſeen,
Now all in vain I ſeek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn,
Along the grove, along the daizied green.
For them I've warbled many a ſummer's day,
'Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad ſhepherd ſhut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old
Were the dear ſubjects of my tuneful ſtrain.

Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead!
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the liſtening ear of praiſe.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wintry ſky
Scatter'd the white flood on the waſted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
To ſoothe keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my ſongs might not be vain.
That oft within the hoſpitable hall
Some ſcatter'd fragment haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb perchance for me deſign'd,

When

When ſeen deſpairing on the neighbouring wall,
Deluded bird! thoſe hopes are now no more!
Dull time has blaſted the departing year,
And winter frowns ſevere,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.
Yet not within the hoſpitable hall
The chearful ſound of human voice I hear;
No piteous eye is near,
To ſee me drooping on the lonely wall.

TO A RED BREAST.

LITTLE bird, with boſom red,
Welcome to my humble ſhed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me.
Pride and pleaſure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle ſong.

Daily near my table ſteal,
While I pick my ſcanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll caſt a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I ſpy
Pleaſure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou'ſt eat thy fill,
Plume thy breaſt, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again
Well thou know'ſt the broken pane.
Aſk of me thy daily ſtore:
Go not near AVARO's door:
Once within his iron-hall,
Woeful end ſhall thee befall.
Savage!——He would ſoon diveſt
Of its roſy plumes thy breaſt;
Then, with ſolitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

AN ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF WESTMORLAND.

HAIL hidden Power of theſe wild groves,
Theſe uncouth rocks, and mountains grey!
Where oft, as fades the cloſing day,
The family of Fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what ſacred cell,
Coæval with the birth of time,
Wrapt in high cares, and thought ſublime,
In awful ſilence doſt thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,
As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale;
Moaning along the diſtant gale,
Has fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
Swift has ſhe ſeen thee glancing by;
Or down the ſummer evening ſky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

If caught from thee the ſacred fire,
That glow'd within my youthful breaſt;
Thoſe thoughts too high to be expreſt,
Genius, if thou did'ſt once inſpire;

O pleas'd accept this votive lay,
That in my native ſhades retir'd,
And once, once more by thee inſpir'd,
In gratitude I pay.

HYMN TO PLUTUS.

GREAT God of wealth, before whoſe ſacred throne
Truth, honour, genius, fame and worth lie prone!
To thy throng'd temples take one votary more:
To thee a Poet never kneel'd before.

Adieu the gods that caught my early prayer!
Wiſdom that frown'd, and knowledge fraught with care!
Friendſhip that every veering gale could move!
And tantalizing hope, and faithleſs love!
Theſe, theſe are ſlaves that in thy livery ſhine!
For wiſdom, friendſhip, love himſelf is thine!

For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,
And leave the confines of enlivening day;
For thee *Aſturia*'s ſhining ſands explore,
And bear the ſplendors of Potoſi's ore;
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging ſea,
And think, and toil, and wiſh, and wake for thee.

Farewell the ſcenes that thoughtleſs youth could pleaſe;
The flowery ſcenes of indolence and eaſe.
Where YOU the way with magic power beguile,
Baſſora's deeps, or Lybia's deſarts ſmile.

Foes

Foes of thy worth, that, inſolent and vain,
Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign,
The frantic tribe of virtue ſhall depart,
And make no more their ravage in my heart.
Away "The tears that pity taught to flow!"
Away that anguiſh for a brother's woe!
Adieu to theſe, and every tireſome gueſt,
That drain'd my fortunes or deſtroy'd my reſt!

Ah, good AVARO! could I thee deſpiſe?
Thee, good AVARO; provident and wiſe?
Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've ſaid!
I love AVARO; poor AVARO's dead.

Yet, yet I'm thine; for fame's unerring tongue
In thy ſooth'd ear thus pours her ſilver ſong.
"Immortal Plutus! God of golden eaſe!
"Form'd every heart, and every eye to pleaſe!
"For thee content her downy carpet ſpreads,
"And roſy pleaſure ſwells her genial beds.
"'Tis thine to gild the manſions of deſpair;
"And beam a glory round the brows of care.
"To cheat the lazy pace of ſleepleſs hours,
"With marble fountains, and ambroſial bowers."

O grant me, Plutus, ſcenes like thoſe I ſung,
My youthful lyre when vernal fancy ſtrung.
For me their ſhades let other STUDLEYS rear,
Though each tree's water'd with a widow's tear!

Deteſted

Detested God!—forgive me! I adore.
Great Plutus, grant me one petition more.
Should Delia, tender, generous, fair and free,
Leave love and truth, and sacrifice to thee,
I charge thee, Plutus, be to Delia kind,
And make her fortunes richer than her mind.
Be hers the wealth all heaven's broad eye can view;
Grant her, good God, Don Philip and Peru.

HYMN

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

I.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet HUMANITY.

II.

Come, ever welcome to my breaſt!
A tender, but a chearful gueſt.
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-conſuming ſorrow dwell;
For ſorrow, long-indulg'd and ſlow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears ſenſibility away.
Then comes, ſweet nymph, inſtead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

III.

O may that fiend be baniſhed far,
Though paſſions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me ceaſe to know
The pulſe that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When ſorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from ſocial woes,

'Ere

E'er make this pleaſing ſenſe depart.
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

IV.

If the fair ſtar of fortune ſmile,
Let not its flattering power beguile.
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full ſails ſwell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering ſtill it was but lent;
To modeſt merit ſpread my ſtore,
Unbar my hoſpitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

V.

If heaven, in every purpoſe wiſe,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Deſtin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, HUMATITY, ſtill true,
I'll wiſh the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that paſſes by,
A ſoothing word—a tear—a ſigh.

VI.

Howe'er exalted, or depreſt,
Be ever mine the feeling breaſt.

From

From me remove the ſtagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The ſoul that one long ſabbath keeps,
And through the ſun's whole circle ſleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And ſelf-attending Vanity.
Alike, the fooliſh, and the vain
Are ſtrangers to the ſenſe humane.

VII.

O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye ſurvey'd
Sion in future aſhes laid
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thouſands in the deſart fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendſhip's grave
Sigh'd;—and forgot its power to ſave——
O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

VIII.

It comes: It fills my labouring breaſt.
I feel my beating heart oppreſt.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aſpect pale!
To heaven ſhe turns in deep deſpair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving ſorrows ſee!
Support them, ſweet HUMANITY!

IX. Life,

IX.

Life, fill'd with grief's diſtreſsful train,
For ever aſks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconſcious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part——to meet no more.
Aſſiſt them, hearts from anguiſh free!
Aſſiſt them, ſweet HUMANITY!

X.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet HUMANITY!

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO MR. ——.

FROM ſcenes where fancy no excurſion tries,
Nor truſts her wing to ſmoke-invelop'd ſkies;
Far from the town's deteſted haunts remov'd,
And nought but thee deſerted that I lov'd;
From noiſe and folly and the world got free,
One truant thought yet only ſtays for thee.

What is that world which makes the heart its ſlave?
A reſtleſs ſea revolving wave on wave:
There rage the ſtorms of each uncertain clime:
There float the wrecks of fortune and of time:
There hope's ſmooth gales in ſoft ſucceſſion blow,
While diſappointment hides the rock below.
The ſyren pleaſures tune their fatal breath,
And lull you to the long repoſe of death.

What is that world? at —— 'tis no more
Than the vext ocean while we walk the ſhore.
Loud roar the winds and ſwell the wild waves high,
Laſh the rude beach, and frighten all the ſky;
No longer ſhall my little bark be rent,
Since *Hope* reſign'd her anchor to *Content*.

Like ſome poor fiſher that, eſcap'd with life,
Will truſt no more to elemental ſtrife;
But ſits in ſafety on the green-bank ſide,
And lives upon the leavings of the tide;
Like him contented you your friend ſhall ſee,
As ſafe, as happy, and as poor as he.

TO A LADY,

ON READING AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY HER, ON THE SEARCH OF HAPPINESS.

TO ſeek the lovely nymph you ſing
I've wander'd many a weary mile,
From grove to grove, from ſpring to ſpring;
If here or there ſhe deign'd to ſmile.

Nay, what I now muſt bluſh to ſay,
For ſure it hap'd in evil hour;
I once ſo far miſtook my way,
To ſeek her in the haunts of Power.

How ſhould ſucceſs my ſearch betide,
When ſtill ſo far I wander'd wrong?
For *Happineſs* on *Arrowe's* ſide,
Was liſtening to MARIA's ſong.

Delighted thus with you to ſtay,
What hope have I the nymph to ſee;
Unleſs you ceaſe your magic lay,
Or bring her in your arms to me?

A MONODY,

A MONODY,

INSCRIBED TO MY WORTHY FRIEND J. S.

BEING WRITTEN IN HIS GARDEN AT AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE, THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1669.

I.

FRIEND of my Genius! on whoſe natal hour,
Shone the ſame Star, but ſhone with brighter ray;
Oft as amidſt thy *Amwell's* ſhades I ſtray,
And mark thy true taſte in each winding bower,
From my full eye why falls the tender ſhower?
While other thoughts than theſe fair Scenes convey,
Bear on my trembling mind, and melt its powers away.

II.

Ah me! my friend! in happier hours I ſpread
Like thee, the wild walk o'er the varied plain;
The faireſt tribes of *Flora's* painted train,
Each bolder ſhrub that grac'd her genial bed,
When old *Sylvanus*, by young wiſhes led,
Stole to her Arms, of ſuch fair offspring vain,
That bore their mother's beauties on their head.

III.

Like thee, inſpired by Love—'twas *Delia's* charms,
'Twas *Delia's* taſte the new Creation gave:
For her my Groves in plaintive ſighs would wave,
And call her abſent to their maſter's arms.

IV.

She comes—Ye flowers your faireſt blooms unfold!
Ye waving Groves, your plaintive ſighs forbear!
Breathe all your fragrance to the amorous air,
Ye ſmiling ſhrubs whoſe heads are cloath'd with gold!

V.

She comes, by truth, by fair affection led,
The long-lov'd miſtreſs of my faithful heart!
The miſtreſs of my ſoul, no more to part,
And all my hopes, and all my vows are ſped.
Vain, vain deluſions! dreams for ever fled!
Ere twice the Spring had waked the genial hour,
The lovely parent bore one beauteous flower,
And droop'd her gentle head,
And ſunk, for ever ſunk, into her ſilent Bed.

VI.

Friend of my genius! partner of my fate!
To equal ſenſe of painful ſuffering born!
From whoſe fond breaſt a lovely parent torn,
Bedew'd thy pale cheek with a tear ſo late;—
Oh! let us mindful of the ſhort, ſhort date,

That

That bears the ſpoil of human hopes away,
Indulge ſweet memory of each happier day!
No! cloſe, for ever cloſe the iron-gate
Of cold oblivion on that dreary cell,
Where the pale ſhades of paſt enjoyments dwell,
And, pointing to their bleeding boſoms ſay,
On life's diſaſtrous hour what varied woes await!

VII.

Let ſcenes of ſofter, gentler kind,
Awake to fancy's ſoothing call,
And milder on the penſive mind,
The ſhadowed thought of grief ſhall fall.
Oft as the ſlowly-cloſing day
Draws her pale mantle from the dew-ſtar's eye,
What time, the ſhepherd's cry
Leads from the paſtured hills his flocks away,
Attentive to the tender lay
That ſteals from *Philomela's* breaſt,
Let us in muſing ſilence ſtray,
Where LEE beholds in mazes ſlow
His uncomplaining waters flow,
And all his whiſpering ſhores invite the charm of reſt.

IMITATIONS OF WALLER.

WALLER TO ST. EVREMOND.

O Vales of *Penſhurſt* now ſo long unſeen!
Forgot each ſecure ſhade, each winding green;
Thoſe lonely paths what art have I to tread,
Where once young Love, the blind enthuſiaſt, led?
Yet if the Genius of your conſcious groves
His *Sidney* in my *Sachariſſa* loves;
Let him with pride her cruel power unfold;
By him my pains let *Evremond* be told.

INSCRIPTIONS ON A BEECH TREE IN THE ISLAND OF SICILY.

SWEET Land of Muſes! o'er whoſe favoured plains
Ceres and *Flora* held alternate ſway;
By *Jove* refreſh'd wilh life-diffuſing rains,
By *Phœbus* bleſt with every kinder ray!

O with what Pride do I thoſe times ſurvey,
When Freedom, by her ruſtic minſtrels led,
Danced on the green lawn many a Summer's Day,
While paſtoral eaſe reclin'd her careleſs head.

In

In theſe ſoft ſhades; ere yet that Shepherd fled,
Whoſe muſic pierc'd Earth, Air, and Heaven and Hell,
And called the ruthleſs tyrant of the dead
From the dark ſlumbers of his iron cell.

His ear unfolding caught the magic ſpell:
He felt the ſounds glide ſoftly through his heart;
The ſounds that deign'd of love's ſweet power to tell;
And as they told, would point his golden dart.

Fix'd was the God; nor power had he to part,
For the fair daughter of the ſheaf-crown'd queen,
Fair without pride, and lovely without art,
Gather'd her wild flowers on the daiſied green.

He ſaw; he ſigh'd; and that unmelting breaſt,
Which arms the hand of death, the power of Love confeſs'd.

THE DUCHESS OF MAZARIN,

ON HER RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

YE holy cares that haunt theſe lonely cells,
Theſe ſcenes where ſalutary ſadneſs dwells;
Ye ſighs that minute the ſlow waſting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;
O bid theſe paſſions for the world depart,
Theſe wild deſires, and vanities of heart,
Hide every trace of vice, of follies paſt,
And yield to Heaven the victory at laſt.

To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call purſue.
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty greet thy holy ſhrine:
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whoſe bounty bids me live.

The power that gave theſe little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confined their ſpace.
Spite of thoſe charms ſhall time, with rude eſſay,
Tear from the cheek the tranſient roſe away.
But the free mind, ten-thouſand ages paſt,
Its Maker's form, ſhall with its Maker laſt.

Uncertain objects ſtill our hopes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of Joy!

Of all that feels the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the ſearch, and ſhort the date.
Yet ev'n that boon what thouſands wiſh to gain?
That boon of death, the ſad reſource of pain!

Once on my path all Fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly ſwell:
Love touch'd my ſoul at leaſt with ſoft deſires,
And vanity there fed her meteor fires.
This truth at laſt the mighty ſcenes let fall,
An hour of innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life! O, let thy ſacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away!
Deluding, flattering, faithleſs world adieu!
Long haſt thou taught me, GOD IS ONLY TRUE!
That God alone I truſt, alone adore,
No more deluded, and miſled no more.

Come, ſacred hour, when wavering doubts ſhall ceaſe!
Come holy ſcenes of long repoſe and peace!
Yet ſhall my heart, to other intereſts true,
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?
Of penſive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at laſt, the triumph and the praiſe!

Great, gracious maſter, whoſe unbounded ſway,
Felt through ten-thouſand worlds, thoſe worlds obey;
Wilt thou for once thy aweful glories ſhade,
And deign t' eſpouſe the creature thou haſt made?

All

All other ties indignant I diſclaim,
Diſhonour'd thoſe, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which ſuch tears I've ſhed,
For which the pleaſures of the world lay dead!
That world's ſoft pleaſures you alone diſarm;
That world without you, ſtill might have its charm.
But now thoſe ſcenes of tempting hope I cloſe,
And ſeek the peaceful ſtudies of repoſe;
Look on the paſt as time that ſtole away,
And beg the bleſſings of a happier day.

Ye gay ſaloons, ye golden-veſted halls,
Scenes of high treats and heart-bewitching balls!
Dreſs, figure, ſplendor, charms of play, farewell,
And all the toilet's ſcience to excel;
Even love that ambuſhed in this beauteous hair,
No more ſhall lie, like *Indian* archers, there.
Go, erring love! for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a ſacrifice to Heaven!

Soon ſhall the veil theſe glowing features hide,
At once the period of their power and pride!
The hapleſs lover ſhall no more complain
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;
While calmly ſleep in each untortur'd breaſt
My ſecret ſorrow, and his ſighs profeſt.

Go, flattering train! and, ſlaves to me no more
With the ſame ſighs ſome happier fair adore!

Your alter'd faith, I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet, (what woman is not frail?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that lov'd me knew no other love!

Yet were that ardour, which his breaſt inſpir'd,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd;
What nobler pride! could I to Heaven reſign
The zeal, the ſervice that I boaſted mine!
O, change your falſe deſires, ye flattering train!
And love me pious, whom ye lov'd profane!

Theſe long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakneſs ſhew,
But Heaven, to ſuch ſoft frailties leſs ſevere,
May ſpare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Thoſe gentle hearts that I muſt hold no more.

THE VICEROY:

ADDRESSED TO THE

EARL OF HALIFAX*.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1762.

'TWAS on Time's birth-day, when the voice divine
Wak'd ſleeping Nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, ſtruggl'd with created light;
The heaven-born Muſe, ſprung from the ſource ſublime
Of

* The following Reſolution of the Iriſh Houſe of Commons reſpecting the Revenue of the Lord Lieutenant, and his Excellency's Speech in conſequence thereof, will both illuſtrate this Poem and ſhew the Occaſion of it.

Copy of a RESOLUTION *of the* IRISH PARLAMENT, *reſpecting the Revenue of the* LORD LIEUTENANT.

Veneris, 26, *Feb.* 1762.

"Reſolved, *nemine contradicente*, That an addreſs be preſented to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, that he will repreſent to his Majeſty the ſenſe of this Houſe, that the entertainments and appointments of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland are become inadequate to the dignity of that high office, and to the expence with which it is, and ought to be ſupported; and that it is the humble deſire of this Houſe, that his Majeſty will be graciouſly pleaſed to grant ſuch an augmentation to the entertainment of the Lord Lieutenant for the time being, as, with the preſent allowances, will in the whole amount to the annual ſum of Sixteen Thouſand Pounds. And to expreſs

Of HARMONY IMMORTAL, firſt receiv'd
Her ſacred mandate. "Go, ſeraphic maid,
"Companion ſtill to Nature! from her works
"Derive thy lay melodious, great, like thoſe,
"And

expreſs that ſatisfaction which we feel at the pleaſing hope, that this juſt and neceſſary augmentation ſhould take place during the adminiſtration of a Chief Governor, whoſe many great and amiable qualities, whoſe wiſe and happy adminiſtration in the government of this kingdom, have univerſally endeared him to the people of Ireland."

E. STERLING. } *Cler. Dom. Com.*
H. ALCOCK. }

Copy of the ANSWER *of the* LORD LIEUTENANT *to the* ADDRESS *of the* HOUSE OF COMMONS, *Feb.* 27, 1762.

"I ſhall take the firſt opportunity of laying before his Majeſty the ſenſe of the Houſe of Commons contained in this Addreſs. I enter fully into the truly liberal motives which have influenced your conduct in this unanimous reſolution. That you are ſolicitous not only to ſupport his Majeſty's government, but to ſupport it with becoming grandeur and magnificence, reflects the higheſt honour on yourſelves; that you have choſen the time of my adminiſtration; that you have diſtinguiſhed my perſon as the object of your favour, reflects the higheſt credit on me; and I muſt ever conſider this event as one of the moſt fortunate and honourable circumſtances of my life. Whatever merit you aſcribe to me in the government of this kingdom, in reality ariſes from your own conduct, though your partiality would transfer it to mine. Your unanimity has firſt created this merit, and your liberality would now reward it.

"I am ſenſible of the obligation you confer; and I can in no way properly demonſtrate my ſenſe of it, but by being, as I am, unalterably determined to implore his Majeſty, that I may be permitted to enjoy it pure and unmixed with the lucrative advantages, which you propoſe ſhould attend it. This affectionate addreſs is intended

as

" And elegantly ſimple. In thy train,
" Glory, and fair renown, and deathleſs fame
" Attendant ever, each immortal name,
" By thee deem'd ſacred, to yon ſtarry vault
" Shall bear, and ſtamp in characters of gold.
" Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
" The firm heart, where the love of human kind
" Inflames the patriot ſpirit, there to ſoothe

as an honour to me; that intention has, on your part, been fully anſwered: to make it truly honourable, ſomething is ſtill neceſſary on mine: It becomes me to vie with the generoſity of parliament, and to keep up an emulation of ſentiment. It has been my duty, in the courſe of this ſeſſion, to propoſe large plans of public expence, and to promiſe an attention to public œconomy; and I could not without pain ſubmit, that the eſtabliſhment, already burthened at my recommendation, ſhould be ſtill further charged for my own particular profit.

" But while I conſider myſelf at liberty to ſacrifice my private intereſts to my private feelings, I muſt conſider myſelf as bound likewiſe to conſult, in compliance with your enlarged and liberal ſentiments, the future ſupport of the ſtation in which I am placed, to the dignity of which the emoluments are, as you repreſent them, inadequate. I ſhall tranſmit therefore the ſenſe of the Houſe of Commons, that the augmentation which your generoſity has propoſed, may, if his Majeſty ſhall think fit, be made the eſtabliſhment of my ſucceſſor, when he ſhall enter on the government of this kingdom; and when it is probable the circumſtances of this country may be better able to ſupport ſuch additional burthen. But while I muſt decline accepting any part of the profits, I rejoice to charge myſelf with the whole of the obligation: Abundantly happy, if when I ſhall hereafter be removed from this high, and, through your favour, deſirable ſituation, I ſhould leave it, through your liberality, augmented in its emoluments, and by my inability not diminiſhed in its reputation."

" The

" The toils of virtue with melodious praiſe:
" For thoſe, that ſmiling ſeraph bids thee wake
" His golden lyre; for thoſe, the young-ey'd Sun
" Gilds this fair-formed world; and genial ſpring
" Throws many a green wreath, liberal from his
" boſom."
So ſpake the voice divine, whoſe laſt ſweet ſound
Gave birth to Echo, tuneful nymph, that loves
The Muſe's haunt, dim grove, or lonely dale,
Or high wood old; and, liſtening while ſhe ſings,
Dwells in long rapture on each falling ſtrain.

O HALIFAX, an humble Muſe, that dwells
In ſcenes like theſe, a ſtranger to the world,
To thee a ſtranger, late has learnt thy fame,
Even in this vale of ſilence; from the voice
Of Echo learnt it, and, like her, delights,
With thy lov'd name, to make theſe wild woods vocal.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds auguſt,
Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! Patriot hearts,
That, fearleſs of a tyrant's threatening arm,
Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
Where Hiſtory triumphs in your holy names,
O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
Why ſtreams my eye with pleaſure? 'Tis the joy
The ſoft delight that through the full breaſt flows,
From ſweet remembrance of departed virtue!

O Britain,

O Britain, parent of illuſtrious names,
While o'er thy annals memory ſhoots her eye
How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,
And æmulous eſteem! Hail, SYDNEY, hail!
Whether Arcadian blythe, by fountain clear,
Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,
In freedom's van diſtinguiſh'd, SYDNEY, hail!
Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unſeen
Fall flowers; oft in the vales of Penſhurſt fair
Menalca, ſtepping from his evening fold,
Liſteneth ſtrange muſic, from the tiny breath
Of fairy minſtrels warbled, which of old,
Dancing to thy ſweet lays, they learned well.

On RALEIGH's grave, O ſtrew the ſweeteſt flowers,
That on the boſom of the green vale blow!
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids!
Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme bring
To RALEIGH's honour'd grave! There bloom the bay,
The virgin roſe, that, bluſhing to be ſeen,
Folds its fair leaves; for modeſt worth was his;
A mind where truth, philoſophy's firſt born,
Held her harmonious reign: a Briton's breaſt,
That, careful ſtill of freedom's holy pledge,
Diſdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,
Diſdain'd and died! Where was thy ſpirit then,
Queen of ſea-crowning iſles, when RALEIGH bled!
How well he ſerv'd thee, let *Iberia* tell!
Aſk proſtrate *Cales*, yet trembling at his name,
How

How well he ſerv'd thee; when her vanquiſh'd hand
Held forth the baſe bribe, how he ſpurn'd it from him,
And cried, I FIGHT FOR BRITAIN! Hiſtory riſe,
And blaſt the reigns that redden with the blood
Of thoſe that gave them glory! Happier days,
Gilt with a BRUNSWICK's parent ſmile, await
The honour'd Viceroy. More auſpicious hours
Shall HALIFAX behold, nor grieve to find
A favour'd land ungrateful to his care.

O for the Muſe of Milton, to record
The honours of that day, when full conven'd
HIBERNIA's ſenate with one voice proclaim'd
A nation's high applauſe; when, long oppreſt
With wealth-conſuming war, their eager love
Advanc'd the princely dignity's ſupport,
While HALIFAX preſided! O, belov'd
By every muſe, grace of the poliſh'd court,
The peaſant's guardian, then what pleaſure felt
Thy liberal boſom! not the low delight
Of fortune's added gifts, greatly declin'd;
No; 'twas the ſupreme bliſs that fills the breaſt,
Of conſcious virtue, happy to behold
Her cares ſucceſsful in a nation's joy.

But O, ye ſiſters of the ſacred ſpring,
To ſweeteſt accents tune the poliſh'd lay,
The muſic of perſuaſion! You alone
Can paint that eaſy eloquence that flow'd
In Attic ſtreams, from HALIFAX that flow'd,

When all Ierne liſten'd. Albion heard,
And felt a parent's joy: no more, ſhe cried,
No more ſhall Greece the man of Athens boaſt,
Whoſe magic periods ſmooth'd the liſtening wave
Of rapt Ilyſſus. Rome ſhall claim no more
The flowery path of eloquence alone
To grace her conſul's brow; for never ſpoke
Himeria's Viceroy words of fairer phraſe,
Forgetful of Alpheus' haſtening ſtream,
When Arethuſa ſtop'd her golden tide,
And call'd her nymphs, and call'd her ſhepherd ſwains
To leave their ſweet pipes ſilent. Silent lay
Your pipes, Hibernian ſhepherds. LIFFEY ſmil'd,
And on his ſoft hand lean'd his dimply cheek,
Attentive: "Once ſo WHARTON ſpoke," he cried,
"Unhappy WHARTON! whoſe young eloquence
"Yet vibrates on mine ear." Whatever powers,
Whatever genii old, of vale or grove
The high inhabitants, all throng'd to hear.
SYLVANUS came, and from his temples grey
His oaken chaplet flung, leſt haply leaf
Or interpoſing bough ſhould meet the ſound,
And bar its ſoft approaches to his ear.
PAN ceas'd to pipe—a moment ceas'd—for then
Suſpicion grew, that PHOEBUS in diſguiſe
His ancient reign invaded: down he caſt,
In petulance, his reed; but ſeiz'd it ſoon
And fill'd the woods with clangor. Meaſures wild
The wanton Satyrs danc'd, then liſtening ſtood,

And

And gaz'd with uncouth joy.

But hark! wild riots ſhake the peaceful plain,
The gathering tumult roars, and faction opes
Her blood-requeſting eye. The frighted ſwain
Mourns o'er his waſted labours, and implores
His country's guardian. Previous to his wiſh
That guardian's care he found. The tumult ceas'd,
And faction clos'd her blood-requeſting eye.

Be theſe thy honours, HALIFAX! and theſe
The liberal muſe, that never ſtain'd her page
With flattery, ſhall record: from each low view,
Each mean connection free, her praiſe is fame.
O, could her hand in future times obtain
One humble garland from th' Aonian tree,
With joy ſhe'd bind it on thy favour'd head,
And greet thy judging ear with ſweeter ſtrains!

Mean while purſue, in public virtue's path,
The palm of glory: only there will bloom
Pierian laurels. Should'ſt thou deviate thence,
Periſh the bloſſoms of fair-folding fame!
Ev'n this poor wreath, that now affects thy brow,
Would loſe its little bloom, the muſe repine,
And bluſh that HALIFAX had ſtole her praiſe.

PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

ADDRESSED TO

A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1767.

FRIEND, ſiſter, partner of that gentle heart,
Where my ſoul lives, and holds her deareſt part;
While love's ſoft raptures theſe gay hours employ,
And time puts on the yellow robe of joy,
Will you, MARIA, mark with patient ear,
The moral muſe, nor deem her ſong ſevere?

Through the long courſe of life's unclouded day,
Where ſweet contentment ſmiles on virtue's way;
Where Fancy opes her ever-varying views,
And Hope ſtrews flowers, and leads you as ſhe ſtrews;
May each fair pleaſure court thy favour'd breaſt,
By Truth protected, and by love careſs'd!

So friendſhip vows, nor ſhall her vows be vain;
For every pleaſure comes in virtue's train;
Each charm that tender ſympathies impart,
The glow of ſoul, the tranſports of the heart,
Sweet meanings that in ſilent truth convey
Mind into mind, and ſteal the ſoul away,

Theſe gifts, O virtue, theſe are all thy own;
Loſt to the vicious, to the vain unknown!

Yet bleſt with theſe, and happier charms than theſe,
By nature form'd, by genius taught to pleaſe,
Ev'n you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
Muſt yield your human ſacrifice to pain;
The wizard care ſhall dim thoſe brilliant eyes,
Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters riſe.

With mind unbroke that darker hour to bear,
Nor, once his captive, drag the chains of care,
Hope's radiant ſunſhine o'er the ſcene to pour,
Nor future joys in preſent ills devour,
Theſe arts your philoſophic friend may ſhew,
Too well experienc'd in the ſchool of woe.

When ſinks the heart, by tranſient grief oppreſt,
Seek not reflection, for it wounds the breaſt,
While memory turns, to happier objects blind,
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
Paſt ſcenes of pain is ſtudious to explore,
Forgets its joys, and thinks its ſuff'rings o'er.

To life's horizon forward turn your eye,
Paſs the dim cloud, and view the bright'ning ſky;
On hope's kind wing more genial climes ſurvey,
Let fancy join, but reaſon guide your way,
For fancy, ſtill to tender woes inclin'd,
May ſoothe the heart, but miſdirects the mind.

The ſource of half our anguiſh, half our tears,
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;
Like ill-train'd children, ſtill their treatment ſuch,
Reſtrain'd too raſhly, or indulg'd too much.
Hence hope, projecting more than life can give,
Would live with angels, or refuſe to live;
Hence ſpleen-ey'd fear, o'er-acting caution's part,
Betrays thoſe ſuccours reaſon lends the heart.

Yet theſe, ſubmitted to fair truth's controul,
Theſe tyrants are the ſervants of the ſoul:
Through vales of peace the dove-like hope ſhall ſtray,
And bear at Eve her olive branch away,
In ev'ry ſcene ſome diſtant charm deſcry,
And hold it forward to the bright'ning eye;
While watchful fear, if fortitude maintain
Her trembling ſteps, ſhall ward the diſtant pain.

Should erring nature caſual faults diſcloſe,
Wound not the breaſt that harbours your repoſe:
For ev'ry grief that breaſt from you ſhall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are paſt,
But pains from thoſe we love are pains that laſt.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its ſhade the tender paſſions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the ſun's kind ray,
Will flouriſh only in the ſmiles of day;

Diſtruſt's

Diſtruſt's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt deſtroys
O ſhun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coaſt,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's loſt;
By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear
The ſpeech contemptuous, and the ſcornful air.

If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmix'd with pain,
While peace weaves flow'rs o'er Hymen's golden chain,
If tranquil days, if hours of ſmiling eaſe,
The ſenſe of pleaſure, and the power to pleaſe,
If charms like theſe deſerve your ſerious care,
Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!
Like *Hecla's* mountain, while his heart's in flame,
His aſpect's cold, and Jealouſy's his name.
His hideous birth his wild diſorders prove,
Begot by Hatred on deſpairing Love!
Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
And the fell ſire with angry curſes tore
His ſable hair—Diſtruſt beholding ſmil'd,
And lov'd her image in her future child.
With cruel care, induſtrious to impart
Each painful ſenſe, each ſoul-tormenting art,
To doubt's dim ſhrine her hapleſs charge ſhe led,
Where never ſleep reliev'd the burning head,
Where never grateful fancy ſooth'd ſuſpence,
Or the dear charms of eaſy confidence.
Hence fears eternal, ever-reſtleſs care,
And all the dire aſſociates of deſpair.

Hence all the woes he found that peace deſtroy,
And daſh with pain the ſparkling ſtream of joy.

When love's warm breaſt, from rapture's trembling height,
Falls to the temp'rate meaſures of delight;
When calm delight to eaſy friendſhip turns,
Grieve not that *Hymen's* torch more gently burns.
Unerring nature, in each purpoſe kind,
Forbids long tranſports to uſurp the mind;
For, oft diſſolv'd in joy's oppreſſive ray,
Soon would the finer faculties decay.

True tender love one even tenor keeps;
'Tis reaſon's flame, and burns when paſſion ſleeps.

The charm connubial, like a ſtream that glides
Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,
With many a plant along its genial ſide,
With many a flower, that blows in beauteous pride,
With many a ſhade, where peace in rapturous reſt
Holds ſweet affiance to her fearleſs breaſt,
Pure in its ſource, and temp'rate in its way,
Still flows the ſame, nor finds its urn decay.

O bliſs beyond what lonely life can know,
The ſoul-felt ſympathy of joy and woe!
That magic charm which makes ev'n ſorrow dear,
And turns to pleaſure the partaken tear!

Long

Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heav'n impart
The ſoft endearments of the ſocial heart!
Long to your lot may ev'ry bleſſing flow,
That ſenſe, or taſte, or virtue can beſtow!
And O, forgive the zeal your peace inſpires,
To teach that prudence which itſelf admires.

VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY*.

WRITTEN at SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

"*Nec tantum Ingenio, quantum ſervire Dolori.*"

LET others boaſt the falſe and faithleſs pride,
No nuptial charm to know, or known, to hide,
With vain diſguiſe from nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;
My verſe, the God of tender vows inſpires,
Dwells on my ſoul, and wakens all her fires.

Dear, ſilent partner of thoſe happier hours,
That paſs'd in HACKTHORN's vales, in BLAGDON's bowers!
If yet thy gentle ſpirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler ſphere;
If yet that pity which, of life poſſeſt,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy breaſt;
If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endleſs night may ſpare;
Oh! while my ſoul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm ſighs, and kiſs her bleeding ſtrains.

Wild, wretched wiſh! can pray'r, with feeble breath,
Pierce the pale ear, the ſtatued ear of death?

* Wife of the author. She was daughter to Mr. Cracroft of Lincolnſhire.

Let

Let patience pray, let hope aſpire to pray'r!
And leave me the ſtrong language of deſpair!

Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye LYTTELTONS, ye ſhining PETRARCHS, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient ſtrain,
Your flow'ry grief, your impotence of pain,
Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove
The ſcarching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how ſouls to ſouls impart
Their fire, or mix'd the life-drops of the heart!
Not like the ſtreams that down the mountain's ſide,
Tunefully mourn, and ſparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze, that ſighs at evening-hour
On the ſoft boſom of ſome folding flower;
Your ſtronger grief, in ſtronger accents borne,
Had ſooth'd the breaſt with burning anguiſh torn.

The voice of ſeas, the winds that rouze the deep,
Far-ſounding floods that tear the mountains ſteep;
Each wild and melancholy blaſt that raves
Round theſe dim towers, and ſmites the beating waves—
This ſoothes my ſoul—'tis nature's mournful breath,
'Tis nature ſtruggling in the arms of death!—

See, the laſt aid of her expiring ſtate,
See love, ev'n love, has lent his darts to fate*!

* The lady died in child-bed.

Oh!

Oh! when beneath his golden ſhafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
When, crown'd with flowers, he led the roſy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my ſoul away—
Could fear, could fancy at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?

There, there his wreaths dejected HYMEN ſtrew'd;
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.
There each fair hope, each tenderneſs of life,
Each nameleſs charm of ſoft obliging ſtrife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleaſure, genius fled,
And the beſt paſſions of my ſoul lie dead;
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a ſhade.

O come, ye ſofter ſorrows, to my breaſt!
Ye lenient ſighs, that ſlumber into reſt!
Come, ſoothing dreams, your friendly pinions wave,
We'll bear the freſh roſe to yon honour'd grave;
For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at laſt the luxury of woe!

Ye holy ſuff'rers, that in ſilence wait
The laſt ſad refuge of relieving fate!
That reſt at eve beneath the cypreſs' gloom,
And ſleep familiar on your future tomb;
With you I'll waſte the ſlow-departing day,
And wear, with you, th' uncolour'd hours away.

Oh!

Oh lead me to your cells, your lonely ailes,
Where reſignation folds her arms, and ſmiles;
Where holy faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair CONSTANTIA* ſleeps
There, let me there in ſweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd paſſions die.

* See Spectator, N° 164.

THE

THE ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

WARM from this heart while flows the faithful line,
The meaneſt friend of beauty ſhall be mine.
What love, or fame, or fortune could beſtow,
The charm of praiſe, the eaſe of life I owe
To beauty preſent, or to beauty fled,
To HERTFORD living, or CAERNARVON dead,
To TWEEDALE'S taſte, to EDGECUMBE'S ſenſe ſerene,
And, envy ſpare this boaſt, to BRITAIN'S queen.
Kind to the lay that all unlaboured flow'd,
What fancy caught, where nature's pencil glow'd*;
She ſaw the path to new, though humble fame,
Gave me her praiſe, and left me fools to blame.

Strong in their weakneſs are each woman's charms,
Dread that endears, and ſoftneſs that diſarms:
The timorous eye retiring from applauſe,
And the mild air that fearfully withdraws,
Marks of our power theſe humble graces prove,
And, daſh'd with pride, we deeper drink of love.

Chief of thoſe charms that hold the heart in thrall,
At thy fair ſhrine, O MODESTY, we fall.

* The fables of Flora.

Not CYNTHIA riſing o'er the watry way,
When on the dim wave falls her friendly ray;
Not the pure æther of Eolian ſkies,
That drinks the day's firſt glories as they riſe,
Not all the tints from evening-clouds that break,
Burn in the beauties of the virgin's cheek;
When o'er that cheek, undiſciplined by art,
The ſweet ſuffuſion ruſhes from the heart.

Yet the ſoft bluſh, untutored to controul,
The glow that ſpeaks the ſuſceptible ſoul,
Led by nice honour and by decent pride,
The voice of ancient virtue taught to hide;
Taught beauty's bloom the ſearching eye to ſhun,
As early flowers blow fearful of the ſun.

Far as the long records of time we trace *,
Still flowed the veil o'er modeſty's fair face:
The guard of beauty, in whoſe friendly ſhade,
Safe from each eye the featured ſoul is laid,—
The penſive thought that paler looks betray,
The tender grief that ſteals in tears away,

* *Plato* mentions two provinces in *Perſia*, one of which was called the Queen's Girdle, the other the Queen's Veil, the revenues of which, no doubt, were employed in purchaſing thoſe parts of her Majeſty's dreſs. It was about the middle of the third century that the Eaſtern women, on taking the vow of virginity, aſſumed that veil which had before been worn by the Pagan Prieſteſſes, and which is uſed by the religious among the Romaniſts now.

The

The hopeleſs wiſh that prompts the frequent ſigh,
Bleeds in the bluſh, or melts upon the eye.

The man of faith through *Gerar* doom'd to ſtray,
A nation waiting his eventful way,
His fortune's fair companion at his ſide,
The world his promiſe, providence his guide,
Once, more than virtue dar'd to value life,
And called a ſiſter whom he owned a wife.
Miſtaken father of the faithful race,
Thy fears alone could purchaſe thy diſgrace,
" Go," to the fair, when conſcious of the tale,
Said *Gerar's* prince, " THY HUSBAND IS THY VEIL*."
O ancient faith! O virtue mourn'd in vain!
When Hymen's altar never held a ſtain;
When his pure torch ſhed undiminiſhed rays,
And fires unholy died beneath the blaze!

For faith like this fair GREECE was early known,
And claim'd the Veil's firſt honours as her own.

Ere half her ſons, o'er ASIA's trembling coaſt,
Arm'd to revenge one woman's virtue loſt;
Ere he, whom CIRCE ſought to charm in vain,
Follow'd wild fortune o'er the various main,
In youth's gay bloom he plied th' exulting oar,
From ITHACA's white rocks to SPARTA's ſhore:

* Ye is the Vaile of thine Eyes to all that are with ther, and to all others. GEN. xx. 16. VET. TRANS.

Free

Free to NERICIAN * gales the veſſel glides,
And wild EUROTAS † ſmoothes his warrior-tides;
For amorous Greece, when Love conducts the way,
Beholds her waters, and her winds obey.
No object her's but love's impreſſion knows,
No wave that wanders, and no breeze that blows;
Her groves ‡, her mountains have his power confeſt,
And ZEPHYR ſigh'd not but for FLORA's breaſt.

'Twas when his ſighs in ſweeteſt whiſpers ſtray'd,
Far o'er LACONIA's plains from EVA's § ſhade;
When ſoft-ey'd ſpring reſum'd his mantle gay,
And lean'd luxurious on the breaſt of May,
Love's genial banners young ULYSSES bore
From ITHACA's white rocks to SPARTA's ſhore.

With all that ſoothes the heart, that wins, or warms,
All princely virtues, and all manly charms,
All love can urge, or eloquence perſuade,
The future heroe woo'd his SPARTAN maid.
Yet long he woo'd——In Sparta, ſlow to yield,
Beauty, like valour, long maintained the field.

" No bloom ſo fair MESSENE's banks diſcloſe;
" No breath ſo pure o'er TEMPE's boſom blows;
" No ſmile ſo radiant throws the genial ray
" Through the fair eye-lids of the opening day;

* From the mountain Neritos in Ithaca, now called *Nericia*.
† The Spartan river.
‡ E mentre d'Alberghe Amore. TASSO.
§ A mountain in Peloponneſus.

" But deaf to vows with fondeſt paſſion preſt,
" Cold as the wave of HEBRUS' wintry breaſt,
" PENELOPE regards no lover's pain,
" And owns ULYSSES eloquent in vain.

" To vows that vainly waſte their warmth in air,
" Inſidious hopes that lead but to deſpair,
" Affections loſt, deſires the heart muſt rue,
" And love, and SPARTA's joyleſs plains adieu!

" Yet ſtill this boſom ſhall one paſſion ſhare,
" Still ſhall my country find a father there.
" Ev'n now the children of my little reign
" Demand that father, of the faithleſs main;
" Ev'n now, their prince ſolicitous to ſave,
" Climb the tall cliff, and watch the changeful wave.

" But not for him their hopes, or fears alone!
" They ſeek the promis'd partner of his throne;
" For her their incenſe breathes, their altars blaze,
" For her to Heaven the ſuppliant eye they raiſe.
" Ah! ſhall they know their prince implor'd in vain?
" Can my heart live beneath a nation's pain?"

There ſpoke the virtue that her ſoul admir'd,
The Spartan ſoul, with patriot ardour fir'd.
" Enough!" ſhe cried—" be mine to boaſt a part
" In Him, who holds his country to his heart.
" Worth, honour, faith, that fair affection gives,
" And with that virtue, every virtue lives *."

* Omnes omnium Caritates, &c. CIC.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd that the nobler principles could move
His daughter's heart, and ſoften it to love,
Icarius own'd the auſpices divine,
Wove the fair crown *, and bleſs'd the holy ſhrine.

But ah! the dreaded parting hour to brave!
Then ſtrong affection griev'd for what it gave.
Should he the comfort of his life's decline,
His life's laſt charm to Ithaca reſign?
Or, wandering with her to a diſtant ſhore,
Behold Eurotas' long-lov'd banks no more?
Expoſe his grey hairs to an alien ſky,
Nor on his country's parent boſom die †?
" No, Prince, he cried; for Sparta's happier plain,
" Leave the lov'd honours of thy little reign,

* The women of ancient Greece at the marriage ceremony wore garlands of flowers, probably as emblems of purity, fertility and beauty. Thus Euripides,

——— αλλ' ὅμως
Σοι κατασεψασ' ἐγω νιν ἦγον, ὡς γαμουμενην. IPH. in AUL.

The modern Greek ladies wear theſe garlands in various forms, whenever they appear dreſſed; and frequently adorn themſelves thus for their own amuſement, and when they do not expect to be ſeen by any but their domeſtics.

VOYAGE LITERAIRE DE LA GRECE.

† The ancients eſteemed this one of the greateſt misfortunes that could befall them. The Trojans thought it the moſt lamentable circumſtance attending the loſs of their pilot Palinurus, that his body ſhould lie in a foreign country.

——— *Ignotâ Palinure jacebis Arenâ.* VIRG.

" The grateful change ſhall equal honours bring;
" —Lord of himſelf, a Spartan is a king."

When thus the prince, with obvious grief oppreſt,
" Canſt thou not force the father from thy breaſt?
" Not without pain behold one child depart,
" Yet bid me tear a nation from my heart?
" —Not for all Sparta's, all Eubœa's plains"—
He ſaid, and to his courſers gave the reins.

Still the fond ſire purſues with ſuppliant voice,
'Till, mov'd, the monarch yields her to her choice,
" Though mine by vows, by fair affection mine,
" And holy truth, and auſpices divine,
" This ſuit let fair Penelope decide
" Remain the daughter, or proceed the bride."

O'er the quick bluſh her friendly mantle fell,
And told him all that modeſty could tell.
No longer now the father's fondneſs ſtrove
With patriot virtue or acknowledg'd love,
But on the ſcene that parting ſighs endear'd,
Fair MODESTY'S* firſt honour'd fane he rear'd.

The daughter's form the pictur'd goddeſs wore,
The daughter's veil† before her bluſhes bore,

* Pauſanias, who has recorded the ſtory on which this little poem is founded, tells us that this was the firſt temple erected to Modeſty in Greece.

† See the veil of modeſty in the *Muſæum Capitolinum*, vol. 3, and for further proofs of its high antiquity, ſee Hom. Odyſſ. l. 6.

And

And taught the maids of Greece this ſovereign law—
—She moſt ſhall conquer, who ſhall moſt withdraw.

Claud. Epithal. Honor. where he ſays,

Et Crines feſtina ligat PEPLUMQUE *fluentem*
Allevat ——— ———

Iphig. in Taur. act. 4, and Colut. Rapt. Helen. l. 1. v. 381. where Hermione tears her gold embroidered veil on the diſappearance of Helen:

——— *Aureum quoque rupit capitis tegmen.*

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE:

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

TO RICHARD BURN, LL. D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTIES OF WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.

DEAR SIR,

A POEM written profeſſedly at your requeſt, naturally addreſſes itſelf to you. The diſtinction you have acquired on the ſubject, and your taſte for the arts, give that addreſs every kind of propriety. If I have any particular ſatisfaction in this publication, beſide what ariſes from my compliance with your commands, it muſt be in the idea of that teſtimony it bears to our friendſhip. If you believe that I am more concerned for the duration of that than of the poem itſelf, you will not be miſtaken; for I am,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate brother,

And faithful humble Servant,

Somerſetſhire,
April 25, 1744.

THE AUTHOR.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN RICHARD's days, when loſt his paſtur'd plain,
The wand'ring Briton ſought the wild wood's reign,
With great diſdain beheld the feudal hord,
Poor life-let vaſſals of a Norman lord;
And, what no brave man ever loſt, poſſeſs'd
Himſelf,—for freedom bound him to her breaſt.

Lov'ſt thou that freedom? by her holy ſhrine,
If yet one drop of Britiſh blood be thine,
See, I conjure thee, in the deſart ſhade,
His bow unſtrung, his little houſehold laid,
Some brave forefather; while his fields they ſhare,
By Saxon, Dane, or Norman baniſh'd there!
And think he tells thee, as his ſoul withdraws,
As his heart ſwells againſt a tyrant's laws,
The war with fate though fruitleſs to maintain,
To guard that liberty he lov'd in vain.

Were thoughts like theſe the dream of ancient time?
Peculiar only to ſome age, or clime?
And does not nature thoughts like theſe impart,
Breathe in the ſoul, and write upon the heart?

Aſk on their mountains yon deſerted band,
That point to PAOLI with no plauſive hand;

Deſpiſing ſtill, their freeborn ſouls unbroke,
Alike the *Gallic* and *Ligurian* yoke!

Yet while the Patriot's gen'rous rage we ſhare,
Still *civil ſafety* calls us back to care;
To Britain loſt in either HENRY's day,
Her woods, her mountains one wild ſcene of prey!
Fair peace from all her bounteous vallies fled,
And law beneath the barbed arrow bled.

In happier days, with more auſpicious fate,
The far-fam'd Edward heal'd his wounded ſtate;
Dread of his foes, but to his ſubjects dear,
Theſe learn'd to love, as thoſe are taught to fear,
Their laurell'd Prince with Britiſh pride obey,
His glory ſhone their diſcontent away.

With care the tender flow'r of love to ſave,
And plant the olive on *Diſorder's* grave,
For civil ſtorms freſh barriers to provide,
He caught the fav'ring calm and falling tide.

The Appointment, and its Purpoſes.

The ſocial laws from inſult to protect,
To cheriſh peace, to cultivate reſpect;
The rich from wanton cruelty reſtrain,
To ſmooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapleſs vagrant to his reſt reſtore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtleſs maiden, when ſubdu'd by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;

Wild

Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful paſſions to rebel,
Wreſt from revenge the meditated harm,
For this fair JUSTICE raiſed her ſacred arm;
For this the rural magiſtrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his manſion bore.

ANTIENT JUSTICE'S HALL.

Oft, where old AIR in conſcious glory ſails,
On ſilver waves that flow through ſmiling vales;
In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was laid,
Unſeen beneath their antient world of ſhade;
With many a group of antique columns crown'd,
In Gothic guiſe ſuch manſion have I found.

Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye Cits that ſore bedizen nature's face,
Of the more manly ſtructures here ye view;
They roſe for greatneſs that ye never knew!
Ye reptile Cits, that oft have mov'd my ſpleen
With VENUS and the GRACES on your green!
Let PLUTUS, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let MERCURY, the thriving God of ſtealth,
The ſhopman, JANUS, with his double looks,
Riſe on your mounts, and perch upon your books!
But, ſpare my Venus, ſpare each ſiſter grace,
Ye Cits, that ſore bedizen nature's face!

Ye royal architects, whoſe antic taſte,
Would lay the realms of ſenſe and nature waſte;

Forgot

Forgot, whenever from her ſteps ye ſtray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no *courtly* creature ſees,
Snakes on the ground, or *monkies* in the trees;
Yet let not too ſevere a cenſure fall,
On the plain precincts of the antient hall.

For though no ſight your childiſh fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's perroquets;
Though apes, aſps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monſters fail;
Here ſhall ye ſigh to ſee, with ruſt o'ergrown,
The Iron griffin and the ſphynx of ſtone;
And mourn, neglected in their waſte abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-ſpouting gods.

Long have theſe mighty monſters known diſgrace,
Yet ſtill ſome trophies hold their ancient place;
Where, round the hall, the oak's high ſurbaſe rears
The field-day triumphs of two hundred years.

Th' enormous antlers here recal the day
That ſaw the foreſt-monarch *forc'd away*;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain paſt,
Nor finding thoſe, nor deeming theſe the laſt,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepar'd to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!

Here fam'd for cunning, and in crimes grown old,
Hangs his grey bruſh, the felon of the fold.

Oft, as the rent-feaſt ſwells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Though known to ev'ry tenant of the vale.

Here, where, of old, the feſtal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are ſpread:
Some ox, O MARSHALL, for a board like thine,
Where the vaſt maſter with the vaſt Sir Loin
Vied in round magnitude—Reſpect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.

Theſe, and ſuch antique tokens, that record
The manly ſpirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gew-gaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,
More than all Aſia's marmoſets to view
Grin, friſk, and water in the walks of Kew.

CHARACTER OF A COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Through theſe fair vallies, ſtranger, haſt thou ſtray'd,
By any chance, to viſit HAREWOOD'S ſhade,
And ſeen with honeſt, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the magiſtratial chair?
There HERBERT ſate—The love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featur'd ſoul diſplay'd,
HONOUR'S ſtrong beam, and MERCY'S melting ſhade:
JUSTICE, that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would ſtill ſome drops from PITY'S fountain draw,

Bend

Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm ſeal ſhould force one Orphan's tear;
Fair EQUITY, and REASON ſcorning art,
And all the ſober virtues of the heart,—
Theſe ſate with HERBERT, theſe ſhall beſt avail,
Where ſtatutes order; or where ſtatutes fail.

GENERAL MOTIVES FOR LENITY.

Be this, ye rural magiſtrates, your plan:
Firm be your juſtice, but be friends to man.

He whom the mighty maſter of this ball,
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the Patriarch's truth however loth,
Holds but a manſion *cruſh'd before the moth.*

Frail in his genius, in his heart, too, frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye ſevere explore,
And give to life one human weakneſs more?

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the ſtrong temptation and the need:
On preſſing want, on famine's powerful call,
At leaſt more lenient let thy Juſtice fall.

APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS.

For him, who, loſt to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal ſtrife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendleſs, homeleſs object of deſpair;

For

For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from ſad freedom ſend to ſadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Thoſe laſt of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with ſocial mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the firſt degree.

Perhaps on ſome inhoſpitable ſhore
The houſeleſs wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then, no more by golden proſpects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her ſoldier ſlain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye diſſolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the ſad preſage of his future years,
The child of miſery, baptiz'd in tears!

APOSTROPHE TO EDWARD THE THIRD.

O Edward, here thy faireſt laurels fade!
And thy long glories darken into ſhade!

While yet the palms thy hardy veterans won,
The deeds of valour that for thee were done,
While yet the wreaths for which they bravely bled,
Fir'd thy high ſoul, and flouriſh'd on thy head,
Thoſe veterans to their native ſhores return'd,
Like exiles wander'd, and like exiles mourn'd;
Or, left *at large* no longer to bewail,
Were vagrants deem'd, and deſtin'd to a jail!

Were there no royal, yet uncultur'd lands,
No waſtes that wanted ſuch ſubduing hands?
Were CRSSSY's heroes ſuch abandon'd things?
O fate of war! and gratitude of kings!

THE GYPSEY-LIFE.

The Gypſey-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their ſtrong thirſt of liberty I love.
Not WILKES, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm *phalanx*, of the common ſhore.

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,
The tawny father with his offſpring roves;
When ſummer ſuns lead ſlow the ſultry day,
In moſſy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid ſky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the ſun the duſky Elfins ſtrain
The ſable eye, then, ſnugging, ſleep again;
Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the miniſter of fate!
From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly ſhade,
Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold;
And ruſty halfpence purchaſe hopes of gold.

But ah! ye maids, beware the gypſey's lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours.

Oft has her hands the hapleſs MARIAN wrung,
MARIAN, whom GAY in ſweeteſt ſtrains has ſung!
The Parſon's maid—ſore cauſe had ſhe to rue
The Gypſey's tongue; the Parſon's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter ſigh'd to know
What Vellum's ſprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by thoſe glances, which at church he ſtole,
Her father nodding to the pſalm's ſlow drawl;
Long had ſhe ſigh'd, at length a prophet came,
By many a ſure prediction known to fame,
To MARIAN known, and all ſhe told, for true:
She knew the future, for the paſt ſhe knew.

Where, in the darkling ſhed, the moon's dim rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horſe chaiſe,
Villaria ſate, while faithful MARIAN brought
The wayward prophet of the woe ſhe ſought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either ſide, the crooked ſixpence ſeek;
Twice were thoſe hands withdrawn from either ſide,
To ſtop the titt'ring laugh, the bluſh to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice ſhe in fortune's devious way!
"Ere yet, ſhe cried, ten rolling months are o'er,
"Muſt ye be mothers; maids, at leaſt, no more.
"With you ſhall ſoon, O lady fair, prevail
"A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.
"To MARIAN, once of Colin Clout the Scorn,
"Shall Bumkin come, and Bumkinets be born."

Smote

Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd ſore,
That ten ſhort months had ſuch events in ſtore;
But holding firm, what village-maids believe,
That ſtrife with fate is milking in a ſieve;
To prove their prophet true, though to their coſt,
They juſtly thought no time was to be loſt.

Theſe foes to youth, that ſeek, with dang'rous art,
To aid the native weakneſs of the heart;
Theſe miſcreants from thy harmleſs village drive,
As waſps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM.

PART II.

TO ROBERT WILSON CRACROFT, Esq.

BORN with a gentle heart, and born to pleaſe
With native goodneſs, of no fortune vain,
The ſocial aſpect of inviting eaſe,
The kind opinion, and the ſenſe humane;

To thee, my CRACROFT, whom, in early youth,
With lenient hand, and anxious love I led
Through paths where ſcience points to manly truth,
And glory gilds the manſions of the dead:

To thee this offering of maturer thought,
That, ſince wild FANCY flung the lyre aſide,
With heedful hand the MORAL MUSE hath wrought,
That Muſe devotes, and bears with honeſt pride.

Yet not that period of the human year,
When FANCY reign'd, ſhall we with pain review,
All NATURE's ſeaſons different aſpects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due.

Not that in youth we rang'd the ſmiling meads,
On Eſſex' ſhores the trembling angle play'd,
Urging at noon the ſlow boat in the reeds,
That wav'd their green uncertainty of ſhade:

Nor yet the days conſum'd in HACKTHORN's vale,
That lonely on the Heath's wild boſom lies,
Should we with ſtern ſeverity bewail,
And all the *lighter* hours of life deſpiſe.

For nature's ſeaſons different aſpects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due;
Awhile ſhe freed us from the ſcourge of CARE,
But told us *then*—for ſocial ends we grew.

To find ſome virtue trac'd on life's ſhort page,
Some mark of ſervice paid to human kind,
Alone can chear the wintry paths of age,
Alone ſupport the far-reflecting mind.

Oh! often thought—when SMITH's diſcerning care
To further days prolong'd this failing frame!
To die, was little—But what heart could bear
To die, and leave an undiſtinguiſh'd name?

Blagdon-Houſe,
22 Feb. 1775.

THE

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

PART II.

PROTECTION OF THE POOR.

*YET, while thy rod reſtrains the needy crew,
Remember that thou art their monarch too.
KING OF THE BEGGARS!—Lov'ſt thou not the name?
O, great from GANGES to the golden TAME!
Far-ruling Sovereign of this begging ball,
Low at thy footſtool other thrones ſhall fall.
His alms to thee the whiſker'd Moor convey †,
And PRUSSIA's ſturdy beggar own thy ſway;
Courts, ſenates—all to BAAL that bend the knee ‡.
King of the beggars, theſe are fiefs to thee!

But ſtill, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Deſcend to duties meaner crowns diſdain;
That worſt excreſcency of power forego,
That *Pride* of Kings, humanity's firſt foe.

* Refers to the concluſion of the firſt part.

† The Mahometan Princes ſeem to have a regular ſyſtem of begging. Nothing ſo common as to hear that the Dey of Algiers, &c. &c. are diſſatisfied with their preſents. It muſt be owned, it would be for the welfare of the world, if Princes in general would adhere to the maxim, that, *it is better to beg than to ſteal.*

‡ ——— Tu poſcis vilia rerum,
Quamvis ſers te nullius egentem. *Hor.*

Let age no longer toil with feeble ſtrife,
Worn by long ſervice in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude inſults of the ſearching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!

If, when from heav'n ſeverer ſeaſons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof, and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter-day,
More ſtrong than *Teniers'* pencil could pourtray;—
If then to thee reſort the ſhivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart [remembering him who ſaid]
Theſe people come from far, and have no bread.

Nor leave thy venal Clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is ſacred to *thy* ear.
He, where no fees his ſordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpleſs animals complain.

But chief thy notice ſhall one monſter claim;
A monſter furniſh'd with a human frame,
The Pariſh-officer!—though VERSE diſdain
Terms that deform the ſplendor of the ſtrain;
It ſtoops to bid thee bend the brow ſevere
On the ſly, pilfering, cruel Overſeer;

The

The ſhuffling Farmer, faithful to no truſt,
Ruthleſs as rocks, inſatiate as the duſt!

When the poor Hind, with length of years decay'd,
Leans feebly on his once ſubduing ſpade,
Forgot the ſervice of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honeſt praiſe,
Shall this low wretch abridge his ſcanty bread,
This ſlave, whoſe board his former labours ſpread?

When harveſt's burning ſuns and ſickening air
From labour's unbrac'd hand the graſp'd hook tear,
Where ſhall the helpleſs family be fed,
That vainly languiſh for a father's bread?
See the pale Mother, ſunk with grief and care,
To the proud Farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be ſent with inſolence away,
Referr'd to veſtries, and a diſtant day!
Referr'd—to periſh!—Is my verſe ſevere?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this ſigh of ſad experience truſt:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is juſt.

If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not, that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honeſt rage controul;
Smite his hard heart, and ſhake his reptile ſoul.

But, hapleſs! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of th' inſulting foe,

Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their pray'r,
The laſt extremes of penury they bear.

Wouldſt thou then raiſe thy patriot office higher,
To ſomething more than Magiſtrate aſpire?
And, left each poorer, pettier chace behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind?
The game I ſtart courageouſly purſue!
Adieu to fear! to indolence adieu!
And, firſt we'll range this mountain's ſtormy ſide,
Where the rude winds the ſhepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blaſt to bear,
And all the wild hoſtilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in thoſe days, we found an aged pair;—
But TIME untenants—hah! what ſeeſt thou there?
" Horror!—by heav'n, extended on a bed
" Of naked ſtarn, two human creatures dead!
" Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
" Cold, breathleſs!"

'Tis the Shepherd and his wife.
I knew the ſcene, and brought thee to behold
What ſpeaks more ſtrongly than the ſtory told.
They died through want—

" By every power I ſwear,
" If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,

Through

" Through whoſe default of duty, or deſign,
" Theſe victims fell, he dies."

They fell by thine
" Infernal!—Mine!—by—"

Swear on no pretence:
A ſwearing Juſtice wants both grace and ſenſe.

When thy good father held this wide domain,
The voice of ſorrow never mourn'd in vain.
Sooth'd by his pity, by his bounty fed,
The ſick found medicine, and the aged bread.
He left their intereſt to no pariſh-care,
No bailiff urg'd his little empire there:
No village-tyrant ſtarv'd them, or oppreſs'd;
He learnt their wants, and he thoſe wants redreſs'd.

Ev'n theſe, unhappy! who, beheld too late,
Smote thy young heart with horror at their fate,
His bounty found, and deſtin'd here to keep
A ſmall detachment of his mountain-ſheep.
Still pleas'd to ſee them from the annual fair
Th' unwritten hiſtory of their profits bear;
More nobly pleas'd thoſe profits to reſtore,
And, if their fortune fail'd them, make it more.

When nature gave her precept to remove
His kindred ſpirit to the realms of love,
Afar their anguiſh from thy diſtant ear,
No arm to ſave, and no protection near,

Led by the lure of unaccounted gold,
Thy bailiff ſeiz'd their little flock, and ſold.

Their want contending pariſhes ſurvey'd,
And this diſown'd, and that refus'd to aid:
A while, who ſhould *not* ſuccour them, they tried,
And in that while the wretched victims died.

"I'll ſcalp that bailiff—ſacrifice."

In vain
To rave at miſchief, if the cauſe remain!

O days long loſt to man in each degree!
The golden days of hoſpitality!
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal ſtrife
To fill the nobleſt offices of life;
When WEALTH was Virtue's handmaid, and her gate
Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of fate;
The poor at hand their natural patrons ſaw,
And lawgivers were ſupplements of law!

Loſt are thoſe days, and FASHION's boundleſs ſway
Has borne the guardian magiſtrate away.
Save in AUGUSTA's ſtreets, or Gallia's ſhore,
The rural patron is beheld no more.
No more the poor his kind protection ſhare,
Unknown their wants, and unreceiv'd their prayer.

Yet has that Faſhion, long ſo light and vain,
Reform'd at laſt, and led the moral train?

Have

Have her gay vot'ries nobler worth to boaſt
For NATURE's love, for NATURE's virtue loſt?
No—fled from theſe, the ſons of Fortune find
What poor reſpect to wealth remains behind:
The mock regard alone of menial ſlaves,
The worſhip'd calves of their outwitting knaves!

Foregone the ſocial, hoſpitable days,
When wide vales echoed with their owner's praiſe,
Of all that *ancient conſequence* bereft,
What has the *modern man of faſhion* left?

Does he, perchance, to rural ſcenes repair,
And "waſte his ſweetneſs" on the eſſenc'd air?
Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye ſcouring ſeas! and ye ſulphureous ſprings!

And thou, Brighthelmſtone, where no cits annoy,
(All borne to MARGATE, in the Margate-hoy)
Where, if the haſty creditor advance,
Lies the light ſkiff, and ever-bailing France,
Do thou defend him in the dog-day-ſuns!
Secure in winter from the rage of duns!

While the grim catchpole, the grim porter ſwear,
One that he is, and one, he is not there,
The tortur'd us'rer, as he murmurs by,
Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a ſigh.

O, from each title folly ever took,
Blood! Maccarone! Ciciſbeo! or Rook!

From

From each low paſſion, from each low reſort,
The thieving alley, nay, the righteous court,
From BERTIES', ALMACK'S, ARTHUR'S, and the neſt
Where JUDAH'S ferrets earth with CHARLES unbleſt;—
From theſe and all the garbage of the great,
At Honour's, Freedom's, Virtue's call—retreat!

Has the fair vale, where REST, conceal'd in flowers,
Lies in ſweet ambuſh for thy careleſs hours,
The breeze, that, balmy fragrance to infuſe,
Bathes it's ſoft wing in aromatic dews,
The ſtream, to ſoothe thine ear, to cool thy breaſt,
That mildly murmurs from it's cryſtal reſt;—
Have theſe leſs charms to win, leſs power to pleaſe,
Than haunts of rapine, harbours of diſeaſe?

Will no kind ſlumbers o'er thine eyelids creep,
Save where the ſullen watchman growls at ſleep?
Does morn no ſweeter, purer breath diffuſe
Than ſteams through alleys from the lungs of JEWS?
And is thy water, pent in putrid wood,
BETHESDA-like, when troubled *only* good?

Is it thy paſſion LINLEY'S voice to hear,
And has no mountain-lark detain'd thine ear?
Song marks alone the tribes of airy wing;
For, truſt me, man was never meant to ſing:
And all his mimic organs e'er expreſt,
Was but an imitative howl at beſt.

Is it on GARRICK's attitude you doat?
See on the pointed cliff yon lordly goat!
Like LEAR's, his beard deſcends in graceful ſnow,
And wild he looks upon the world below.

Superior *here* the ſcene in every part!
Here reigns great nature, and there little art!
Here let thy life aſſume a nobler plan,
To Nature faithful, and the friend of man!

Unnumber'd objects aſk thy honeſt care,
Beſide the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer:
Far as thy power can ſave, thy bounty bleſs,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redreſs.

Seeſt thou afar yon ſolitary thorn,
Whoſe aged *limbs* the Heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward ſhepherd's eye,
A *few* ſeem ſtraggling in the evening ſky!
Not many ſuns have haſtened down the day,
Or bluſhing moons immers'd in clouds their way,
Since there, a ſcene that ſtain'd their ſacred light,
With horror ſtopp'd a felon in his flight;
A babe juſt born that ſigns of life expreſt,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeleſs breaſt.
The pitying robber, conſcious that, purſued,
He had no time to waſte, yet ſtood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he ſtole before;

Nor

Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

Far other treatment ſhe who breathleſs lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.

Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of reſt,
And all the mother throng'd about her breaſt,
The ruffian officer oppos'd her ſtay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,
So far beyond the town's laſt limits drove,
That to return were hopeleſs, had ſhe ſtrove.
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,
And anguiſh, ſhe expir'd—the reſt I've told.

" Now *let* me ſwear—For, by my ſoul's laſt ſigh,
" That thief ſhall live, that overſeer ſhall die."

Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,
Loſt by that pity which his ſteps delay'd!
No ſoul-diſcerning MANSFIELD ſate to hear,
No HERTFORD bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal Juſtice firſt aſſign'd the gaol,
Or urg'd, as CAMPLIN would have urg'd his tale.

The living object of thy honeſt rage,
Old in parochial crimes, and *ſteel'd* with age,

The grave church-warden!—Unabaſh'd he bears
Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers.
And pours, with all the blaſphemy of praiſe,
His creeping ſoul in Sternhold's creeping lays!

END OF PART II.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM.

PART III.

DEPRÆDATION.

O, No! Sir John—the muſe's gentle art
Lives not to blemiſh, but to mend the heart.
While Gay's brave robber grieves us for his fate,
We hold the harpies of his life in hate.
Ingenuous youth, by nature's voice addreſt,
Finds not the harden'd, but the feeling breaſt;
Can form no wiſh the dire effects to prove
Of lawleſs valour, or of venal love,
Approves the fondneſs of the faithful maid,
And mourns a generous paſſion unrepaid.

Yet would I praiſe the pious zeal that ſaves
Imperial London from her world of knaves;
Yet would I count it no inglorious ſtrife
To ſcourge the peſts of property and life.

Come then, long ſkill'd in theft's illuſive ways,
Lord of the clue that thrids her mighty maze!

Together let us beat all Giles's Fields,
Try what the night-houſe, what the round-houſe yields,
Hang when we muſt, be candid when we pleaſe,
But leave no bawd, unlicens'd, at her eaſe.

Say firſt, of thieves above, or thieves below,
What can we order till their haunts we know?
Far from St. James's let your Nimrods ſtray,
But ſtop and call at Stephen's in their way.
That ancient victualler, we've been told, of late,
Has kept bad hours, encourag'd high debate;
That thoſe without ſtill pelting thoſe within,
Have ſtunn'd the peaceful neighbours with their din;
That if you cloſe his private walls inveſt,
'Tis odds, you meet with ſome unruly gueſt—
Good Lord, Sir John, how would the people ſtare,
To ſee the preſent and the late Lord-mayor*
Bow to the majeſty of Bow-ſtreet chair!

Illuſtrious chiefs! can I your haunts paſs by,
Nor give my long-lov'd liberty a ſigh?
That heavenly plant which long unblemiſh'd blew,
Diſhonour'd only, only hurt by you!
Diſhonour'd, when with harden'd front you claim
To deeds of darkneſs her diviner name!
For you grim LICENCE ſtrove with Hydra breath
To ſpread the blaſts of peſtilence and death:
Here for poor vice, for dark ambition there
She ſcatter'd poiſon through the ſocial air.

Yet

* This was written during the mayoralty of 1776.

Yet here, in vain—Oh, had her toil been vain,
When with black wing ſhe ſwept the weſtern main!
When with low labour, and inſidious art,
She tore a daughter from her parent's heart!

Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
Fair honour's foil, and liberty's diſgrace!
With ſpleen I ſee your wild illuſions ſpread
Through the long region of a land miſled;
See commerce ſink, ſee cultivation's charms
Loſt in the rage of anarchy and arms!

And thou, O Ch—m, once a nation's pride,
Borne on the brighteſt wave of glory's tide!
Haſt thou the parent ſpurn'd, the erring child
With proſpects vain to ruin's arms beguil'd?
Haſt thou the plans of dire defection prais'd
For the poor pleaſure of a ſtatue rais'd?

Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
From Charles quite graceleſs, up to Grafton's grace!

Where forty-five once mark'd the dirty door,
And the chain'd knife * invites the paltry whore;
Though far, methinks, the choiceſt gueſts are fled,
And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the dead,
Wilkes, who in death would friendſhip's vows fulfill,
True to his cauſe, and dines with Humphrey ſtill—

Where

* Chained to the table, to prevent depredations.

Where ſculks each dark, where roams each deſperate
wight,
Owls of the day and vultures of the night,—
Shall we, O knight, with cruel pains explore,
Clear theſe low walks, and think the buſineſs o'er?
No—much, alas! for you, for me remains,
Where juſtice ſleeps, and deprædation reigns.

Wrapt in kind darkneſs, you no ſpleen betray,
When the gilt Nabob lacqueys all the way:
Harmleſs to YOU his towers, his foreſts riſe,
That ſwell with anguiſh my indignant eyes;
While in thoſe towers raz'd villages I ſee,
And tears of orphans watering every tree.
Are theſe mock-ruins that invade my view?
Theſe are the entrails of the poor Gentoo.
That column's trophied baſe his bones ſupply;
That lake the tears that ſwell'd his ſable eye!
Let here, O knight, their ſteps terrific ſteer
Thy HUE AND CRY, and looſe thy bloodhounds here.

Oh, MERCY, thron'd on his eternal breaſt,
Who breath'd the ſavage waters into reſt;
By each ſoft pleaſure that thy boſom ſmote,
When firſt creation ſtarted from his thought;
By each warm tear that melted o'er thine eye,
When on his works was written THESE MUST DIE!
If ſecret ſlaughter yet, nor cruel war
Have from theſe mortal regions forc'd thee far,
Still to our follies, to our frailties blind,
Oh, ſtretch thy healing wings o'er human kind!

—For them I aſk not, hoſtile to thy ſway,
Who calmly on a brother's vitals prey:
For them I plead not, who, in blood embrued,
Have every ſofter ſentiment ſubdued.

PRISONS.

Yet, gentle power, thy abſence I bewail,
When ſeen the dank, dark regions of a gaol;
When found alike in chains and night enclos'd,
The thief detected; and the thief ſuppos'd!
Sure, the fair light and the ſalubrious air
Each YET-SUSPECTED priſoner might ſhare.
—To lie, to languiſh in ſome dreary cell,
Some loathed hold, where guilt and horror dwell,
Ere yet the truth of ſeeming facts be tried,
Ere yet their country's ſacred voice decide,
Britain, behold thy citizens expos'd,
And bluſh to think the Gothic age unclos'd!

FILIATION.

Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to raze
That peſt of James's puritanic days,
The ſavage law* that barb'rouſly ordains
FOR FEMALE VIRTUE LOST A FELON'S PAINS!—
Dooms the poor maiden, as her fate ſevere,
To toil and chains a long-enduring year.

Th' unnatural monarch, to the ſex unkind,
An owl obſcene, in learning's ſunſhine blind!

Councils

* 7 Jac. C. 4.

Councils of pathics, cabinets of tools,
Benches of knaves. and parliaments of fools!
Fanatic fools, that, in thoſe twilight times,
With wild religion cloak'd the worſt of crimes!—
Hope we from ſuch a crew, in ſuch a reign,
For equal laws, or policy humane?

Here, then, O JUSTICE, thy own power forbear;
The ſole protector of th' unpitied fair.
Though long intreat the ruthleſs overſeer;
Though the loud veſtry teize thy tortur'd ear;
Though all to acts, to precedents appeal,
Mute be thy pen, and vacant reſt thy ſeal.

Yet ſhalt thou know, nor is the difference nice,
The caſual fall, from impudence of vice.
Abandon'd guilt by active laws reſtrain,
But pauſe . . . . . if virtue's ſlighteſt ſpark remain.
Left to the ſhameleſs laſh, the hard'ning gaol,
The faireſt thoughts of modeſty would fail.

The down-caſt eye, the tear that flows amain,
As if to aſk her innocence again;
The plaintive babe, that ſlumbering ſeem'd to lie
On her ſoft breaſt, and wakes at the heav'd ſigh;
The cheek that wears the beauteous robe of ſhame;
How loth they leave a gentle breaſt to blame!

Here, then, O JUSTICE, thy own power forbear;—
The ſole protector of th' unpitied fair!

MILTON'S ITALIAN POEMS

TRANSLATED;

AND ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN OF ITALY.

ADDRESS:

TO SIGNR. MOZZI, OF MACERATA.

TO thee, the child of claſſic plains,
The happier hand of nature gave
Each grace of Fancy's finer ſtrains,
Each Muſe that mourn'd o'er Maro's grave.

Nor yet the harp that Horace ſtrung
With many a charm of eaſy art;
Nor yet what ſweet Tibullus ſung,
When beauty bound him to her heart;

Nor all that gentle PROVENCE knew,
Where each breeze bore a lover's ſigh,
When Petrarch's ſweet perſuaſion drew
The tender woe from Laura's eye;

Nor

Nor aught that nobler ſcience ſeeks,
What truth, what virtue muſt avoid,
Nor aught the voice of nature ſpeaks,
To thee unknown, or unenjoy'd.

O wiſe beyond each weaker aim,
That weds the ſoul to this low ſphere,
Fond to indulge the feeble frame,
That holds awhile her priſoner here!

Truſt me, my friend, that ſoul ſurvives,
(If e'er had muſe prophetic ſkill)
And when the fated hour arrives,
That all her faculties ſhall fill,

Fit for ſome nobler frame ſhe flies,
Afar to find a ſecond birth,
And, flouriſhing in fairer ſkies,
Forſakes her nurſery of earth.

Oh! there, my Mozzi, to behold
The man that mourn'd his country's wrong,
When the poor exile left his fold,
* And feebly dragg'd his goat along!

On Plato's hallow'd breaſt to lean,
And catch that ray of heavenly fire,
Which ſmooth'd a tyrant's ſullen mien,
And bade the cruel thought retire!

* Hanc etiam vix Tityre duco. VIRG.

Amid thoſe fairy-fields to dwell,
Where Taſſo's favour'd ſpirit ſaw
What, numbers none but his could tell,
What, pencils none but his could draw!

And oft at eve, if eve can be
Beneath the ſource of glory's ſmile,
To range elyſian groves, and ſee
That NIGHTLY VISITANT—'ere while,

Who, when he left immortal choirs,
To mix with Milton's kindred ſoul,
The labours of their golden lyres
Would ſteal, and 'whiſper whence he ſtole.'

Auſonian bard, from my fond ear
By ſeas and mountains ſever'd long,
If, chance, theſe humble ſtrains to hear,
You leave your more melodious ſong,

Whether, adventurous, you explore
The wilds of Apenninus' brow,
Or, muſing near Loretto's * ſhore,
Smile piteous on the pilgrim's vow;

The muſe's gentle offering ſtill
Your ear ſhall win, your love ſhall wooe,
And theſe ſpring-flowers of Milton fill
The favour'd vales where firſt they grew.

For

* Within a few miles of Macerata.

For me, depriv'd of all that's dear,
  Each fair, fond partner of my life,
Left with a lonely oar to ſteer,
  Through the rude ſtorms of mortal ſtrife;—

When Care, the felon of my days,
  Expands his cold and gloomy wing,
His load when ſtrong affliction lays
  On hope, the heart's elaſtic ſpring.

For me what ſolace yet remains,
  Save the ſweet Muſe's tender lyre;
Sooth'd by the magick of her ſtrains,
  If, chance, the felon, Care, retire?

Save the ſweet muſe's tender lyre,
  For me no ſolace now remains!
Yet ſhall the felon, Care, retire;
  Sooth'd by the magic of her ſtrains.

Blagdon-Houſe,
June 26, 1776.

J. L.

SONNET I.

O Lady fair, whoſe honour'd name is borne
By that ſoft vale where Rhyne ſo loves to ſtray,
And ſees the tall arch crown his wat'ry way!
Sure, happy he, though much the Muſe's ſcorn,
Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,
Who never felt that ſpirit's charmed ſway,
Which gentle ſmiles, and gentle deeds adorn,
Though in thoſe ſmiles are all love's arrows worn,
Each radiant virtue though thoſe deeds diſplay!
Sure, happy he who that ſweet voice ſhould hear
Mould the ſoft ſpeech, or ſwell the tuneful ſtrain,
And, conſcious that his humble vows were vain,
Shut fond attention from his cloſed ear;
Who, piteous of himſelf, ſhould timely part,
Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

SONNET II.

AS o'er yon wild hill, when the browner light
Of evening falls, the Village-maiden hies
To foſter ſome fair plant with kind ſupplies
Some ſtranger plant, that, yet in tender plight,
But feebly buds, ere Spring has open'd quite
The ſoft affections of ſerener ſkies:

So

So I, with ſuch like gentle thought deviſe
This ſtranger tongue to cultivate with care,
All for the ſake of lovely lady fair,
And tune my lays, in language little tried
By ſuch as wont to Tamis' banks repair,
Tamis forſook for Arno's flowery ſide,
So wrought love's will that ever ruleth wide!

SONNET III.

CHARLES, muſt I ſay, what ſtrange it ſeems to ſay,
This rebel heart that LOVE hath held as naught,
Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive ſteal away;
This ſimple heart hath now become his prey.
Yet hath no golden treſs this leſſon taught,
Nor vermeil cheek that ſhames the riſing day:
Oh! no—'twas beauty's moſt celeſtail ray,
With charms divine of ſovereign ſweetneſs fraught!
The noble mien, the ſoul-diſſolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
The voice that, breathing melody ſo rare,
Might lead the toil'd moon from the middle ſky!
Charles, when ſuch miſchief arm'd this foreign fair,
Small chance had I to hope this ſimple heart ſhould fly.

SONNET IV.

IN truth I feel my ſun in thoſe fair eyes,
So ſtrongly ſtrike they, like that powerful ray,
Which falls with all the violence of day
On Lybia's ſands—and oft, as there, ariſe
Hot waſting vapours from the ſource where lies
My ſecret pain; yet, haply, thoſe may ſay,
Who talk love's language, theſe are only ſighs,
That the ſoft ardors of the ſoul betray *.

SONNET V.

AN artleſs youth, who, ſimple in his love,
Seem'd little hopeful from his heart to fly,
To thee that heart, O lady, nor deny
The votive gift, he brings; ſince that ſhall prove
All change and fear and falſity above;
Of manners that to gentle deeds comply,
And courteous will, that never aſketh why;
Yet, mild as is the never wrathful dove,
Firmneſs it hath, and fortitude to bear

The

* The *Concetti* of the Italian in the concluſion of this Sonnet were ſo obſtinate, that it ſeemed ſcarce poſſible to reduce them into any reputable form of tranſlation. Such trifling liberties as the tranſlator ſhall appear to have taken with theſe poems, muſt be imputed to a deſire of getting over blemiſhes of the ſame kind.

The wrecks of nature, or the wrongs of fate;
From envy far, and low-deſigning care,
And hopes and fears that vulgar minds await;
With the ſweet muſe, and ſounding lyre elate,
And only weak, when love had entrance there.

CANZON.

GAY youths and frolic damſels round me throng,
And ſmiling ſay, why, ſhepherd, wilt thou write
Thy lays of love adventurous to recite
In unknown numbers and a foreign tongue?
Shepherd, if *Hope* hath ever wrought thee wrong,
Afar from her and *Fancy's* fairy light
Retire—So they to ſport with me delight;
And other ſhores, they ſay, and other ſtreams
Thy preſence wait; and ſweeteſt flowers that blow,
Their ripening blooms reſerve for thy fair brow,
Where glory ſoon ſhall bear her brighteſt beams;
Thus they, and yet their ſoothing little ſeems;
If ſhe, for whom I breathe the tender vow,
Sing theſe ſoft lays, and aſk the mutual ſong,
This is thy language, love, and I to thee belong!

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" *Sylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur,*
" *Intactos*———— VIRG.

TO

THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD.

MADAM,

THERE is a tax upon the name of the Counteſs of HERTFORD, an hereditary obligation to patronize the Muſes; and in times like theſe, when their influence, I will not ſay their reputation, is on the decline, they can by no means diſpenſe with ſo eſſential a privilege. I intreat you, Madam, to take the following poems under your protection. They were written with an unaffected wiſh to promote the love of Nature and the intereſts of Humanity. On the credit of ſuch motives I lay them at your feet, and beg to be eſteemed,

MADAM,

Your moſt devoted and

moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN LANGHORNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following poems, the plan of Fable is ſomewhat enlarged, and the province ſo far extended, that the original NARRATIVE and MORAL may be accompanied with imagery, deſcription, and ſentiment. The ſcenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and diſpoſition of POETRY; where ſhe finds new objects, intereſts, and connexions, to exerciſe her fancy and her powers. If the exeeution, therefore, be unſucceſsful, it is not the fault of the plan, but of the Poet.

FABLE

FABLE I.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE IVY.

AS duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy ſiſters ſtill repair,
What time the roſy morning calls:

So fair, each morn, ſo full of grace,
Within their little garden rear'd,
The flower of PHOEBUS turn'd her face
To meet the Power ſhe lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the riſing ſky,
Her God in brighter glory burn'd,
Still there her fond obſervant eye,
And there her golden breaſt ſhe turn'd.

When calling from their weary height
On weſtern waves his beams to reſt,
Still there ſhe ſought the parting ſight,
And there ſhe turn'd her golden breaſt.

But ſoon as night's invidious ſhade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves and drooping head,
Full ſore ſhe griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower diſplay'd
The holy ſiſters ſmil'd to ſee,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
And lov'd its fond idolatry,

But painful ſtill, though meant for kind,
The praiſe that falls on Envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
The canker'd IVY chanc'd to hear.

And "See, ſhe cry'd, that ſpecious flower,
"Whoſe flattering boſom courts the ſun,
"The pageant of a gilded hour,
"The convent's ſimple hearts hath won!

"Obſequious meanneſs! ever prone
"To watch the patron's turning eye;
"No will, no motion of its own!
"'Tis this they love, for this they ſigh:

"Go, ſplendid ſycophant! no more
"Diſplay thy ſoft ſeductive arts!
"The flattering clime of courts explore,
"Nor ſpoil the convent's ſimple hearts.

"To me their praiſe more juſtly due,
"Of longer bloom and happier grace!
"Whom changing months unalter'd view,
"And find them in my fond embrace."

" How well," the modeſt flower reply'd,
" Can ENVY's wreſted eye elude
" The obvious bounds that ſtill divide
" Foul FLATTERY from fair GRATITUDE.

" My duteous praiſe each hour I pay,
" For few the hours that I muſt live;
" And give to him my little day,
" Whoſe grace another day may give.

" When low this golden form ſhall fall
" And ſpread with duſt its parent plain;
" That duſt ſhall hear his genial call,
" And riſe, to glory riſe, again.

" To thee, my gracious power, to thee
" My love, my heart, my life are due!
" Thy goodneſs gave that life to be;
" Thy goodneſs ſhall that life renew.

" Ah me! one moment from thy ſight
" That thus my truant-eye ſhould ſtray!
" The God of glory ſets in night;
" His faithleſs flower has loſt a day."

Sore griev'd the flower, and droop'd her head;
And ſudden tears her breaſt bedew'd:
Conſenting tears the ſiſters ſhed,
And, wrapt in holy wonder, view'd.

With

With joy, with pious pride elate,
" Behold," the aged abbeſs cries,
" An emblem of that happier fate
" Which heav'n to all but us denies.

" Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
" No charm but duty's charm can move;
" We ſhed no tears but holy tears
" Of tender penitence and love.

" See there the envious world pourtray'd
" In that dark look, that creeping pace!
" No flower can bear the Ivy's ſhade;
" No tree ſupport its cold embrace.

" The oak that rears it from the ground.
" And bears its tendrils to the ſkies,
" Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
" And in its pois'nous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they, by love or duty led,
With pleaſure heard, or ſeem'd to hear.

Yet one leſs duteous, not leſs fair,
(In convents ſtill the tale is known)
The fable heard with ſilent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that ſmil'd along the day.
And droop'd in tears at ev'ning's fall;
Too well ſhe found her life diſplay,
Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy's gloomy ſhade,
That murdered what it moſt embrac'd,
To well that cruel ſcene convey'd
Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with ſilent horror ſhook;
With ſighs ſhe ſought her lonely cell:
To the dim light ſhe caſt *one* look;
And bade *once more* the world *farewell*.

FABLE II.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the ſhades of life,
And ſhun the ſplendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful ſtrife
To riſque AMBITION's loſing game:

That far from ENVY's lurid eye
The faireſt fruits of GENIUS rear,
Content to ſee them bloom and die
In Friendſhip's ſmall but kindly ſphere.

Than vainer flowers though ſweeter far,
The Evening Primroſe ſhuns the day;
Blooms only to the weſtern ſtar,
And loves its ſolitary ray.

In EDEN's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's cloſing hour,
On his time-ſmoothed ſtaff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
In pity's ſimple thought he cries,
"Thy boſom muſt not feel the glow
"Of ſplendid ſuns, or ſmiling ſkies.

"Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
"The hamlet's little train behold;
"Their eyes to ſweet oppreſſion yield,
"When thine the falling ſhades unfold.

"Nor thee the haſty ſhepherd heeds,
"When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
"For flowers he rifles all the meads,
"For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"Ah! waſte no more that beauteous bloom
"On night's chill ſhade, that fragrant breath,
"Let ſmiling ſuns thoſe gems illume!
"Fair flower, to live unſeen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or ſtreams that ſteal through even vales,
And murmur that they move ſo ſlow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her ſtrain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And anſwer'd thus the anxious ſwain.

Live unſeen!
By moonlight ſhades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unſeen.
Of our pleaſures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more ſprightly,
But I love the modeſt mien,
Still I love the modeſt mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her ſtar-trained queen.

Didſt thou, ſhepherd, never find,
Pleaſure is of penſive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That ſhe loves to live alone?
Doſt thou not at evening hour
Feel ſome ſoft and ſecret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave ſweet ſerenity behind;
While all diſarm'd, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away?

Love

Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undiſtinguiſh'd ſhade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues ſafely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.

FABLE III.

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

THE * Reed that once the ſhepherd blew
On old CEPHISUS' hallow'd ſide,
To SYLLA's cruel bow apply'd,
Its inoffenſive maſter ſlew.

Stay, bloody ſoldier, ſtay thy hand,
Nor take the ſhepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withſtand;
Let muſick ſoothe the thirſt of death,

He frown'd—He bade the arrow fly—
The arrow ſmote the tuneful ſwain;
No more its tone his lip ſhall try,
Nor wake its vocal ſoul again.

CEPHISUS, from his ſedgy urn,
With woe beheld the ſanguine deed:
He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
Aſſenting ſigh'd each trembling Reed.

* The reeds on the banks of the Cephiſus, of which the ſhepherds made their pipes, Sylla's ſoldiers uſed for arrows.

" Fair offspring of my waves," he cry'd;
" That bind my brows, my banks adorn,
" Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
" For muſick, peace, and beauty born!

" Ah! what unheedful have we done?
" What dæmons here in death delight?
" What fiends that curſe the ſocial ſun?
" What furies of infernal night?

" See, ſee my peaceful ſhepherds bleed!
" Each heart in harmony that vy'd,
" Smote by its own melodious reed,
" Lies cold, along my bluſhing ſide.

" Back to your urn, my waters, fly;
" Or find in earth ſome ſecret way;
" For horror dims yon conſcious ſky,
" And hell has iſſued into day."

Through DELPHI's holy depth of ſhade
The ſympathetic ſorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began.

" In vain CEPHISUS ſighs to ſave
" The ſwain that loves his watry mead,
" And weeps to ſee his reddening wave,
" And mourns for his perverted Reed:

" In

" In vain my violated groves
" Muſt I with equal grief bewail,
" While deſolation ſternly roves,
" And bids the ſanguine hand aſſail.

" God of the genial ſtream, behold
" My laurel ſhades of leaves ſo bare!
" Thoſe leaves no poet's brows enfold,
" Nor bind APOLLO's golden hair.

" Like thy fair offspring, miſapply'd,
" Far other purpoſe they ſupply;
" The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
" And on his frownful temples die.

" Yet deem not theſe of PLUTO's race,
" Whom wonnded nature ſues in vain;
" Pluto diſclaims the dire diſgrace,
" And cries indignant, " They are men."

FABLE IV.

THE GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

AS DEE, whoſe current, free from ſtain,
Glides fair o'er MERIONETH's plain,
By mountains forc'd his way to ſteer
Along the lake of PIMBLE MERE,

Darts ſwiftly through the ſtagnant maſs,
His waters trembling as they paſs,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix'd, unſullied as they flow—
So clear through life's tumultuous tide,
So free could THOUGHT and FANCY glide;
Could HOPE as ſprightly hold her courſe,
As firſt ſhe left her native ſource,
Unſought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah! they will not, will not laſt—
When life's firſt fairy ſtage is paſt,
The glowing hand of HOPE is cold;
And FANCY lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before;
We turn the former proſpect o'er;
And find in MEMORY's faithful eye
Our little ſtock of pleaſures lie.

Come, then; thy kind receſſes ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of HOPE!
Come with thy viſionary train;
And bring my morning ſcenes again!

To ENON's wild and ſilent ſhade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the *woodland* GENIUS came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame,—

Or,

Or, where the hermit, BELA, leads
Her waves through ſolitary meads;
And only feeds the deſert-flower,
Where once ſhe ſooth'd my ſlumbering hour:
Or rouſed by STAINMORE's wintry ſky,
She wearies echo with her cry;
And oft, what ſtorms her boſom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare.—

Where EDEN's fairer waters flow,
By MILTON's bower, or OSTY's brow,
Or BROCKLEY's alder-ſhaded cave,
Or, winding round the Druid's grave,
Silently glide, with pious fear,
To ſound his holy ſlumbers near.—

To theſe fair ſcenes of FANCY's reign,
O MEMORY! bear me once again:
For, when life's varied ſcenes are paſt,
'Tis ſimple Nature charms at laſt.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
Th' indulgent power his prayer approv'd,
And, ere the gather'd Roſe could fade,
Reſtored him to the ſcenes he lov'd.

A Roſe, the poet's favourite flower,
From FLORA's cultured walks he bore;
No fairer bloom'd in ESHER's bower,
Nor PRIOR's charming CHLOE wore.

No

No fairer flowers could FANCY twine
To hide ANACREON's ſnowy hair;
For there ALMERIA's bloom divine,
And ELLIOT's ſweeteſt bluſh was there.

When ſhe, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for ſhades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How WALDEGRAVE looks, how WALDEGRAVE moves.

So marvell'd much in ENON's ſhade
The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,
When there the ſplendid Roſe diſplay'd
Her ſwelling breaſt, and ſhining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reigned,
Of ſimpler bloom, but kindred race,
The penſive EGLANTINE complained.—

"Miſtaken youth," with ſighs ſhe ſaid,
"From nature and from me to ſtray!
"The bard, by ſplendid forms betray'd,
"No more ſhall frame the purer lay.

"Luxuriant, like the flaunting Roſe,
"And gay the brilliant ſtrains may be,
"But far, in beauty, far from thoſe,
"That flowed to nature and to me."

The

The poet felt, with fond ſurprize,
The truths the ſylvan critic told;
And "though this courtly Roſe," he cries,
"Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

"Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
"Wild ſweetneſs which no words expreſs,
"And charms in thy ſimplicity,
"That dwell not in the pride of dreſs."

FABLE V.

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artleſs breaſt
The god of fond deſires repair;
Implore him for a gentle gueſt.
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's ſoul-enchanting ſmile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should theſe thy wandering eye beguile,
And ſteal thy wareleſs heart away;

That heart ſhall ſoon with ſorrow ſwell,
And ſoon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous boſom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial ſtore.

Far from his hive one ſummer-day,
A young and yet unpractis'd bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to ſee.

The morn, the noon in play he paſs'd,
But when the ſhades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repaſt,
And faintneſs ſeiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by inſtinct led,
The boſom of a flower he ſought,
Where ſtreams mourn'd round a moſſy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,
On that fair bank a Panſy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent ſkies
A velvet ſhade and purple hue.

The tints that ſtream'd with gloſſy gold,
The velvet ſhade, the purple hue,
The ſtranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its beauteous boſom flew.

Not fonder haſte the lover ſpeeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He ſprings on more than mortal feet:

Nor

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When ſtealing near her orient breaſt;
Than felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When firſt the golden bloom he preſt.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic ſpell!
So never paſſion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he ſeeks thoſe virtues there;
No ſoul-ſuſtaining charms abound:
No honey'd ſweetneſs to repair
The languid waſte of life is found.

An aged bee, whoſe labours led
Through thoſe fair ſprings, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pity'd to behold.

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
"That courts thine eye with fair attire;
"Who ſmiles to win the heedleſs heart,
"Will ſmile to ſee that heart expire.

"This modeſt flower of humbler hue,
"That boaſts no depth of glowing dyes,
"Array'd in unbeſpangled blue,
"The ſimple cloathing of the ſkies—

" This flower, with balmy ſweetneſs bleſt,
" May yet thy languid life renew :"
He ſaid, and to the Violet's breaſt
The little vagrant faintly flew.

FABLE VI.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

FROM BACTRIA's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray ;
Where flowers a bolder gem diſcloſe,
And deeper drink the golden day :

From BACTRIA's vales to BRITAIN's ſhore
What time the CROWN IMPERIAL came,
Full high the ſtately ſtranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eaſtern ſtate,
In all the eaſtern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it ſtrange in diſtant time,
That freedom even to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime!

Thro' purple meads, and ſpicy gales,
Where STRYMON's * ſilver waters play,
While far from hence their goddeſs dwells,
She rules with delegated ſway.

That ſway the CROWN IMPERIAL ſought,
With high demand and haughty mien:
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival, call'd the MEADOW'S QUEEN.

"In climes of orient glory born,
"Where beauty firſt and empire grew;
"Where firſt unfolds the golden morn,
"Where richer falls the fragrant dew:

"In light's ethereal beauty dreſt,
"Behold," he cried, "the favour'd flower,
"Which FLORA's high commands inveſt
"With enſigns of imperial power!

"Where proſtrate vales, and bluſhing meads,
"And bending mountains own his ſway,
"While PERSIA's lord his empire leads,
"And bids the trembling world obey;

"While blood bedews the ſtraining bow,
"And conqueſt rends the ſcatter'd air,
"'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
"And reign in envied glory there:

* The Ionian Strymon.

"Then

" Then lowly bow, ye Britiſh flowers!
" Confeſs your monarch's mighty ſway,
" And own the only glory yours,
" When fear flies trembling to obey,"

He ſaid, and ſudden o'er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran;
With modeſt air, and milder ſtrain,
When thus the MEADOW'S QUEEN began.

" If vain of birth, of glory vain,
" Or fond to bear a regal name,
" The pride of folly brings diſdain,
" And bids me urge a tyrant's claim:

" If war my peaceful realms aſſail,
" And then, unmov'd by pity's call,
" I ſmile to ſee the bleeding vale,
" Or feel one joy in nature's fall:

" Then may each juſtly vengeful flower
" Purſue her Queen with generous ſtrife,
" Nor leave the hand of lawleſs power
" Such compaſs on the ſcale of life.

" One ſimple virtue all my pride!
" The wiſh that flies to miſery's aid;
" The balm that ſtops the crimſon tide *
" And heals the wounds that war has made."

* The property of that flower.

Their

Their free conſent by Zephyrs borne,
The flowers their MEADOW'S QUEEN obey;
And fairer bluſhes crowned the morn,
And ſweeter fragrance filled the day.

FABLE VII.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

"WHY loves my flower, the ſweeteſt flower
"That ſwells the golden breaſt of May,
"Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
"To waſte her ſolitary day?

"Why, when the mead, the ſpicy vale,
"The grove and genial garden call,
"Will ſhe her fragrant ſoul exhale,
"Unheeded on the lonely wall?

"For never ſure was beauty born
"To live in death's deſerted ſhade!
"Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
"My banks for life and beauty made."

Thus PITY wak'd the tender thought,
And by her ſweet perſuaſion led,
To ſeize the hermit-flower I ſought,
And bear her from her ſtony bed.

I ſought—but ſudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And ſmote my heart with holy fear—
The GENIUS *of the Ruin* ſpoke.

" From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
" The honours of the dead to ſpoil,
" Or take the ſole remaining meed,
" The flower that crowns their former toil!

" Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
" Or fond to grace this barren ſhade;
" 'Tis NATURE tells her to beſtow
" Her honours on the lonely dead.

" For this obedient Zephyrs bear
" Her light ſeeds round yon turret's mold,
" And undiſpers'd by tempeſts there,
" They riſe in vegetable gold.

" Nor ſhall thy wonder wake to ſee
" Such deſart ſcenes diſtinction crave;
" Oft have they been, and oft ſhall be
" Truth's, Honour's, Valour's, Beauty's grave.

" Where longs to fall that rifted ſpire,
" As weary of th' inſulting air;
" The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
" The lover's ſighs are ſleeping there.

" When

" When that too ſhakes the trembling ground,
" Borne down by ſome tempeſtuous ſky,
" And many a ſlumb'ring cottage round
" Startles—how ſtill their hearts will lie!

" Of them who, wrapt in earth ſo cold,
" No more the ſmiling day ſhall view,
" Should many a tender tale be told;
" For many a tender thought is due.

" Haſt thou not ſeen ſome lover pale,
" When evening brought the penſive hour,
" Step ſlowly o'er the ſhadowy vale,
" And ſtop to pluck the frequent flower?

" Thoſe flowers he ſurely meant to ſtrew
" On loſt affection's lowly cell;
" Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
" Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

" Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
" Been taught her firſt roſe to reſign?
" With vain but pious fondneſs borne
" To deck thy NANCY's honour'd ſhrine?

" Tis NATURE pleading in the breaſt,
" Fair memory of her works to find;
" And when to fate ſhe yields the reſt,
" She claims the monumental mind.

" Why, elſe, the o'ergrown paths of time
" Would thus the letter'd ſage explore,
" With pain theſe crumbling ruins climb,
" And on the doubtful ſculpture pore?

" Why ſeeks he with unwearied toil
" Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
" Reclaim his long-aſſerted ſpoil,
" And lead OBLIVION into day?

" 'Tis NATURE prompts, by toil or fear
" Unmov'd, to range thro' death's domain:
" The tender parent loves to hear
" Her childrens' ſtory told again.

" Treat not with ſcorn his thoughtful hours,
" If haply near theſe haunts he ſtray;
" Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
" That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

FABLE VIII.

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE*.

'TWAS on the border of a ſtream
A gayly-painted Tulip ſtood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And

* This Fable was firſt publiſhed in a Collection of Letters, ſuppoſed to have paſſed between St. Evremond and Waller.

And ſure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wiſtful eye,
Than crimſon fading into gold,
In ſtreaks of faireſt ſymmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects ſuperior ſtate,
And thus in empty fancy ſwells.

" O luſtre of unrivall'd bloom!
" Fair painting of a hand divine!
" Superior far to mortal doom,
" The hues of heaven alone are mine!

" Away, ye worthleſs, formleſs race!
" Ye weeds, that boaſt the name of flowers
" No more my native bed diſgrace,
" Unmeet for tribes ſo mean as yours!

" Shall the bright daughter of the ſun
" Aſſociate with the ſhrubs of earth?
" Ye ſlaves, your ſovereign's preſence ſhun!
" Reſpect her beauties and her birth.

" And thou, dull, ſullen ever-green!
" Shalt thou my ſhining ſphere invade
" My noon-day beauties beam unſeen,
" Obſcur'd beneath thy duſky ſhade!"

" Deluded flower!" the Myrtle cries,
" Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
" The meaneſt ſhrub that you deſpiſe,
" The meaneſt flower has merit more.

" That daiſy, in its ſimple bloom,
" Shall laſt along the changing year;
" Bluſh on the ſnow of winter's gloom,
" And bid the ſmiling ſpring appear.

" The violet, that, thoſe banks beneath,
" Hides from thy ſcorn its modeſt head,
" Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
" When thou art in thy duſty bed.

" Ev'n I, who boaſt no golden ſhade,
" Am of no ſhining tints poſſeſs'd,
" When low thy lucid form is laid,
" Shall bloom on many a lovely breaſt.

" And he, whoſe kind and foſtering care
" To thee, to me, our beings gave,
" Shall near his breaſt my flowrets wear,
" And walk regardleſs o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower, the friendly ſcreen
" That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
" And mocks thy paſſion to be ſeen,
" Prolongs thy tranſitory day.

" Bu

" But kindly deeds with ſcorn repaid,
" No more by virtue need be done:
" I now withdraw my duſky ſhade,
" And yield thee to thy darling ſun."

Fierce on the flower the ſcorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder ſmell.

Expanded by the ſearching fire,
The curling leaves the breaſt diſclos'd;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the ſun was ſliding low,
And evening came, with dews ſo cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And ſought her bending leaves to fold.

Thoſe leaves, alas! no more would cloſe;
Relax'd, exhauſted, ſickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the riſing gale.

FABLE IX.

THE BEE-FLOWER*.

COME, let us leave this painted plain;
This waſte of flowers that palls the eye:
The walks of NATURE's wilder reign
Shall pleaſe in plainer Majeſty.

Through thoſe fair ſcenes, where yet ſhe owes
Superior charms to BROCKMAN's art,
Where, crowned with elegant repoſe,
He cheriſhes the ſocial heart—

Through thoſe fair ſcenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon paſture-mountains reſt;
Come, brother dear! come, Nature's child!
With all her ſimple virtues bleſt.

The

* This is a ſpecies of the Orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnſhire, Worceſterſhire, Kent, and Hertfordſhire. Nature has formed a Bee apparently feeding on the breaſt of the flower with ſo much exactneſs, that it is impoſſible at a very ſmall diſtance to diſtinguiſh the impoſition. For this purpoſe ſhe has obſerved an œconomy different from what is found in mo other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genus of the Orchis, or Satyrion, ſhe ſeems profeſſedly to have made uſe of for her paintings, and on the different ſpecies has drawn the perfect forms of different inſects, ſuch as Bees, Flies, Butterflies, &c.

The ſun far-ſeen on diſtant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled ſeas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers
On BEACHBOROUGH's airy heights ſhall pleaſe.

Nor lifeleſs there the lonely ſcene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breaſt
How cloſe the buſy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breaſt,
The ambroſial gold that ſwells his thighs!

Regardleſs, whilſt we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his taſk he plies;
Or ſees he no intruder near,
And reſts in ſleep his weary eyes,

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll ſet the captive free—
I ſought the living Bee to find,
And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling ſelves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus NATURE with the fabled elves
We rank, and theſe her *Sports* we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
Th' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That LIFE'S MAJESTIC SOURCE may be
In idle fancy's trifling vein.

Remember ſtill, 'tis NATURE'S plan
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, ſhe firſt in man
Inſpir'd the imitative mind.

As conſcious that affection grows,
Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power*;
That power with leading hand ſhe ſhews,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft, as his ſhapely form he tears,
Aghaſt the frighted plowman ſtands.

See where, in yonder orient ſtone,
She ſeems ev'n with herſelf at ſtrife,
While fairer from her hand is ſhewn
The pictur'd, than the native life.

HELVETIA'S

* The well known Fables of the Painter and Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly aroſe from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated.

HELVETIA's rocks, SABRINA's waves,
Still many a ſhining pebble bear,
Where oft her ſtudious hand engraves
The perfect form and leaves it there.

O long, my PAXTON *, boaſt her art;
And long her love of laws fulfil:
To thee ſhe gave her hand and heart,
To thee, her kindneſs and her ſkill!

FABLE X.

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

IN yonder green wood blows the Broom;
Shepherds, we'll truſt our flocks to ſtray,
Court nature in her ſweeteſt bloom,
And ſteal from care one ſummer-day.

From Him * whoſe gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed HUME with roſes binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where ſlow the fairy FORTHA winds.

And oh! that He ‡ whoſe gentle breaſt
In nature's ſofteſt mould was made,
Who left her ſmiling works impreſt
In characters that cannot fade;

That

* An ingenious Portrait Painter in Rathbone Place.

† WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour.

‡ THOMSON.

That he might leave his lowly ſhrine,
Though ſofter there the Seaſons fall—
They come, the ſons of verſe divine,
They come to fancy's magic call.

——————" What airy ſounds invite
" My ſteps not unreluctant, from the depth
" Of SHENE's delightful groves? Repoſing there
" No more I hear the buſy voice of men
" Far-toiling o'er the globe—ſave to the call
" Of ſoul-exalting poetry, the ear
" Of death denies attention. Rouz'd by her,
" The genius of ſepulchral ſilence opes
" His drowſy cells, and yields us to the day.
" For thee, whoſe hand, whatever paints the ſpring,
" Or ſwells on ſummer's breaſt, or loads the lap
" Of autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whoſe rites
" At nature's ſhrine with holy care are paid
" Daily and nightly; boughs of brighteſt green,
" And every faireſt roſe, the god of groves,
" The queen of flowers, ſhall ſweeter ſave for thee.
" Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
" Tunefully trifling. Fair philoſophy,
" And nature's love, and every moral charm
" That leads in ſweet captivity the mind
" To virtue—ever in thy neareſt cares
" Be theſe, and animate thy living page
" With truth reſiſtleſs, beaming from the ſource
" Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boaſts
" That golden Broom its ſunny robe of flowers:

" Fair are the ſunny flowers; but, fading ſoon
" And fruitleſs, yield the foreſter's regard
" To the well-loaded Wilding—Shepherd, there
" Behold the fate of ſong, and lightly deem
" Of all but moral beauty."

——————" Not in vain"—
I hear my HAMILTON reply,
(The torch of fancy in his eye)
" 'Tis not in vain," I hear him ſay,
" That nature paints her works ſo gay;
" For, fruitleſs though that fairy broom,
" Yet ſtill we love her laviſh bloom.
" Cheer'd with that bloom, yon deſart wild
" Its native horrors loſt, and ſmiled.
" And oft we mark her golden ray
" Along the dark wood ſcatter day.

" Of moral uſes take the ſtrife;
" Leave me the elegance of life.
" Whatever charms the ear or eye
" All beauty and all harmony;
" If ſweet ſenſations theſe produce,
" I know they have their moral uſe.
" I know that NATURE's charms can move
" The ſprings that ſtrike to VIRTUE's love."

FABLE

FABLE XI.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

IN this dim cave a druid ſleeps,
Where ſtops the paſſing gale to moan;
The rock he hollow'd, o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted ſtone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit's holy aſhes reſt:
The ſchool-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin bleſt.

That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in ſtolen hour,
The druid's magic Miſletoe,
The holy hermit's Paſſion-flower.

The offerings on the myſtic ſtone
Penſive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deep'ning groan
Iſſued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it ſtill—Doſt thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy ſtart?
The ſound ſtill vibrates thro' mine ear—
The horror ruſhes on my heart.

Unlike to living ſounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;
But, grinding thro' ſome ſcrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it ſtill—"Depart," it cries;
"No tribute bear to ſhades unbleſt:
"Know, here a bloody druid lies,
"Who was not nurſed at Nature's breaſt.

"Aſſociate he with dæmons dire,
"O'er human victims held the knife,
"And pleas'd to ſee the babe expire,
"Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

"Behold his crimſon-ſtreaming hand
"Erect!—his dark, fix'd, murderous eye!"
In the dim cave I ſaw him ſtand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I ſee him ſtill—Doſt thou not ſee
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the ſable ſhade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aſpect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorſe a prey?

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,
" Boy, bear theſe idle honours hence!
" For, here a guilty hermit lies,
" Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Senſe.

" Though Nature lent him powers to aid
" The moral cauſe, the mutual weal;
" Thoſe powers he ſunk in this dim ſhade,
" The deſperate ſuicide of zeal.

" Go, teach the drone of ſaintly haunts,
" Whoſe cell's the ſepulchre of time;
" Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
" His life is one continued crime.

" And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
" No ſymbols thoſe of ſyſtems vain!
" They have the duties of their hour;
" Some bird ſome inſect to ſuſtain."

OWEN OF CARRON.

ON CARRON's Side the primroſe pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye Maidens fair of MARLIVALE,
Why ſtream your eyes with Pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN's Blood
That purple grows the Primroſe pale;
That Pity pours the tender Flood
From each fair Eye in MARLIVALE.

The evening ſtar ſate in his eye,
The ſun his golden treſſes gave,
The North's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who reſts in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, hiſtoric ſtone,
Though nobly born, is OWEN laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
He ſleeps beneath the waving ſhade,

There many a flowry race hath ſprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since firſt his ſimple dirge he ſung;
Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE!

Yet ſtill, when MAY with fragrant feet
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear ſo ſimply ſweet
Far echo'd from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM's * day,
When SCOTLAND's honours flouriſh'd ſtill,
That MORAY's Earl, with mighty ſway,
Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful ſtore
The fairer plains of CARRON ſpread;
In fortune rich, in offſpring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the Wealth that flows
In waves of gold round INDIA's throne,
All in her ſhining Breaſt that glows,
To ELLEN's † charms, were earth and ſtone.

For her the Youth of SCOTLAND ſigh'd,
The FRENCHMAN gay, the SPANIARD grave,
And ſmoother ITALY applied,
And many an ENGLISH Baron brave.

In

* William the Lyon, king of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only Daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithiſdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was eſteemed one of the fineſt Women in Europe, inſomuch that ſhe had ſeveral Suitors, and Admirers in Foreign Courts.

In vain by foreign arts aſſail'd
No foreign loves her breaſt beguile,
And ENGLAND's honeſt valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous ſmile.

" Ah! woe to thee, young NITHISDALE,
" That o'er thy cheek thoſe roſes ſtray'd,
" Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
" Thy voice, the muſic of the ſhade!

" Ah! woe to thee, that ELLEN's love
" Alone to thy ſoft tale would yield!
" For ſoon thoſe gentle arms ſhall prove
" The Conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward Siſter ſpoke,
And caſt a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood-glen ſhe broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She ſpoke and vaniſh'd,—more unmov'd
Than MORAY's rocks, when ſtorms inveſt,
The valiant Youth by ELLEN lov'd
With aught that Fear, or Fate ſuggeſt.

For Love, methinks, hath power to raiſe
The Soul beyond a vulgar ſtate;
Th' unconquer'd banners he diſplays
Control our fears and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on Summer's ſofteſt eve,
Of clouds that wander'd weſt away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were ſtill,
And the waves ſlept againſt the ſhore,
And the Sun, ſunk beneath the hill,
Left his laſt ſmile on LEMMERMORE *.

Led by thoſe waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractis'd breaſt,
Her wonted bower ſweet ELLEN ſought,
And CARRON murmur'd near, and ſooth'd her into Reſt.

IV.

There is ſome kind and courtly Sprite
That o'er the realm of Fancy reigns,
Throws ſunſhine on the maſk of Night,
And ſmiles at Slumber's powerleſs chains;

'Tis told, and I believe the Tale,
At this ſoft hour that Sprite was there,
And ſpread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with ſweeter ſounds the air.

A Bower

* A Chain of Mountain s running through Scotland from Eaſt to Weſt.

A Bower he fram'd (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal Wight:
Swift as the Lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unſuſpecting ſight.)

Such bower he fram'd with magic Hand,
As well that wizard Bard hath wove,
In ſcenes where fair ARMIDA's wand
Wav'd all the witcheries of Love.

Yet was it wrought in ſimple ſhew;
Nor Indian mines nor Orient ſhores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their ſhining ſtores.

All round a Poplar's trembling arms
The Wild Roſe wound her damaſk flower;
The Woodbine lent her ſpicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The Aſh, that courts the Mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The Wilding's bloſſom bluſhing fair,
Combin'd to form the flowery ſhade.

With Thyme that loves the brown hill's breaſt,
The Cowſlip's ſweet, reclining head,
The Violet of ſky-woven veſt,
Was all the Fairy ground beſpread.

But, who is he, whoſe locks ſo fair
Adown his manly ſhoulders flow?
Beſide him lies the hunter's Spear,
Beſide him ſleeps the Warrior's Bow.

He bends to ELLEN—(gentle Sprite,
Thy ſweet ſeductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And inſtant vaniſhes in air.

V.

Haſt thou not found at early dawn
Some ſoft Ideas melt away,
If o'er ſweet vale, or flow'ry lawn,
The Sprite of dreams hath bid thee ſtray?

Haſt thou not ſome fair Object ſeen,
And, when the fleeting form was paſt,
Still on thy Memory found its mien,
And felt the fond Idea laſt?

Thou haſt—and oft the pictur'd view,
Seen in ſome viſion counted vain,
Has ſtruck thy wond'ring eye anew,
And brought the long-loſt dream again.

With Warrior-bow, with Hunter's ſpear,
With locks adown his ſhoulder ſpread,
Young NITHISDALE is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon' mountain's head.

Scarce

Scarce had one pale Moon paſs'd away,
And fill'd her ſilver urn again,
When in the devious chace to ſtray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To CARRON's banks his Fate conſign'd;
And, all to ſhun the fervid hour,
He ſought ſome friendly ſhade to find,
And found the viſionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden Star of Love,
Sweet ELLEN took her wonted way,
And in the deep-defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—Who is he whoſe ringlets fair,
Diſorder'd o'er his green veſt flow,
Reclin'd in reſt—whoſe ſunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that Sprite's illuſive gueſt,
(Ah me! that Sprites can Fate control!)
That lives ſtill imag'd on her breaſt,
That lives ſtill pictur'd in her ſoul.

As when ſome gentle Spirit fled
From earth to breathe Elyſian air,
And in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft ſudden Pleaſure ruſhes o'er
  Reſiſtleſs, o'er its airy Frame,
To find its future Fate reſtore
  The object of it's former flame.

So ELLEN ſtood—leſs power to move
  Had he, who, bound in Slumber's chain,
Seem'd haply, o'er his hills to rove,
  And wind his Woodland chace again.

She ſtood, but trembled—mingled Fear,
  And fond Delight and melting Love
Seiz'd all her Soul; ſhe came not near,
  She came not near that fated grove.

She ſtrives to fly—from Wizzard's Wand
  As well might powerleſs captive fly—
The new cropt flower falls from her hand—
  Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Haſt thou not ſeen ſome azure gleam
  Smile in the Morning's orient eye,
And ſkirt the reddening cloud's ſoft beam
  What time the Sun was haſting nigh?

Thou haſt—and thou canſt fancy well
  As any Muſe that meets thine ear,
The Soul-ſet eye of NITHISDALE,
  When wak'd, it fix'd on ELLEN near.

Silent

Silent they gaz'd—that ſilence hroke;
" Hail Goddeſs of theſe groves, he cry'd,
" O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
" O let me in thy ſervice bide!

" For Thee I'll climb the mountain ſteep,
" Unwearied chaſe the deſtin'd prey,
" For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
" And part the ſprays that vex thy way."

For thee—" O ſtranger, ceaſe," ſhe ſaid,
And ſwift away, like DAPHNE, flew,
But DAPHNE's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her boſom grew.

'Twas ATALANTA's golden fruit,
The fond Idea that confin'd
Fair ELLEN's ſteps, and bleſs'd his ſuit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O Love! within thoſe golden vales,
Thoſe genial airs where thou waſt born,
Where nature, liſtening thy ſoft tales,
Leans on the roſy breaſt of Morn.

Where the ſweet SMILES, the GRACES dwell,
And tender ſighs the heart emove,
In ſilent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O ſoul-ſubduing Love!

Ah!

Ah! wherefore ſhould grim Rage be nigh,
And dark Diſtruſt, with changeful face,
And Jealouſy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl BARNARD was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;
And long for ELLEN love had He,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From MORAY's halls her abſent hour
He watch'd with all a miſer's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made ELLEN more than ELLEN fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal ſoul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though LOTHIAN's vales thy ſway controul,
Know, LOTHIAN is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her abſent hour,
And, winding far where CARRON flows,
Sudden he ſees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is He?—'Tis NITHISDALE!
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his?—'Tis ELLEN of the vale,
'Tis ſhe (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should

Should He that Vengeance ſwift purſue?
No—that would all his hopes deſtroy;
MORAY would vaniſh from his view,
And rob him of a miſer's joy.

Unſeen to MORAY's halls he hies—
He calls his ſlaves, his ruffian band,
"And, haſte to yonder groves," he cries,
"And ambuſh'd lie by CARRON's ſtrand.

"What time ye mark from bower or glen
"A gentle lady take her way,
"To diſtance due, and far from ken,
"Allow her length of time to ſtray.

"Then ranſack ſtraight that range of groves.—
"With hunter's ſpear, and veſt of green:
"If chance a roſy ſtripling roves,—
"Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian ſlaves are nigh,
And ELLEN takes her homeward way:
Though ſtay'd by many a tender ſigh,
She can no longer, longer ſtay.

Penſive, againſt yon Poplar pale
The Lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wond'ring ſtill how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the deſert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one ſtruck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is loſt in ſleep—
He lies beneath yon Poplar pale!
Ah! could we marvel ye ſhould weep;
Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE!

X.

When all the mountain gales were ſtill,
And the wave ſlept againſt the ſhore,
And the Sun, ſunk beneath the hill,
Left his laſt ſmile on LEMMERMORE;

Sweet ELLEN takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featur'd vale:
Bright o'er his wave does CARRON play,
And ſoon ſhe'll meet her NITHISDALE.

She'll meet him ſoon—for at her ſight
Swift as the mountain deer he ſped;
The evening ſhades will ſink in night,—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! ſhe will chide thy trifling ſtay,
E'en now the ſoft reproach ſhe frames:
"Can lovers brook ſuch long delay?
"Lovers that boaſt of ardent flames!"

He

He comes not—weary with the chace,
Soft ſlumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll ſteal one dear embrace,
We'll gently ſteal on his repoſe.

This is the bower—we'll ſoftly tread—
He ſleeps beneath yon Poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

EILEN is not in princely bower,
She's not in MORAY's ſplendid train;
Their miſtreſs dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens ſeek in vain.

Her pillow ſwells not deep with down;
For her no balms their ſweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Preſs'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom it's yellow leaf hath ſhed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the ſoft ſtar of Orient day,
When clouds involve his roſy light,
Darts through the gloom a tranſient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning

Returning life illumes her eye,
And ſlow its languid orb unfolds—
What are thoſe bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows ſhe beholds!

What was that form ſo ghaſtly pale,
That low beneath the Poplar lay?—
'Twas ſome poor youth—"Ah NITHISDALE!"
She ſaid, and ſilent ſunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains ſpread,
The Wood-lark trills his liquid ſtrain—
Can morn's ſweet muſic rouſe the dead?
Give the ſet eye it's ſoul again?

A ſhepherd of that gentler mind
Which Nature not profuſely yields,
Seeks in theſe lonely ſhades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghaſt he ſtands—and ſimple fear
O'er all his paly viſage glides—
"Ah me! what means this miſery here?
"What fate this lady fair betides!"

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retir'd;—
With haſte he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

"O hide me in thy humble bower,"
Returning late to life, ſhe ſaid;
"I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
"With many a roſy wreath thy head.

"Good ſhepherd, haſte to yonder grove,
"And, if my Love aſleep is laid,
"Oh! wake him not; but ſoftly move
"Some pillow to that gentle head.

"Sure, thon wilt know him, ſhepherd ſwain,
"Thou know'ſt the Sun riſe o'er the ſea—
"But oh! no lamb in all thy train
"Was e'er ſo mild, ſo mild as he."

"His head is on the Wood-moſs laid;
"I did not wake his ſlumber deep—
"Sweet ſing the Redbreaſt o'er the ſhade—
"Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When ſoften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more ſweet than they,
Found her fair ſoul, and wand'ring near,
The ſtranger, Reaſon, croſs'd her way.

Found

Found her fair Soul—Ah! ſo to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! ſure, the privilege of mind
Can not be worth the wiſh of woe!

XIV.

On Melancholy's ſilent urn
A ſofter ſhade of ſorrow falls,
But ELLEN can no more return,
No more return to MORAY's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely ſhade
The ſlow-conſuming hour ſhe'll weep,
Till Nature ſeeks her laſt-left aid,
In the ſad, ſombrous arms of ſleep.

"Theſe jewels, all unmeet for me,
"Shalt thou," ſhe ſaid, "good ſhepherd, take;
"Theſe gems will purchaſe gold for thee,
"And theſe be thine for ELLEN's ſake.

"So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
"The Roſemary's pale bough to bring—
"Thou know'ſt where I was found forlorn—
"Where thou haſt heard the Redbreaſt ſing.

"Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
"Or aid thy ſhepherdeſs's care,
"For I will ſhare her humble toil,
"And I her friendly roof will ſhare."

XV.

XV.

And now two longſome years are paſt
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mouruer, found at laſt,
To MORAY's halls is borne again.

Yet has ſhe left one object dear,
That wears Love's ſunny eye of joy—
Is NITHISDALE reviving here?
Or is it but a ſhepherd's boy?

By CARRON's ſide, a ſhepherd's boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed:
He wears Love's ſunny eye of joy,
And birth he little ſeems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant ſleep
Cloſes beneath a mother's ſmile,
Who, only when it clos'd, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She ſeeks th'unſpoken wiſh to find;
No more ſhall ſhe, with Pleaſure's tear,
See the ſoul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does Nature bear a tyrant's breaſt?
Is ſhe the friend of ſtern controul?
Wears ſhe the Deſpot's purple veſt?
Or fetters ſhe the free-born ſoul?

Where, worſt of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy childrens' breaſts to bind?
Gav'ſt thou the Promethéan flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great NATURE's,—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege ſhe gives to thee;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
Perhaps ſome feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The Lord of LOTHIAN's fertile vale,
Ill-fated ELLEN, claims thy hand;
Thou know'ſt not that thy NITHISDALE
Was low laid by his ruffian-band.

And

And MORAY, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair LOTHIAN's fertile dale,
Attends his human ſacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married Love! thy bard ſhall own,
Where two congenial ſouls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own ſplendour bright.

But if no radiant ſtar of Love,
O Hymen! ſmile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight ſhall prove,
Thy lamp a ſad ſepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has Time's ſlow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with ſpeed—
Where is the boy by CARRON's ſpring,
Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! thoſe flowers he binds no more;
No EARLY charm returns again;
The parent Nature keeps in ſtore
Her beſt joys for her little train.

No longer heed the Sun-beam bright
That plays on CARRON's breaſt he can,
Reaſon has lent HER quiv'ring light,
And ſhewn the checquer'd field of man,

XX.

As the firſt human heir of earth
With penſive eye himſelf ſurvey'd,
And, all unconſcious of his birth,
Sate thoughtful oft in EDEN's ſhade;

In penſive thought ſo OWEN ſtray'd
Wild CARRON's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greeneſt glade,
He fondly fram'd this ſimple ſong.

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy?

A ſilken veſt like mine ſo green
In ſhepherd's hut I have not ſeen—
Why ſhould I in ſuch veſture joy
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy?

I know it is no ſhepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me, ſure, an idle toy,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy.

This

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from ſhepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a ſhepherd's boy.

And, O thou ſilent picture fair,
That lov'ſt to ſmile upon me there,
O ſay, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am NOT a ſhepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
See'ſt thou yon Nightingale a prey?
The fierce Hawk hovering o'er his ſong?

His little heart is large with love:
He ſweetly hails his evening ſtar,
And Fate's more pointed arrows move,
Inſidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The ſhepherdeſs, whoſe kindly care
Had watch'd o'er OWEN's infant breath,
Muſt now THEIR ſilent manſions ſhare,
Whom Time leads calmly down to death.

" O tell me, parent if thou art,
" What is this lovely picture dear?
" Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
" Why flows from mine th'unbidden tear?

" Ah! youth! to leave thee loth am I,
" Though I be not thy parent dear;
" And would'ſt thou wiſh, or ere I die,
" The ſtory of thy birth to hear?

" But it will make thee much bewail,
" And it will make thy fair eye ſwell—"
She ſaid, and told the woeſome tale,
As ſooth as ſhepherdeſs might tell.

XXIV.

The heart, that Sorrow doom'd to ſhare,
Has worn the frequent ſeal of woe,
Its ſad impreſſions learns to bear,
And finds, full oft, its ruin ſlow.

But when that ſeal is firſt impreſt,
When the young heart its pain ſhall try,
From the ſoft, yielding, trembling breaſt,
Oft ſeems the ſtartled ſoul to fly.

Yet fled not OWEN'S—wild amaze
In paleneſs cloath'd, and lifted hands,
And Horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor ſtatue, as it ſtands.

The ſimple guardian of his life
Look'd wiſtful for the tear to glide;
But, when ſhe ſaw his tearleſs ſtrife,
Silent, ſhe lent him one—and died.

XXV.

XXV.

" No, I am not a ſhepherd's boy,"
Awaking from his dream, he ſaid,
" Ah where is now the promis'd joy
" Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

" O picture dear!—for her lov'd ſake
" How fondly could my heart bewail!
" My friendly ſhepherdeſs, O wake,
" And tell me more of this ſad tale.

" O tell me more of this ſad tale—
" No; thou enjoy thy gentle ſleep!
" And I will go to LOTHIAN's Vale,
" And more than all her waters weep."

XXVI.

OWEN to LOTHIAN's Vale is fled—
Earl BARNARD's lofty towers appear—
" O! art thou there," the full heart ſaid,
" O! art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, ſhe is there: from idle ſtate
Oft has ſhe ſtole her hour to weep;
Think how ſhe " by thy cradle ſate,"
And how ſhe " fondly ſaw thee ſleep *."

* See the ancient Scottiſh Ballad, called GILL MORRICE.

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And ſtill he blots the parent's name,
For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's ſmiling ſide
Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moſs,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That languiſh'd for it's partner's loſs.

This ſcene he choſe, this ſcene aſſign'd
A parent's firſt embrace to wait,
And many a ſoft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore thoſe lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah? may they not unproſperous prove!
Ah! ſafely paſs yon dangerous door!

XXVIII.

"She comes not;—can ſhe then delay?"
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
"Whatever filial love could ſay,
"To her I ſaid, and call'd her dear.

"She comes—Oh! No—encircled round
"Tis ſome rude chief with many a ſpear.
"My hapleſs tale that earl has found—
"Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear."

His

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er—thoſe locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown thoſe cheeks ſo fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the ſever'd head in air:

That ſtreaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guiſe to LOTHIAN's halls;
Bids his grim ruffians plaee it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
"Know'ſt thou theſe—ELLEN of the Vale?"
The pictur'd bracelet ſoon ſhe knew,
And ſoon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim, ſtraight he led,
Ere yet her ſoul's firſt fear was o'er:
He pointed to the ghaſtly head—
She ſaw—and ſunk to riſe no more.

END OF VOL. LXXI.

CONTENTS

OF

LANGHORNE'S POEMS.

TO the Honourable CHARLES YORKE. Page 121
Sonnet to Mr. LANGHORNE, by John Scott, Esq; - - 122
Proemium - - - 123
Hymn to Hope - - 124
Genius and Valour. A Pastoral Poem 130
The Visions of Fancy, in four Elegies 143
Poem to the Memory of Handel - 150
The Enlargement of the Mind, in two parts 156
Ode to the River Eden - 171
To **** ********
Autumnal Elegy - - 174
On Recovery from Sickness - 177
The Complaint of the Ring-Dove 179
Sonnet in the manner of Petrarch 181
Lines wrapped round a Nosegay 182
Lines on the Lady's Answer 183
Written in a Collection of Maps - 184

Theo-

Theodoſius to Conſtantia - 185
Elegy - - - - 187
Inſcription on the Door of a Study - 189
To Lord GRANBY - - 190
Monody - - - 194
To Mrs.——— on the Death of a Friend 196
To Mrs. GILLMAN - - 197
Fragment; on the King's Acceſſion - 198
Cæſar's Dream - - 200
Inſcription in a Temple of Society 203
——— in a ſequeſter'd Grotto 205
Another in the ſame Grotto - - 206
Left with the Miniſter of Riponden 207
Written among the Ruins of Pontefract Caſtle 208
Fragment - - - 211
TRANSLATIONS. The Death of Adonis 214
Happineſs of a moderate Fortune 221
From Petrarch - 225—8
From Catullus - 229
Monody, ſung by a Red-Breaſt - 230
To a Red-Breaſt - - 232
Ode to the Genius of Weſtmorland 233
Hymn to Plutus - - - 234
Hymn to Humanity - - 237

CONTENTS.

Epiſtle to Mr. R. - -	241
To a Lady - - -	242
Monody—To Mr. J. S. -	243
Imitations of WALLER -	246
The Ducheſs of MAZARINE -	248
The VICEROY - -	252
Precepts of Conjugal Happineſs -	260
In Memory of a Lady - - -	266
The Origin of the Veil - -	270
The Country Juſtice, in three parts	278
MILTON's Italian Poems, tranſlated -	308
The Fables of FLORA - -	316
OWEN of CARRON - -	353